The Saturday Evening
POST
July 18, 1959 - 15¢

JUL 1 1 '59

The Gashouse Gang
By FRANK FRISCH

Bertrand Russell on Emotions

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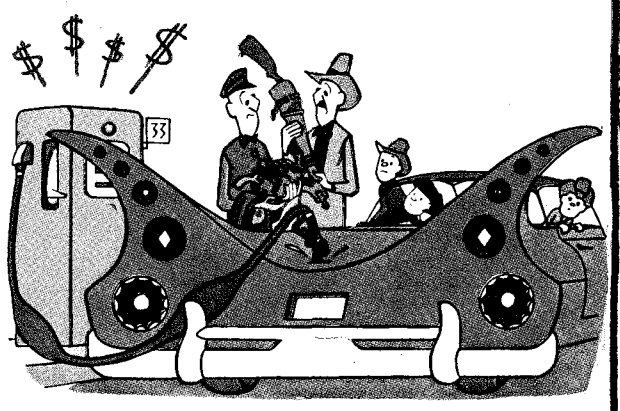
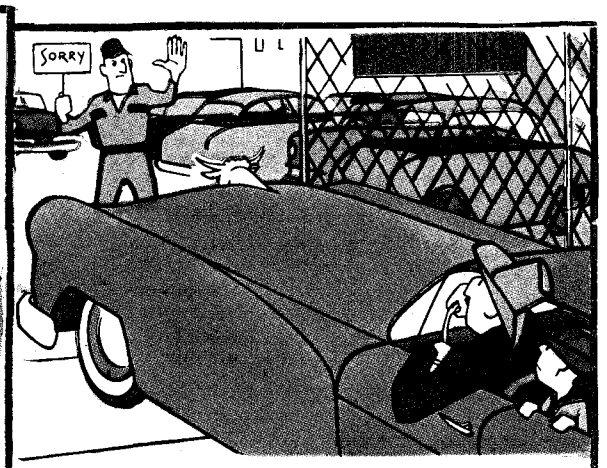
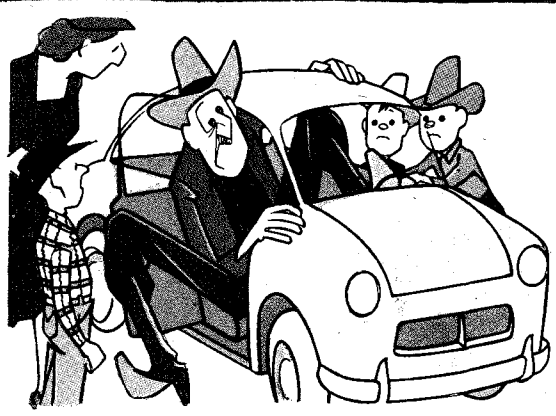
"I need a vacation," said the Texas cattle-king. "Why not get yourself a big new car," said his foreman, "pack up your family, and visit New York?"



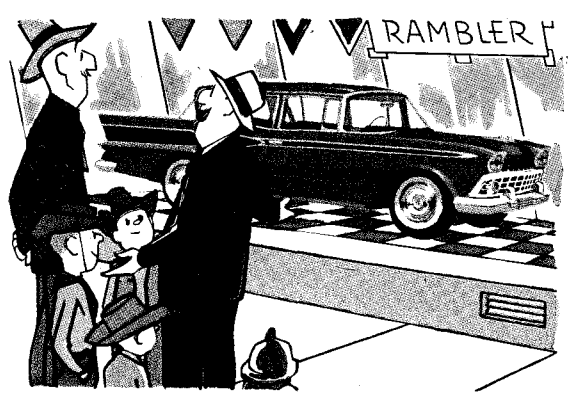
So he did. But by the time he reached the Texas border, the big car had burned up all his cash in gas and oil and repairs. So he had to hock his guns and spurs.



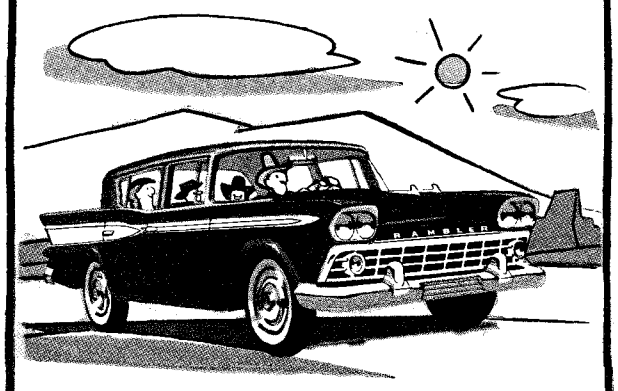
In the big city, they found the big bus wouldn't fit regular parking spaces, and garages charged double. "Looks like I got a bum steer," said the Texan.



He tried a little foreign car, but there wasn't room for his size-12 boots and 20-gallon hat. "Where," asked his wife, "would the kiddies ride . . . sidesaddle?"



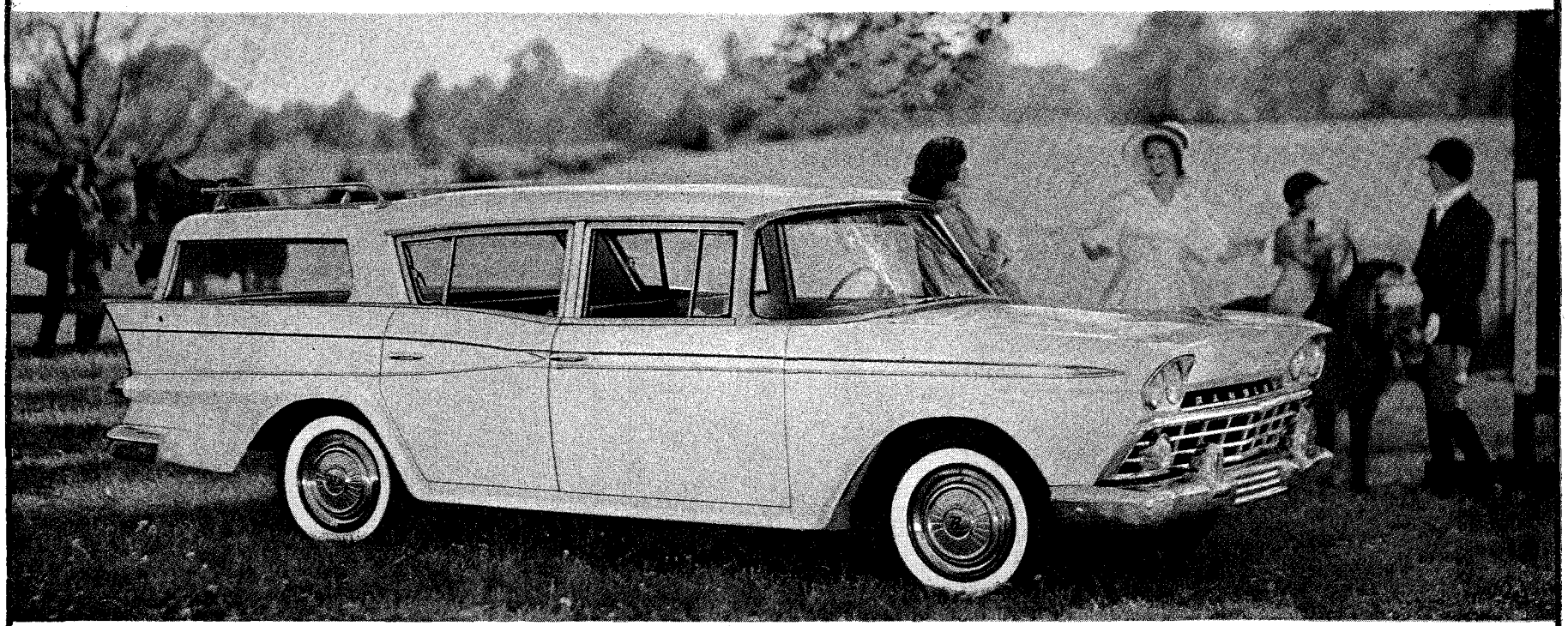
Then, a friendly native spoke up: "Try Rambler, with big-car room, small-car economy." So they did . . . and had a fine time seeing the town in this easier-handling car.



With front seats that glide back and forth individually, the tall Texan had extra legroom. Low-cost air conditioning kept them cool on the desert. Try it.

Go Rambler...*the compact* quality car*

Get the best of both: Big car room, small car economy



Look at the record: Rambler now outsells not only most big cars, but all six best-selling foreign cars combined. The reason: Rambler saves you more than ever on first cost, on gas, on repairs. Rambler gives you big 6-passenger room, yet is easiest to turn, parks anywhere. The only low-priced car with modern single unit construction . . . stronger, longer-lasting, rattleproof. Highest resale. Enjoy exclusive Personalized Comfort: separate front seats glide back and forth individually; reclining seatbacks; adjustable headrests. Go Rambler . . . and *save*.

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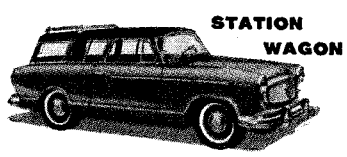

$1835

Suggested delivered price at Kenosha, Wisconsin, for 2-door sedan at left. State and local taxes, if any, automatic transmission and optional equipment, extra.

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That's why more people and more airlines fly DOUGLAS "DC" airliners than all others combined!

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is when I check the oil level and ask:
"When did you last change your oil?"

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Samples of motor oil were taken from over 15,000 cars in a nationwide survey. Analysis of these samples showed that 54% were contaminated—in effect, worn out and unfit for use. *Your* oil may be worn out—that's why it's important for your Shell Dealer to make this check.

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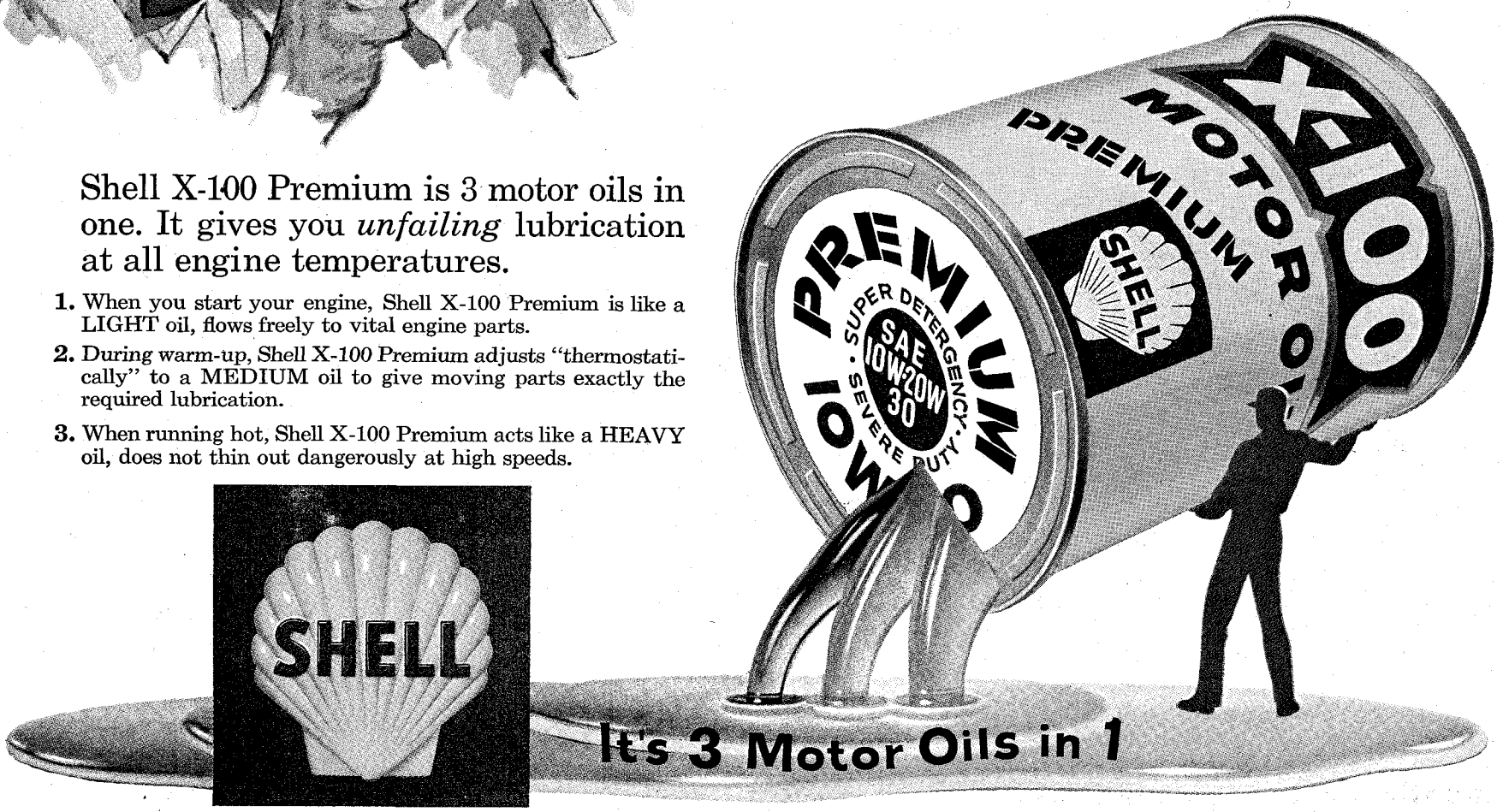
2. During warm-up, Shell X-100 Premium adjusts "thermostatically" to a MEDIUM oil to give moving parts exactly the required lubrication.
3. When running hot, Shell X-100 Premium acts like a HEAVY oil, does not thin out dangerously at high speeds.



SHELL

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

There goes American civilization marching right into a beloved living room and (see blueprint) out the opposite wall. Baffling thought: sometimes it's a shame to have progress happen and a shame not to have it happen. Sure, it is a melancholy moment for those home folks there; yet how many thousands of miles have they sped gratefully over distance-melting superroads with nary a thought about whose ex-living rooms they were speeding through? Well, selling a house brings money for a new house, so let's not press our theme to the point of tears. This would have been a more attractive cover if grandmother, there on the porch, were sitting in a rocking chair holding the boys at bay with a shotgun. Neither she nor artist John Falter seems to have the old frontier what-it-takes.

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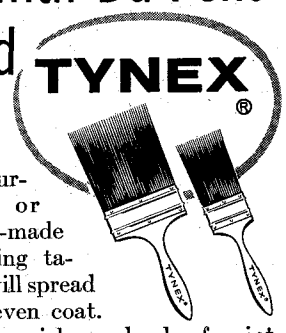

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Letters

Doctor Rockwell, U.S.A.

Dear Sirs:

Norman Rockwell should get an Honorary Degree from the United States for his inspirational and brilliant cover [below] on your issue of June 6.

WALTER F. WANGER
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Bewilderment.

Dear Sirs:

We are heartily in favor of "Quiet Confidence" [below], the cover you rejected, [Keeping Posted, June 6] which

Quiet Confidence.

we believe better portrays the average young college graduate of today.

Look again. Doesn't "Bewilderment" look too young, wide-eyed and stupid for one of today's practical, yet confident, graduates?

JEAN ACKER
Springfield, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Some still cannot resist the succulent temptation of making education . . . appear ridiculous. . . . Education never was a laughing matter nor . . . goofish. It's light from a lamp!

H. B. BEHRENDT
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Sirs:

What encouragement to see gleaming in the eyes of that young graduate the qualities that inspired this year's graduating class at my old alma mater, Mossyrock (Washington) High, to select for its motto: "Push, Pull or Get Out of the Way."

MRS. E. J. DREW
La Mesa, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Why the look of bewilderment on Norman Rockwell's boy-graduate? Surely if he can graduate from college at the age of sixteen (he cannot be a day older) he can face the world with more confidence than that.

LYNNE GRIESER
Kenmore, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I will be receiving my B.A. three years from now, and I sometimes wonder if the ol' world's going to wait that long.

N. KENT LOUDON
Peapack, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

The young man is wearing his tassel on the left side. Don't you think that a graduate would know enough to wear his tassel correctly?

KATHY DAVIS
Bozeman, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

"The old college try" should be directed toward putting the "tail" on his mortarboard to the right to signify graduation.

L. H. MCMILLIN
St. Marys, Ohio

● *Says the sixth edition of American Universities and Colleges, "If the tassel is fastened only at the center of the top of the cap, it may lie in any direction with equal meaning, since a passing breeze will determine its position. . . . To move the tassel . . . as a feature of the conferment of the bachelor's degree has no warrant in precedent or in common sense."—ED.*

Post's Error

Dear Sirs:

I am writing you with reference to the mistake of carrying my name as the Superintendent of Schools of San Antonio, Texas [THE UNTOLD STORY OF LITTLE ROCK, Part II, by Virgil T. Blossom, May 30]. I am Superintendent-elect of the North East Independent School District in San Antonio, effective July 1, 1959. Mr. Thomas B. Portwood is the San Antonio Superintendent of Schools and is an able, respected school administrator.

Mr. Portwood has made no complaint about the mistake, but I feel that the Post should correct this unintentional error.

VIRGIL T. BLOSSOM
San Antonio, Texas

The Women Who Waited

Dear Sirs:

HOW WE BROKE THE MONTANA PRISON RIOT [by Walter B. Jones, Jr., as told to Bruce Lee, June 13] is the most accurate report I've read so far. . . . My husband and my brother-in-law were both hostages. I and my husband's sister spent seemingly endless hours staring at those gray walls, hoping for word of our loved ones. . . .

[Mr. Jones] didn't tell of the people in our church and the others in town who prayed for us and took care of our homes and children so we could stay at the prison. How could he know how we thrilled at the word the men would be freed, of the despair we felt when they

(Continued on Page 6)

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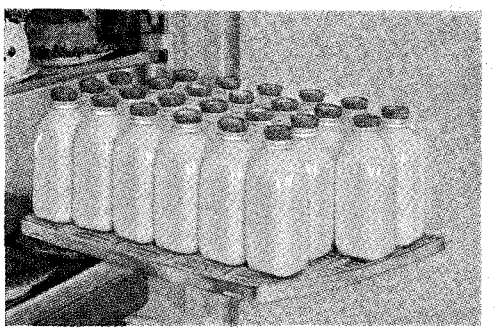
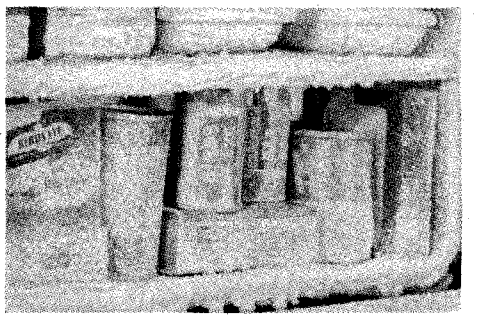
Shelves swing out...
for easy pickings! So big and sturdy, they can hold a full shelf load of 25 milk bottles with ease!

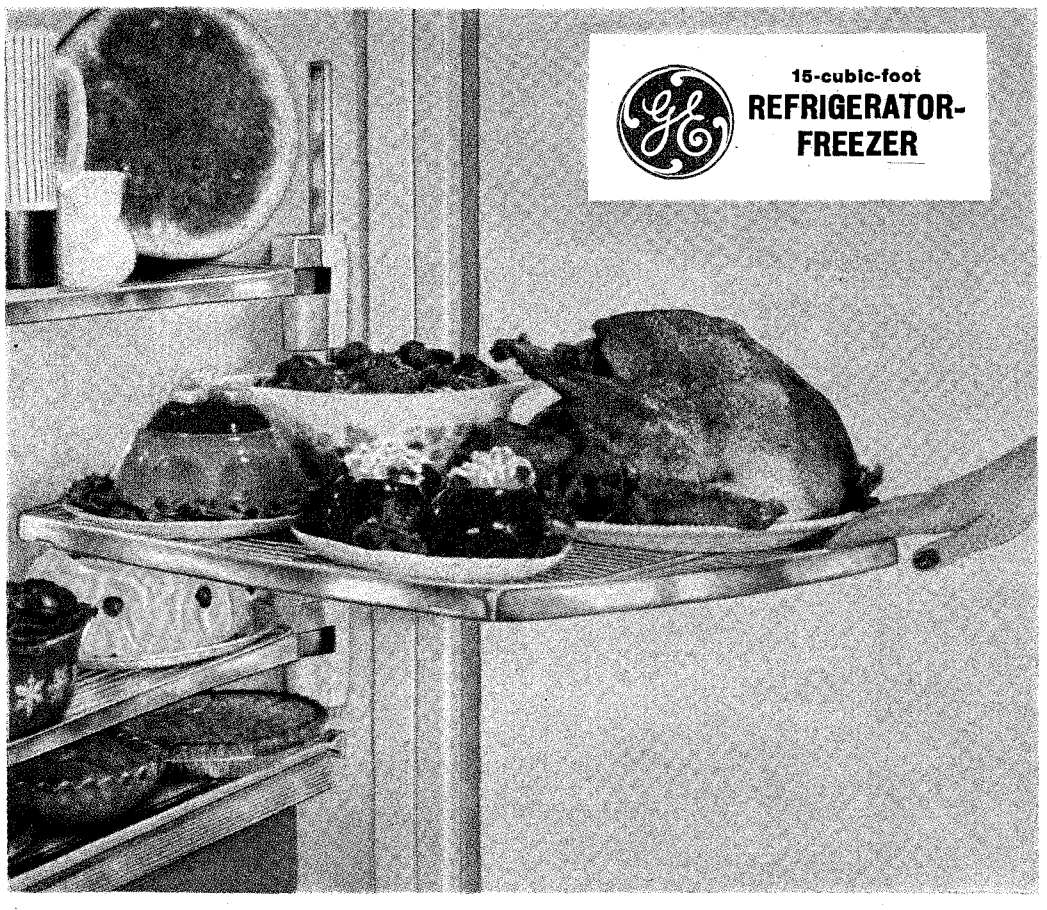




Frost never forms like this...
G.E.'s new Frost-Guard System in *both* freezer and refrigerator ends messy defrosting forever.

New Swing-Out Shelves...and All-Over Automatic Defrosting

in the new 15-cubic-foot General Electric Frost-Guard Refrigerator-Freezer



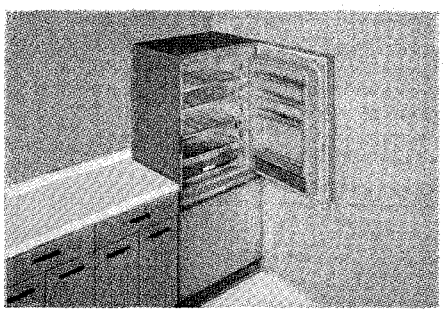
HERE are two wonderful new convenience features from General Electric!

Swing-Out Shelves. Now you can select food even at the *back* of the shelf without spilling or fumbling. All three shelves swing all the way out and practically *hand* you the food.

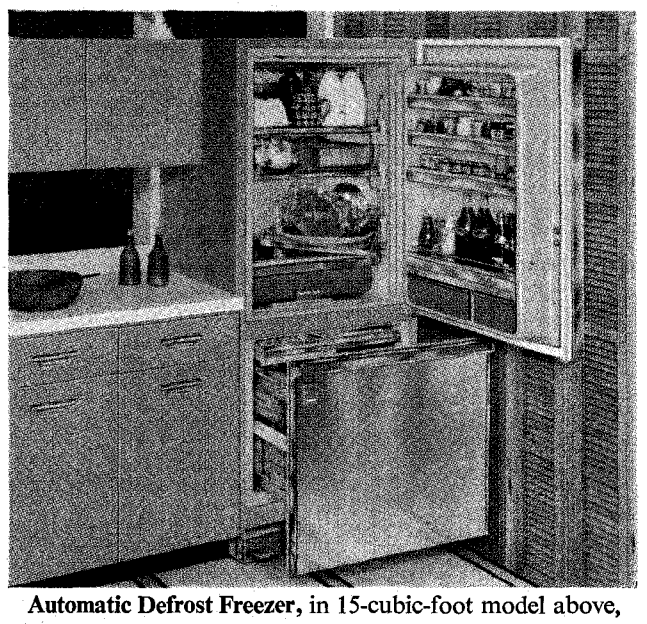
So easy to adjust, too! You just press the button, slide a shelf up or down to get the exact spacing you want. You can even *lift* the shelves right out to clean the refrigerator interior, or the shelves themselves. Each shelf can be taken to sink for washing.

All-Over Automatic Defrosting. You never have to worry about frost build-up. Frost never collects on frozen foods or on freezer walls with General Electric's Frost-Guard System.

Your G-E dealer can show you these new features—and others in the many new G-E models. Ask about budget terms and trade-in allowances. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.



Straight-Line Design fits flush into corner. No coils on back mean no dirt-collecting waste space. Front lines up evenly with cabinets—does not stick out. And there's no waste space at side for door clearance with G.E.'s Magic Corner Hinge.



Automatic Defrost Freezer, in 15-cubic-foot model above, rolls out at a touch. It's a zero-degree freezer with a 4.8-cubic-foot capacity. Two large storage compartments. New Freeze-N-Store Ice Service stores extra cubes.

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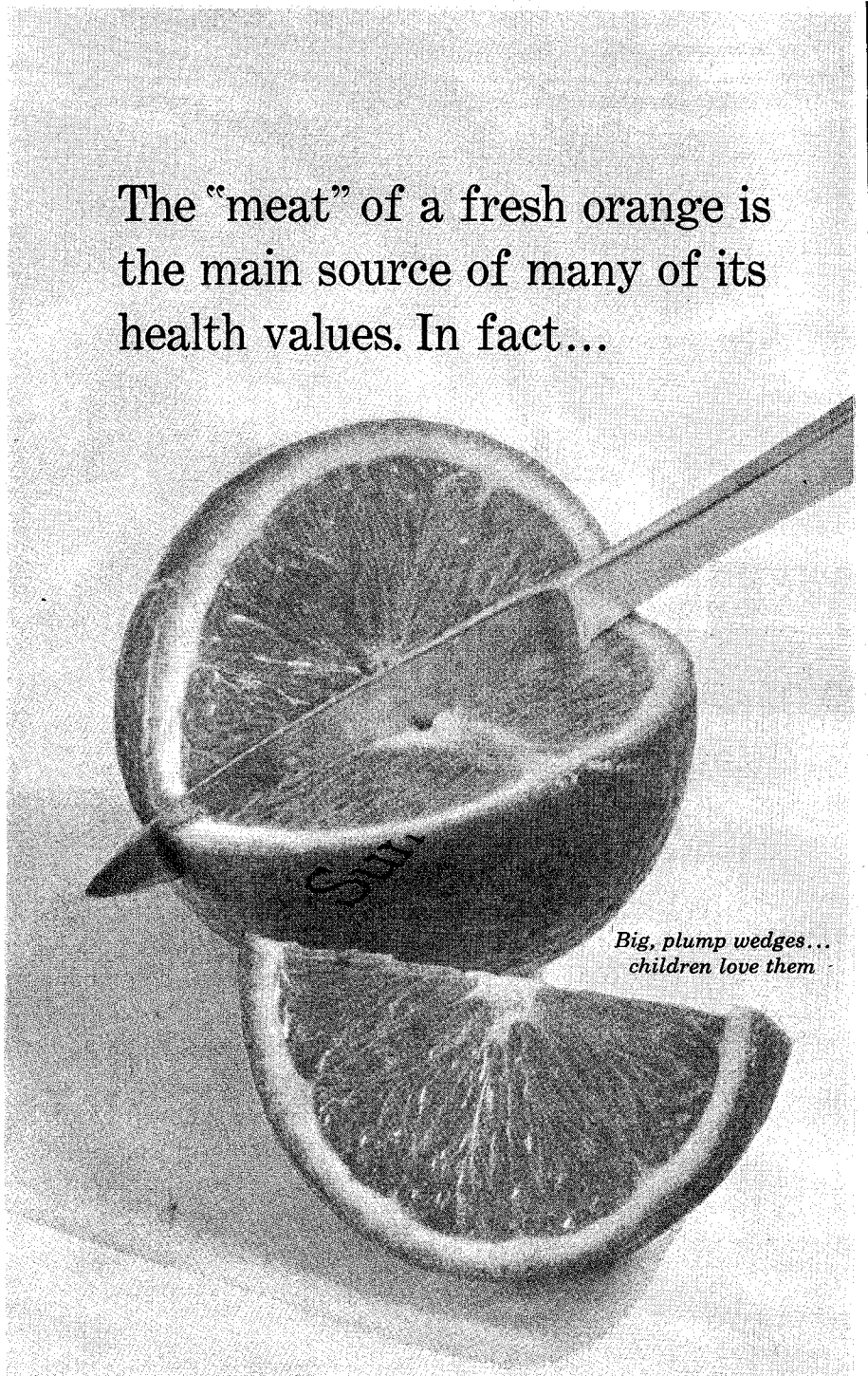
The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its health values. In fact...
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...and you get all of the vitamin C plus more than 50 other health factors.

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

weren't, or how our hearts froze at Myles' threat to make human torches of the men held hostage. . . . When we went home . . . my six-year-old grasped my arm, asking, "They said on the radio they're going to burn daddy. They aren't going to burn our daddy, are they?". . .

Later, someone told us the hostages were free, [but] we didn't believe them. [Then] the mayor said, "They're O.K. They're free," and we knew it was true.

MARGERY COZZENS
Deer Lodge, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

Will you please reprint two excerpts from your article?

First, when the author is describing the childhood of Jerry Myles, the forty-four-year-old convict who masterminded the riot: "He was born in a maternity home in Sioux City, Iowa, and his mother gave him up for adoption. When he was fifteen years old, his foster parents put him in a correctional home and, after his release, the boy spent two years searching for his real mother. He finally found her, but she had remarried and refused to take him into her life."

Then, the final words of the article, when the convict, soon to die, said to [the author], "I wonder where you and I would have been tonight if I'd had a family when I was a kid."

SALLIE MCKEE
Manson, Iowa

Wrong-Arm Driver

Dear Sirs:

In the June 13th issue, the retired engineer in the cartoon by Flannery [below] is facing the wrong way. An

"How does it feel to be retired from the railroad?"

engineer always sits on the right side, right arm on the cab window sill.

FRANK A. WARDELL
Elmira, N.Y.

In Justice to the Author

Dear Sirs:

Concerning your June 13th article TAKING A FAMILY VACATION? [by Peg Bracken]—how true, how true. We took our seven- and nine-year-old daughters with us on a marvelous vacation to Hawaii this winter. The high points of their trip were finding a five-dollar bill on the beach and helping the stewardess pass out the gum on the plane.

HAZEL ROSENTHAL
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

I rise to a point of order. The picture of me which you ran . . . has sent my mother into a rapid decline, and my husband now goes around tittering to himself. But even though he has no gallantry, hasn't The Post? Can't I indicate to my

The real Bracken.

far-flung friends and acquaintances that life hasn't actually treated me that brutally? That I am still on the sunny side of ninety-two? That I don't always look so mad? Enclosed [above] is the real, true, ever-loving me.

PEG BRACKEN
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Peg Bracken is a top-notch reader tickler. I had the pleasure of knowing her on campus at Antioch College some time ago. She went by the nickname "Poots." And she was cute.

MARY E. MCCARTHY
Chelsea, Mass.

Who Needs Chanel?

Dear Sirs:

Your story [MLLE. CHANEL COMES BACK, by Ernest O. Hauser, June 13] followed the old line of the women's magazines that Paris says—and America listens. Get out on Main Street and see what Americans are really wearing. . . .

Did Paris create pony tails and sneakers for little girls? Saddle shoes? Eisenhower jackets? Suburban or car coats? Moccasin-style shoes? Ivy League styles? Wrap-around dresses? Cobbler aprons? When you can go to J. C. Penney or Sears Roebuck and buy clothes that will be fashion right in any part of the world, who needs Chanel?

ETHEL CARTER
Mt. Vernon, Ohio

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Alda Jourdan. • 19–Wide World. • 20, 21–Harry Saltzman. • 22, 23–Joe Bowler. 25–Philippe Halsman. • 26–Stan Galli. • 28–United Press International. • 29–Larry Keighley; Dorrill Photographers; Wide World. • 30–Wide World; United Press International. • 31–Fred Ones. • 32, 33–Larry Keighley. • 34, 35–Peter Stevens. • 36, 37–Gus Pasquarella. • 38, 39–Sam Bates. • 43–Mac Conner. • 108–Anonymous; The Daily Oklahoman; anonymous; John Burns.

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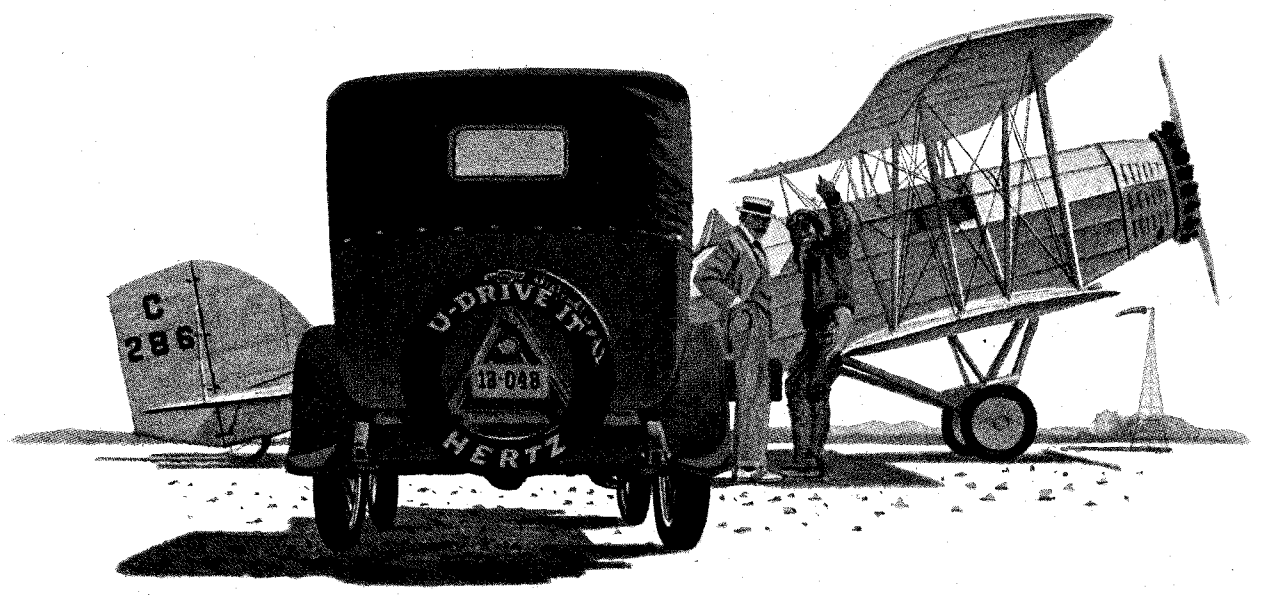
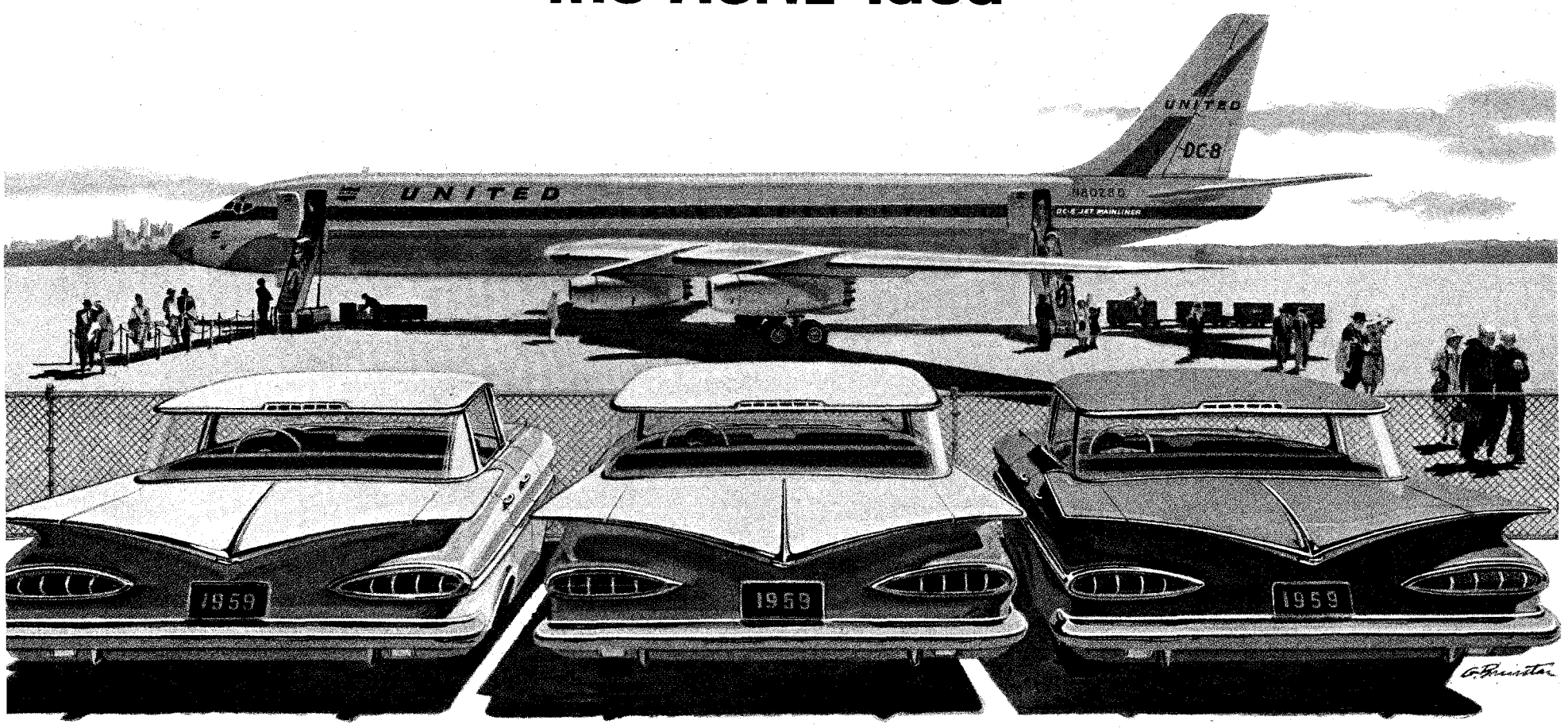


the Hertz Idea



has become the Hertz Habit

In 1918, one man with 12 touring cars had an idea. He thought there were a number of people around who might at one time or another have a need to Rent a car. There were a number of them around, all right. And that number has grown, until today there are millions of them around the world. People at home and people traveling. People on business. People having fun. All kinds of people who have gotten into the habit of renting cars for all kinds of reasons. So, we don't talk about it any more as being a new "idea." Not with nearly 25,000 new Chevrolets and other fine cars getting millions of people around each year, we don't. Not with over 1,700 Hertz offices, serving 1,075 cities around the world, we don't. It's a "Habit" now. The Hertz Habit. A habit that's good to get wherever you are—or wherever in the world you go on business or pleasure. A call to your local Hertz office or travel agent will reserve a car for you anywhere! Hertz Rent A Car, Chicago 4, Illinois. **GET THE HERTZ HABIT—IT'S GETTING AROUND**

Charge Hertz service with your Hertz Charge Card or through your American Express, Diners' Club or Hilton Carte Blanche account. Hertz also honors air travel, rail and other accredited charge cards.

United Air Lines Douglas DC-8 Jet Mainliner will enter coast-to-coast commercial service this fall.

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If you buy life insurance which can provide good answers to all these questions, it's probably a New England Life policy

When you buy life insurance you can't predict what the conditions will be in your future or your family's future. Consequently, the provisions in your life insurance policy should be numerous enough and generous enough to meet a great many possible situations.

The help you may need in the unpredictable future may come from any one of a score or more of important, guaranteed benefits you can get in the New England Life contract. Provisions in the form of "riders" attached to your basic policy may be of further help to you in achieving your objectives.

It is important, then, to know what you are getting when you buy life insurance. We raise these questions to give you an idea of what is involved.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The company that founded mutual life insurance in America • 1835

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How generous are the provisions if you want to change your policy from an "ordinary" life to a retirement plan, or vice versa?

Will you have the widest choice of ways by which money in your policy can be paid to you? . . . the widest choice of ages at which you can retire? . . . and will you continue to share in the company's earnings?

Is the company currently paying a lot more than the guaranteed interest rate on funds left on deposit?

Will you be able to use dividends to pay up your policy ahead of time?

Can you use dividends to increase the amount of income you'll get from the policy or the amount your beneficiary will get?

Will the net cost per $1000 of your insurance be lower if you buy $5000 or more?

Can you arrange for automatic loans to pay your premiums?

If you don't keep up your premium payments, can you still maintain some insurance? Even after the "grace" period has expired, will you have opportunities to pick up where you left off regardless of physical condition?

Will payment for coverage beyond the month of death be refunded?

If you want to pay premiums semi-annually, quarterly, or monthly, how favorable are the terms?

Is the cash value of your policy available at *any* time?

Does your company offer an unusual number of ways of adding extra protection to the basic policy you buy? How does the cost of such "riders" compare? Can you more than double your coverage at exceedingly low cost?

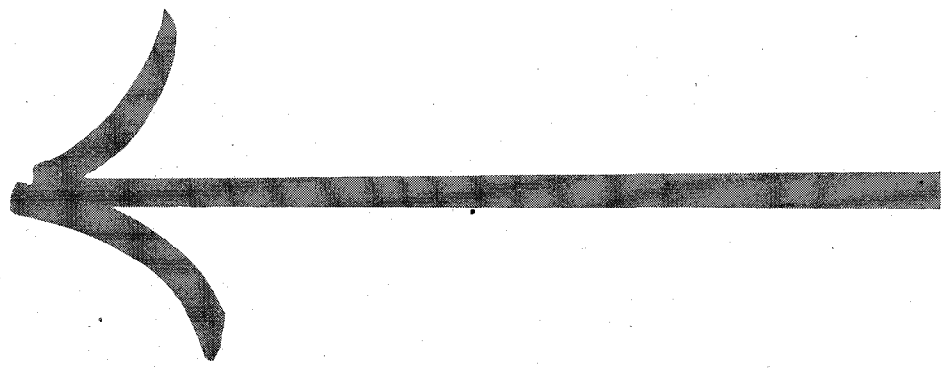
Can you add protection on the members of your family to your own new policy?

Will you be able to add term or permanent insurance to your policy automatically with your dividends?

Will the provision guaranteeing an additional payment in case of accidental death be in effect after age 65? . . and will still another extra payment be made if death results from a passenger accident in a commercial plane, train or bus?

Can a young man get a policy rider which allows him to buy more insurance in the future without medical examination and regardless of physical condition?

Do women qualify for lower rates?



Buying life insurance is not a do-it-yourself job. You will need the competent and trustworthy help you will get from a New England Life representative. He's a specialist in *fitting life insurance to your personal needs* and has the advantage of working with the "Better Life" policy.

The New England Life contract offers the finest combination of guaranteed benefits at any price

A BETTER LIFE FOR YOU

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Editorials

National Parks Shouldn't Be Set Up by Decree

The country's national parks provide recreation for millions of Americans every year. Probably there should be more of them, as the number of bird watchers and people who have sleeping bags and will travel appears to be growing at a prodigious rate. However, the business of increasing our recreation areas, like any other bureaucratic activity, can get out of hand.

This appears to be what is happening in the proposal of the National Park Service to take over a large part of outer Cape Cod, the Lands End of Massachusetts, as part of its program to save the nation's shore areas from undesirable private exploitation. Other areas under consideration for development as national parks are the Oregon Dunes, the Indiana Dunes on Lake Michigan, Padre Island in Texas and Point Reyes in California.

The Cape Cod situation, however, is unique because the National Park Service has indicated its intention to take over populated areas back inland from the shore line. The NPS proposal calls for the purchase and eventual removal of several hundred houses, many of them of historic interest, principally in the towns of Wellfleet and Truro. This has produced intense controversy, not only among the residents and property owners of Cape Cod but among Americans in other parts of the country who have summer places there or perhaps only a sentimental interest in the old cape. While there is wide acceptance of the need to protect shore areas, these people question the necessity of destroying whole communities to accomplish that result.

Possibly to circumvent local opposition, Sen. Richard Neuberger of Oregon has introduced, on behalf of the Interior Department, a bill which would empower the Secretary of the Interior arbitrarily to take over sections of Cape Cod or any other area regarded by the National Park Service as suitable for a park, with scant regard to local interest. Instead of adhering to the usual practice of designating specific areas desired for park purposes, Senator Neuberger's bill authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to take over not more than 100,000 acres distributed as he may decide among any three areas in the whole country.

"Upon the selection of the desired areas," says the bill, listed as S2010, "the secretary is authorized to procure, set aside, and develop in such manner as he finds to be in the public interest, the lands and waters, or interests therein, that he considers necessary to assure adequate preservation and public use of such areas in furtherance of the purposes of this act." There is no opportunity for debate in Congress on the merits of the areas selected, because their identity would be the secret of the National Park Service until it elects to announce them.

No reference is made to an effort to consult the owners of the desired property or how it would be "procured." Former Attorney General Francis Biddle, who owns one of the historic houses in Wellfleet and favors the Government's acquisition of land genuinely needed to protect shore areas, deplores the idea of taking over and eventually destroying whole communities. The Neuberger bill, Mr. Biddle has pointed out, bypasses Congress and in effect denies appeal by the individuals concerned, since they won't know that they are concerned until the bill has been passed and the Park Service moves in. The late President Roosevelt's attorney general said at a meeting of cape residents, according to the Cape Cod Standard-Times, that the powers granted in the Neuberger bill were greater than either he or the late Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes would have dared propose even in wartime.

The outer reaches of Cape Cod consist largely of a spit of sand covered with scrub pine and other hard-scrabble vegetation. There are no outstanding natural wonders, although the National Park Service makes much of the variety of birds and mentions some deep glacial lakes in the area. The real charm of the Cape lies in the fact that it is a community or, if the expression isn't too hackneyed, a way of life. More people are interested in "Cape Cod folks" than in glacial lakes. As Quincy A. Shaw Jr. of Eastham put it, "This upland area (of Cape Cod) is not a 'national monument' like the geysers of the Yellowstone National Park, the Yosemite Valley or even Mt. Desert in Maine. It is just a series of nice pieces of land and farms to live on and to enjoy."

Assuming that it is cricket to move several hundred families from their homes to make room for picnic tables and trailer camps, surely some better pretext for doing so can be found than that this is necessary to protect the shore line of Cape Cod. The need to do that is almost unanimously accepted. Indeed, Massachusetts state parks already protect a considerable stretch of shore line. In any event, whatever is done should be spelled out in specific legislation, not put over by means of a vague, blanket authorization as is proposed in the Neuberger bill. If only to protect its own prerogatives, Congress should reject this unfair and dangerous measure.

At Last We're Getting Ready to Deal With the Reds as a World-Wide Threat

At last the United States Government is moving toward a unified plan to defend our country against the grand strategy of world Communism.

A very able career diplomat, Deputy Under Secretary of State Loy W. Henderson, announces a new organizational plan, under which twenty-six officers will be assigned to cope with the economic and political offensive of the Soviet Union and Red China. Some of these specialists will be in a new Office of Soviet Affairs, under the present Bureau of European Affairs. An equal number will assist the under secretary for economic affairs. A few will work for the under secretary for political affairs, and two will be added to the African bureau.

"The department has long felt," says Mr. Henderson, "that it was not organized in a way which would enable it quickly to ascertain what the various columns of international Communism were trying to do everywhere and to take steps to thwart their efforts."

Now at length there is action. For forty-two years—ever since Lenin & Co., a small minority, seized power in Russia—the Bolsheviks have been waging what can accurately be called a "combined cold and hot war for world tyranny." We must now adopt combined strategic action for world liberty, in contrast to the policy of dealing with each Red thrust as if it were not part of a single pattern.

What the Bolsheviks have been engaged in since 1917 is what they call "political warfare." The word "political" is used in a much wider meaning than most Americans understand. Lenin was fond of quoting Clausewitz, the nineteenth-century German who wrote that "war is a continuance of politics by other means." Similarly politics—political warfare—is a continuance of shooting war by other means.

Political warfare, as used by the Bolsheviks, includes economic warfare, conspiracy and subversion. Khrushchev is merely the star example. Other Communist leaders, such as our recent self-invited "guest," Mikoyan, use the same tricks. Each of them is a trained political warrior. Each is skilled in organization, conspiracy, propaganda and face-to-face dickering. He has been given an all-round training—the political equivalent of West Point and a staff officers' college. He is a take-charge man. He can write and he can speak. He can wear overalls to lead a street mob. He can do a quick change into a banker's suit or into soup-and-fish.

These single-willed aggressors, with their combined strategy of conquest, have not been met with an equally unified strategy on our side. A State Department, unified in purpose, with a unified plan, can wage a combined strategy of liberty against the world enemy.

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Northcrest Shopping Center, Fort Wayne, Indiana, now under construction

From the ground up

with America's second largest telephone system

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

America's stretching its muscles.

And as its communities push out, developing more "living room," Gen Tel is there, ready to help turn a quiet cornfield into a thriving center of homes, shops and services.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, is a good example. Pushing out, building up—this city is "growing" through the mightiest period of expansion in its history. And as the city grows, its need for more and better communications increases accordingly.

That's why Gen Tel, in the past 3 years, has spent more than $10 million in the Fort Wayne area alone, to increase its facilities and improve its services.

But that's not all. Gen Tel, like Fort Wayne, refuses to rest on its laurels. Right now we are planning ahead, investing in the future, to make sure the telephone service you want will be ready when you need it.

Gen Tel is proud to be "on the go" as America grows.

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 730 Third Ave., New York 17

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Take along ice cold Royal Crown Cola. Delicious! You'll discover a wonderful difference in today's RC. It's sprightlier...*fresher*...with a delightfully less sweet taste all its own. (Made from fresh protected concentrate instead of perishable syrup.) Try RC and see!

You'll prefer Royal Crown COLA the ***fresher*** refresher

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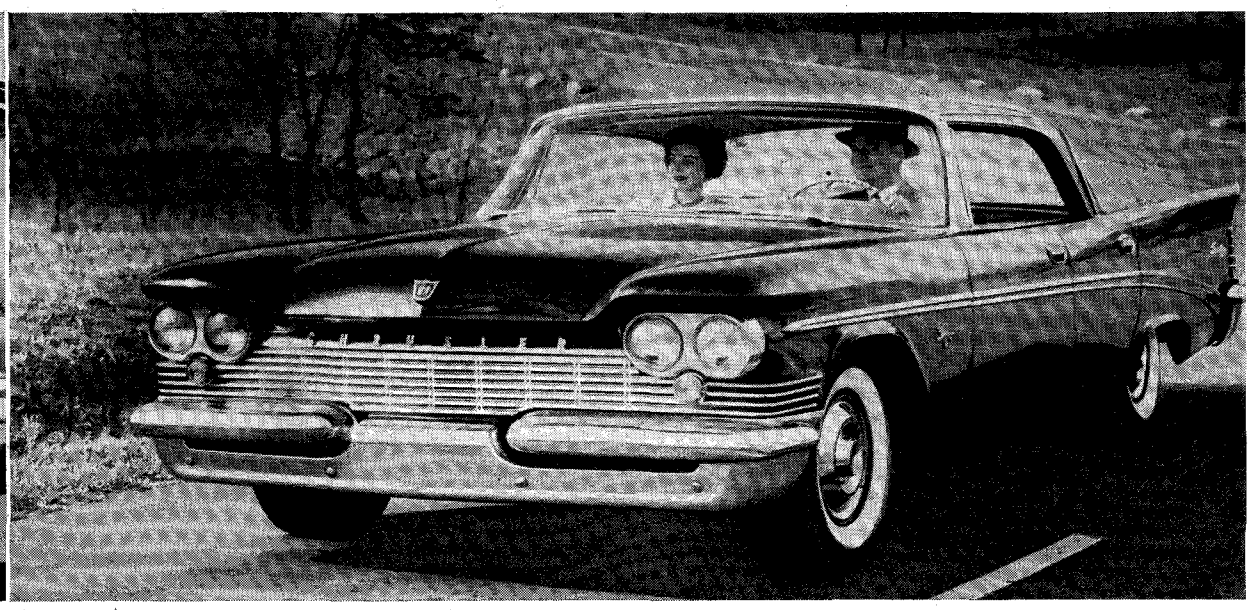
The wife who put away her seasick pills

The story of the Torsion-Aire Ride, a man who loved to drive and a wife who got carsick



Probably you never get carsick.

Very few adults do, although we occasionally hear of children who have this trouble.

This man's wife did. Regularly. So regularly that his wife used to carry "seasick pills" in her purse when she couldn't avoid taking a motor trip.

So, although the poor fellow loved to drive, he very seldom did.

Then he encountered a determined representative from Chrysler Corporation. This man asked him if he'd ever tried a car with Torsion-Aire Ride.

What is Torsion-Aire Ride?

"Torsion-Aire Ride," asked the grounded driver, "what is Torsion-Aire Ride?"

"It's a little technical to explain," answered the representative, "but our cars are the only American-made cars that have it. And it's the big reason we give you a ride the others can't match. It just might be the best thing in the world for what ails your wife."

To bring a long story to an end, our friend persuaded his wife to take a ride with him in a new Chrysler. He could just as well have picked out a Plymouth, a Dodge, a De Soto, or an Imperial. But he picked a Chrysler and he and his wife took a long drive.

Nobody got carsick. His wife put away her seasick pills against the day when she might take an ocean trip.

This is a true story

Naturally we don't pretend to claim that the Torsion-Aire Ride is any sure-fire cure for car sickness. We're just telling you what happened in this case. And there is no doubt whatever that there is a very noticeable difference between the Torsion-Aire Ride and the ride you can get in any other American-made car.

The Torsion-Aire Ride uses the same torsion bar principle that is now employed in a few $10,000 to $15,000 imported sports cars. Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler, and Imperial are the only cars made in this country that have it.

Here's how it works

Chrysler Corporation engineers have replaced the front coil springs with two bars of high-chrome steel (torsion bars). These bars soak up the up-and-down motion of the wheels and avoid the usual vertical bounce.

The rear end of the bars are anchored so they can't turn. This keeps the front of the car smooth and steady.

The action works in combination with fast acting rear leaf springs. This faster spring action catches up with the front torsion bar action to minimize seesaw motion.

How it pays off

The result is a remarkably level ride. The car doesn't dip its nose when you stop or drag its tail when it starts. You go around curves in a car that's almost as steady and level as it is on a freshly paved straightaway.

Unless you've driven a Chrysler Corporation car recently, you may find all this a little hard to believe. A visit to your nearest dealer will make a believer out of you. For a drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes.

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more

PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

The Can Do Cars from Chrysler Corporation

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Hurry-Uppers need protein to keep on the go. The kind in Special K is quick to fix.

Special K Handi-Pak contains eight individually wrapped portions. A great convenience—now at your grocer's.

PROTEIN!

Kellogg's Special K—

more than a flake or a puff—a wonderfully delicious new way to get your protein

You can see that dad is counting himself in on mom's discovery—Kellogg's Special K. Good reason to. Like everybody else, he needs plenty of protein even though he's on a diet.

He knows he'll get the kind he needs in this new ready-to-eat cereal because the nutrition facts are right on the back of the package. The facts are these: A serving of Special K with milk gives him more protein than any other leading cereal—hot or cold.

And now, for the first time, Special K contains an added amount of a vital protein element called *lysine* to make all its protein more "usable".

It's also nice to know that a cereal this nutritious tastes good. Else why would millions of every age have a bowl every day? Look for the package with the big red K on the front and all the protein inside. Special K.

Kellogg's *OF BATTLE CREEK*

KELLOGG'S SPECIAL K—PROTEIN PARTNER FOR MILK

The chart shows how the eight (8) essential protein components of Special K and milk fit together to form a biologically complete protein—the kind that builds, maintains and repairs body tissues!

© 1959 BY KELLOGG COMPANY

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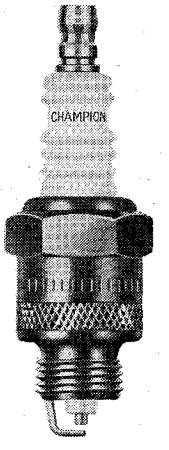
The Ford Galaxie Sunliner (above) is one of today's top performing motor cars. Like 35 other great makes of cars, Ford uses Champions.

Q. Why do over *twice* as many car makers specify Champions?

A. These experts know that Champion is the *performance* spark plug. To get top performance and economy in your car, put in new Champions every 10,000 miles.



* *World's favorite spark plug—engineered for every car built by Ford Motor Co., General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and every major foreign maker*

CHAMPION®

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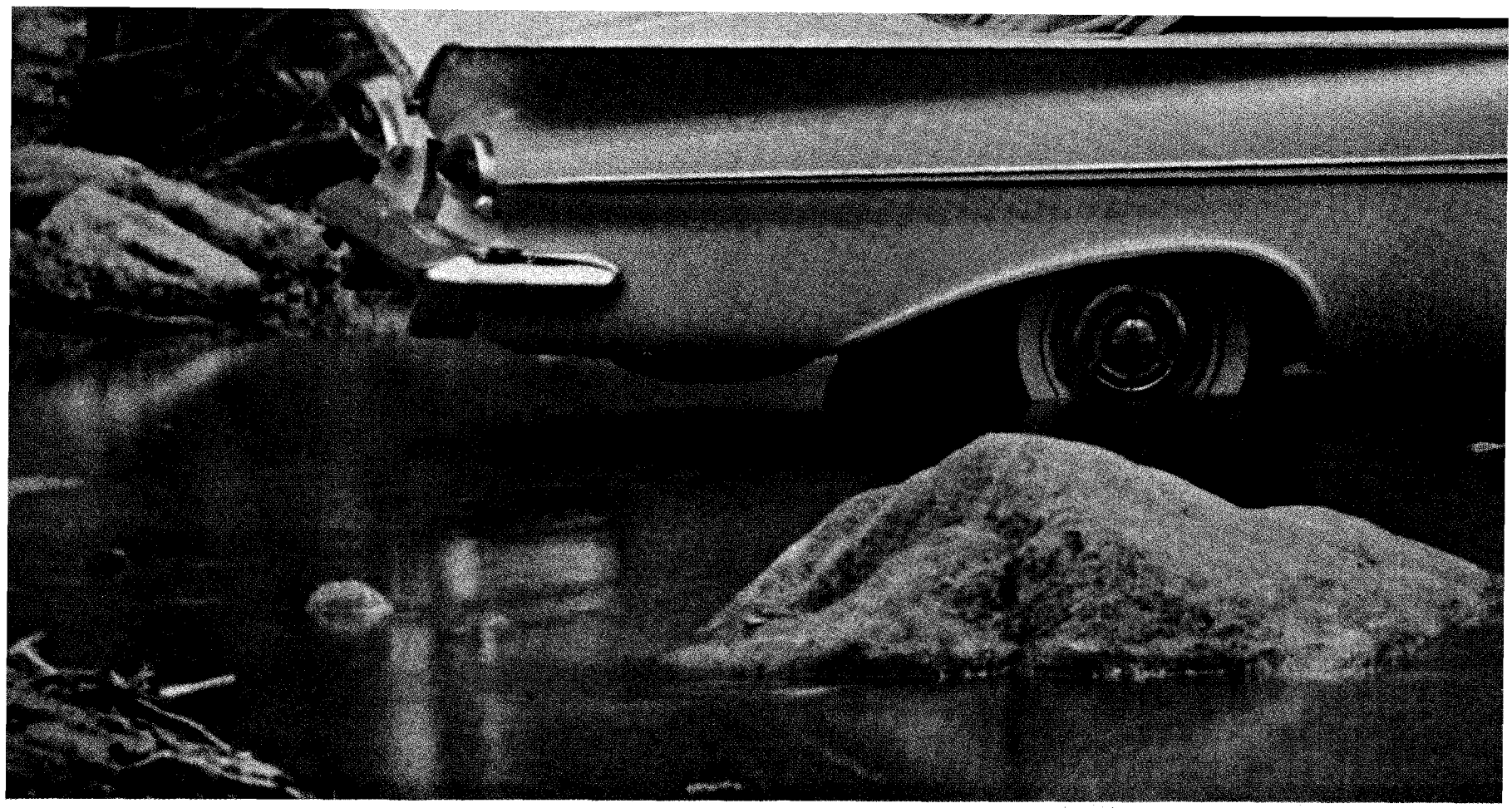

Some people still buy high-priced cars, but don't you wonder why?

No matter what you're willing to pay, you'll have a hard time finding any more car than this new Chevrolet wraps into one sweet, low-priced package. A relaxing ride, room to stretch out in, looks you can really be proud of—here's everything you'd expect in an expensive make. Plus the economy and dependability that have always been Chevy's specialty.

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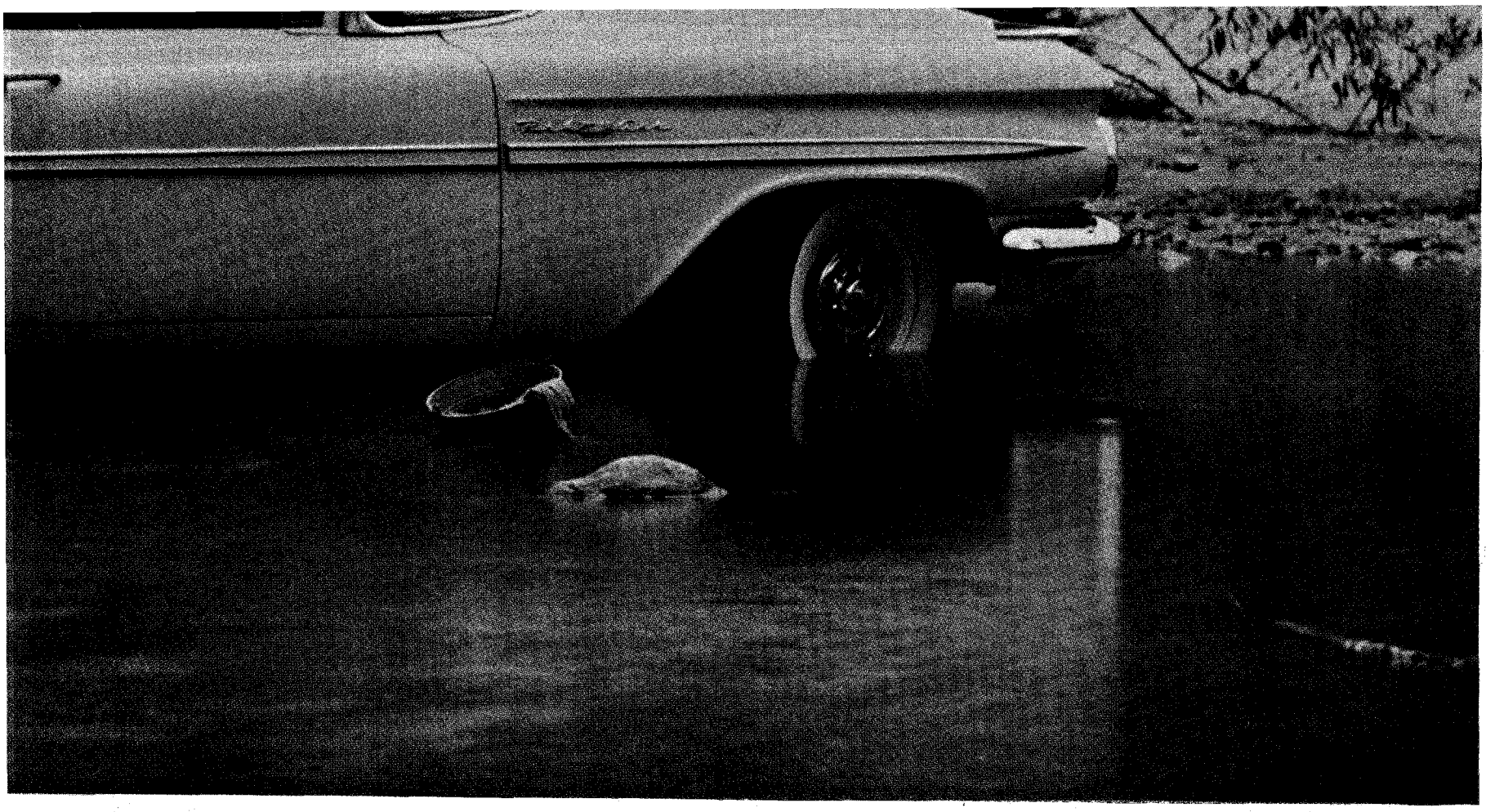

Bel Air 2-Door Sedan—nothing so priceless anywhere near the price!

Your dealer's waiting now to show you why these advantages are converting the owners of so many other makes—low priced and high priced as well—to the new Chevrolet!

BIGGER, SAFER BRAKES—built for up to two-thirds longer lining life, with more lining area than even many heavier, higher priced cars.

MORE MILES PER GALLON—a pair of Chevy sixes came in first and second in their class in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run, ahead of any other full-size car.

ROOMIER BODY BY FISHER—Chevy's seating space is up to 5.9 inches wider than that of the other leading low-priced cars.

UNMISTAKABLY MODERN STYLE—only really fresh lines in the low-price field.

MOST ADVANCED ENGINES—Chevy alone in its field gives you the oil-hushed smoothness of hydraulic valve lifters on *all* standard engines. Every engine also has an automatic choke.

FULL COIL SUSPENSION—no other leading low-priced car coddles you with coil springs at all four wheels.

HIGHER TRADE-IN—consistently the highest of any low-priced car. Last year (based on official Guide Book figures of the National Automobile Dealers Association) Chevy averaged up to $128 more on used car lots than comparable models of the "other two." . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Unmistakably modern in every lovely line!

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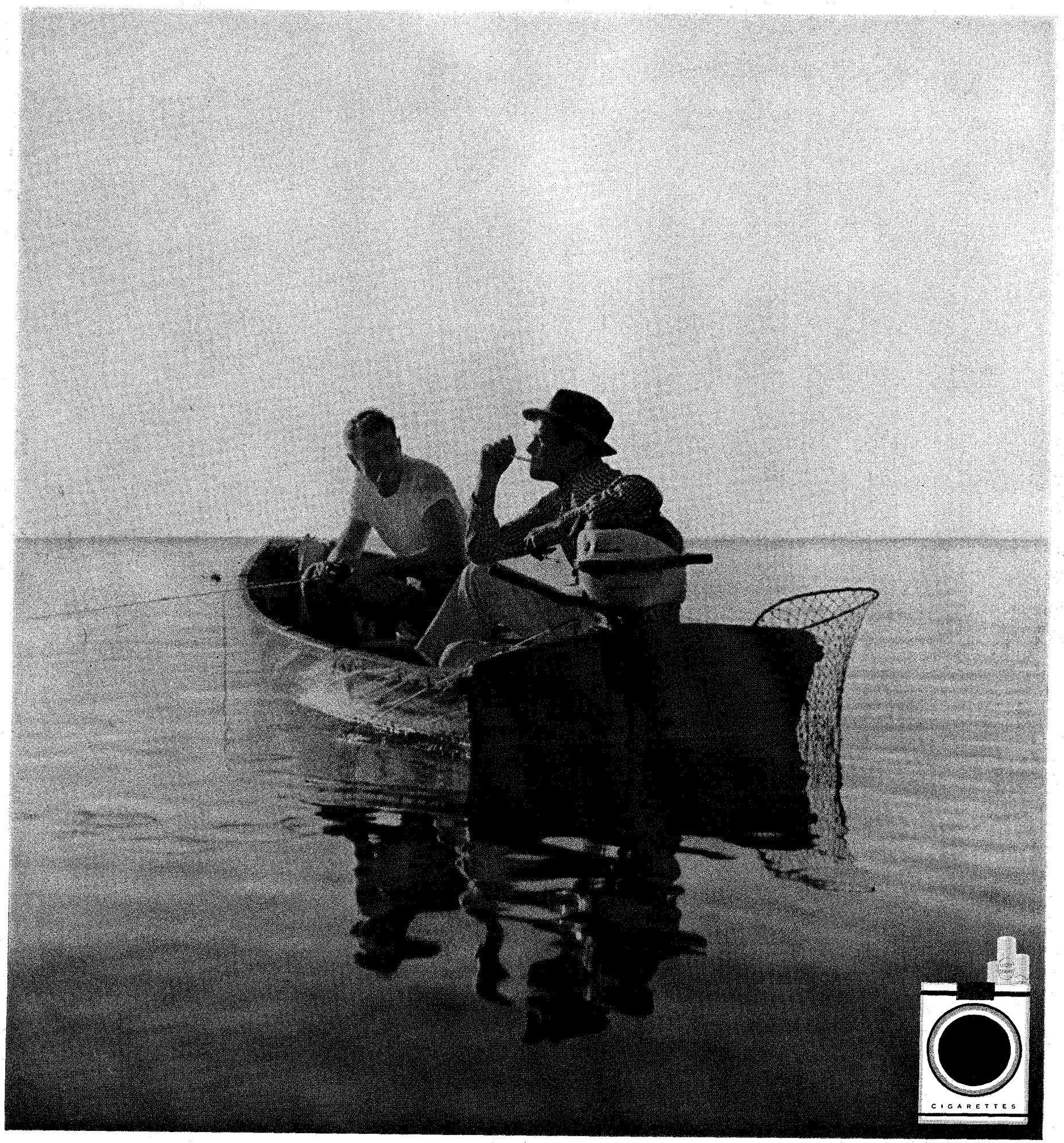

The cigarette is Lucky Strike.

The taste is unforgettable.

Get the honest taste of a LUCKY STRIKE

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Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

President Eisenhower paid a neighborly visit to President **López Mateos (right)** at Acapulco last **February. But Mexico still** politely declines military pacts with the U.S.

Mexico Doesn't Want the Cold War

In the midst of international tension our neighbor to the south remains surprisingly aloof from the troubles besetting the free world. A Post editor's report.

By DEMAREE BESS

For as long as I can remember, two cities have been particular favorites of Americans living abroad: Paris and Mexico City. Many decades ago colonies of Americans planted themselves in these capitals, creating distinct communities with their own schools, hospitals and clubs. Today these two American colonies are about the same size—each consists of approximately 30,000 men, women and children. But there is one startling contrast.

According to a recent New York Times survey, almost 25,000 of the 30,000 American residents in Paris are Government employees and their families. The armed forces support some 20,000 of these Americans, and other Federal agencies another 5000. The cold war has completely transformed the Paris colony by putting most of it on Washington's payrolls.

But the American colony in Mexico City remains so old-fashioned that it stirs nostalgic memories in those of us who lived in Paris before World War II. The comparatively few Government employees are connected with the American Embassy. The great majority of American residents in the beautiful Mexican capital, set in its lofty valley among towering mountains, are decidedly unbureaucratic, with wide-ranging jobs and interests. Most of them, like the Mexicans among whom they live, have no direct concern with global politics. They can therefore view world events with a cool detachment no longer possible in Paris or Washington, as I discovered recently when I spent a few weeks in Mexico looking into the present state of Mexican-United States relations.

The unique character of our relations with Mexico was emphasized this year when President Eisenhower and Mexican President Adolfo López Mateos met for the first time. This neighborly get-together was a pleasant interlude in the cold war, which dominates most of Mr. Eisenhower's conversations with foreign dignitaries. His talks with Pres. López Mateos were confined almost exclusively to the affairs of the North American continent and the Western Hemisphere.

Our southern neighbor, with whom we share a boundary 2013 miles long, politely declines to participate in the overseas network of military, political and economic alliances which the United States Government has developed. Mexico has steadfastly dealt itself out of Washington's global mutual-security system. It is one of the few countries outside the Soviet bloc in which we have no military bases, no military training mission, no defense-support program, no foreign-aid projects. Only two American governmental activities in Mexico are even loosely (Continued on Page 54)

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My Back-Yard Rehabilitation Center

By EDDIE WETTACH

This eighteen-year-old boy operates his own clinic for injured animals. Here he tells of the beguiling habits of his grateful convalescents.

"Children and grownups have been glad to find some place where they could bring hurt animals and not be turned away," says the author. Below he feeds a foundling robin.

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Photographs by Harry Saltzman

One sunny summer afternoon about six years ago, when I was twelve, I walked around the block to see my friend Johnny McGuire. Like me, he had been raising pigeons, and he had just had some bad luck. One way to teach a young pigeon to fly is to toss it a foot or two into the air when it is about five weeks old, catching it if it doesn't take off. But Johnny had been trying too early and too high. Squeeks, the three-week-old mixed-breed that he had thrown off his garage roof, just hadn't made it. When I got there the pigeon was fluttering on the hard ground, one of its wings dislocated and bent under it.

I had just finished reading a library book about animal and bird care, so I knew what to do. I rushed Squeeks to my house, carefully put the wing back into place and tightly taped it to her trembling body. She moped around the coop with my other fifteen or so pigeons for several weeks before I cut the bandages off. The wing seemed to have healed.

For weeks my friends and I watched her, wondering whether Squeeks ever would make her first flight. She did it quite unexpectedly on a bright fall afternoon. One minute she was walking on the ground, quietly hunting for dropped seed. The next she was air-borne. Proud of her accomplishment, she circled and recircled our yard before finally coming down to earth again.

Squeeks now was a flying pigeon instead of a crippled one. And I had found a hobby I liked—helping injured animals.

That's how I came to start an animal-rehabilitation center in the back yard of our seven-room house in Nutley, New Jersey, a New York suburb just fourteen miles from Times Square. Since the day Squeeks flew, I have guided hundreds of birds and other animals through my center. Some were just homeless, abandoned by their parents or orphaned through accident. Some were injured creatures which I found in the woods and open parks near Nutley, or which were brought to me by some kind neighbor or teacher. Children and grownups around Nutley have been glad to find a place where they could bring hurt animals and not be turned away.

Although I didn't start my animal hospital to make money, it turned out that there was a profit in it. For, after I have restored my patients to health, many of them make good pets. Over the years I have sold quite a few of the graduates of my back-yard center to pet shops around Nutley and to Story Book Farm, a private zoo in Parsippany, New Jersey, which shows small animals in settings from children's stories. The summer before last I sold two crows, which I found in a park, for five dollars each. An injured hawk I had saved went for ten dollars. Some 200 hamsters and black mice, which I raised myself, brought in thirty-nine dollars more. All together I have made around $500 thus far from my hobby—and that money comes in handy now that I'm eighteen, have graduated from high school and will go to Montana State University in September.

I made no money out of Squeeks, my first patient, and I never wanted to. She was practically a member of the family—so much so that each time I came into the yard, often with friends or neighbors, she would swoop out of a corner of the sky and land on the top of my head. Pigeons like to show off, too, I found.

Friendly as she was, Squeeks did run away from home once in a while. One day after a long absence, she returned with a handsome friend, a black-and-white male that I recognized from pictures in my pigeon books as a tufted nun. Then several days later the two of them flew away together. I thought that I had seen the last of Squeeks. But one cold November night, after she and her mate had been gone all summer, I heard a noise at the kitchen window, her favorite feeding station. There was Squeeks, alone. She stayed with us all winter, spending the cold nights on the landing leading to our cellar. When spring came, her missing mate returned. I felt sure that he had been held captive all winter in someone's coop and that he flew to Squeeks the first time he was let out. After their reunion the two pigeons flew away together, and that was the last I saw of them.

My experiences with Squeeks set the pattern for my animal hospital. Principally, it is a spring-through-fall operation. Early in the year I find a lot of newly born birds and animals getting into trouble. During the hot summer months many of these patients and trainees graduate—just in time to make room for the accident patients of early fall. When the cold winter winds begin to blow, almost all my patients are on the wing or back in the woods.

This seasonal schedule works out well for both me and my family. In the summer, when things are going full blast, I am at home to take care of the animals. During the winter, when I'm at school, mother pitches in to give noon feedings to the few that are around. Luckily for me she likes animals, for in our small, Cape Cod-style house with a fifty-by-fifty-foot back yard, even a few animals are bound to seem like a lot when they get under foot.

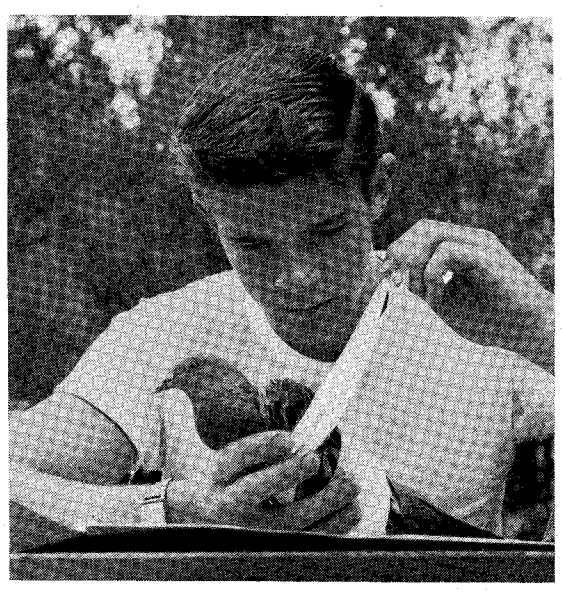
Nancy, my fifteen-year-old sister, is fond of animals, too, but she draws the line at helping with things like snakes and alligators, which I have on hand once in a while. My brother Tommy, only seven, fears none of my patients—not even the snakes. Dad, busy during weekdays with his job as an assistant executive in the budget department of the Public Service Electric and Gas Company, a utility company in Newark, gives me a hand only on weekends.

When I get new animals, like the two jet-black crow babies which a boy brought to my center in the summer of 1957, I borrow books from the public library and read everything I can about the animals' habits, food and diseases. And I learn from experience too. Sometimes the lessons are sad ones. Those first two crows lived a few weeks on a diet of liver and beef strips; then one accidentally strangled himself on the chicken wire of the cage I had built for them. While I was burying this crow, some animal—a dog, I think—broke into the cage and killed the other one.

My next pen, for the two baby crows I found abandoned in a patch of woods near our house last summer, was stronger and had smaller wiring. So these two made it past babyhood. Then their legs grew weaker and weaker and their bodies heavier and heavier. I thought it looked like rickets, and added calcium to their diets in the form of cuttlebone scrapings. It put them on their feet again, and they were soon able to fly. These were the crows I sold to Story Book Farm. A few months later I saw them on television when some of the farm's animals were shown on a New York children's program. I was pretty proud that day, as a matter of fact. Besides my crows, the show featured a goat and several geese that I had also raised and sold to Story Book.

Last spring I rescued four sharp-taloned sparrow hawks—then just roly-poly puffs of bird life—from the roof of a tall building. A storm had destroyed (Continued on Page 60)

On a visit to New Jersey's Story Book Farm, which has bought many of his animals, Eddie gives a two-week-old Toggenburg kid a bottle of milk.



Two girls found this pigeon with a broken wing and brought it to Eddie for help. When his wild patients recover, he releases them.

He keeps small animals like this hamster and his more critical cases in a cage in his bedroom, where they often roam free while he studies.

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TIME OUT FROM MARRIAGE

By GLADYS TABER

They shared a secret that he couldn't reveal to anyone—least of all his wife.

She was late. He parked his car under the white oak at the end of the narrow country road and stood watching for her car. He checked his watch and wondered if it was fast; so he got in the car and turned on the radio. Five minutes of late news was ending—a strike at Bradford, a new murder, another airplane crash upstate and a sale on pork roast at the supermarket. And, at the signal, it was indubitably two o'clock.

If Helen had been like most women, he wouldn't have worried. His wife, Janet, for instance, had barely made it to the hospital when young Larry was born because she wanted to finish pressing a dress. But Helen was never late. She said time was something special and deserved respect. But today Helen had not yet come by quarter past two. An unavoidable delay, no doubt. Or had she decided this annual rendezvous was silly? But one year, when her car broke down, she had just left it by the side of the road and thumbed a ride in a farm truck and came running across the meadow right on time.

During the year they never communicated. No letters or post cards passed between them, no phone calls, and even if he went to her town on a business trip, he never dropped in to call. They kept for themselves just one afternoon in May, a few hours of magic out of the whole year. And nothing had ever prevented it. Surely nothing could!

He walked slowly across the meadow and sat down under the old apple tree at the edge of the brook. The wild dark violets were in bloom, so the meadow was pricked with purple. Apple blossoms drifted down. At the base of the tree he noticed two morels and made a note to pick them for Janet, who loved what she called steak mushrooms.

The sky was like a blue lake with a few clouds breaking white sails against it. He began to gather a bouquet of violets. The short stems broke crisply in his big hands. When he finished, he looked at his watch again. He told himself he didn't have all day to wait around. And it had taken some doing to get away from the office. But surely a man should have one half day a year for his very own. Every heart must have one private place, he thought.

He lighted a cigarette and stared at the brook. He began to remember the first time he had kissed Helen. They had been at a high-school dance and Helen carried two blue balloons. She wore a soft pearl-pink dress. She was a slight girl, with hair like sunlight and gray eyes that looked out steadily. In those days he hadn't thought whether she was beautiful or not, but she was the only girl he knew who didn't giggle or squeal, and her voice was soft, not shrill.

They had sat on the steps of the Cameron house, being very quiet lest her father poke his head out and order her in. Mr. Cameron was a masterful man, as befitted the bank president, and he kept his daughter on a short leash. The night was breathless with May. Looking at her, he had felt suddenly that he could reach up and pick the stars.

"Helen," he said, "you're my girl."

"Yes," she whispered.

He pulled her to him and kissed her. The balloons broke with a sharp pop and shreds fell on them.

"I wish this night could be always," she said.

"All right, it will be," he told her. "I'll tell old Time to quit going along. Anything you say."

"No, but really," she touched his cheek, "I wish this could never change."

"Well, look," he said, kissing her small palm, "let's say we have a special date on this day every year of our lives. An anniversary of my first kissing you. What we'll do, we'll go out to the country in the afternoon and pick violets and I'll tell you all over again that you're my girl always. We won't let anything interfere!"

"But it's night, not afternoon."

"Yes." He was practical, "but you get hung up nights after you're married. My folks do. Meetings and stuff. But an afternoon we'll always make it."

"And get home in time for the church supper," she laughed, "and serve the ham and mashed potatoes."

They both laughed.

"All right, let's swear," he said half seriously. "As long as we live we have an anniversary this day. Just for us."

It was a childish promise, and maybe they might have forgotten it, but it happened that he was back on a three-day furlough the next year, and Helen was home from college for spring vacation. He had given her a pin shaped like a spray of violets. The amethysts were just chips, but she loved it. They went to the country and had a picnic by the river. Over the chicken sandwiches and deviled eggs and coffee, they talked about when the war was over and she had finished college—well, it would not be too long. Time was to them then a rubber band, stretching easily. When he kissed her it was as natural as breathing and as exciting as a shower of falling stars.

But letters didn't really erase the fact that their lives took separate ways. He grew frankly tired of reading about the dances she went to and the trouble she had passing art. And she began to skim his labored notes about his buddies and the lousy food and what the colonel said.

A year is a long time when you are young and living so fast. But they had their day in May. She had come home because her father suffered a coronary attack, and Larry was back on recruiting duty. The magic was there, but it was brief. Helen was tall and slim and definitely beautiful, and he felt weathered and older in his uniform.

"It won't be long now," they told each other.

Afterward they went their destined ways. She accompanied her father on a cruise, and he went to Texas to train newly enlisted men. Distance and time were deadly weapons. He wasn't interested in the captain's parties, and she couldn't share the Army routine.

So he wasn't surprised when she wrote she was marrying the young executive who had managed her father's business when Mr. Cameron was ill. Don was like a son to her father, she said, and her father was so happy to have Don take over. It was, she said, a great relief to her father. Larry went out and got looping, then sobered up in time for the colonel's Open House. (Required.) There he met Janet, the colonel's daughter, a dark, quiet girl, sensible, a little shy. He began to take her around and they had fun. Since she was an Army child, they shared a lot of things, including a distaste for sergeants. As the time drew near for his discharge, he told her he wanted to go back to college and ultimately get a law degree. He had always planned to be a lawyer, he said.

(Continued on Page 63)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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The Expanding Mental Universe

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

The effects of modern knowledge upon our mental life have been many and various, and seem likely, in future, to become even greater than they have been hitherto. The life of the mind is traditionally divided into three aspects: thinking, willing and feeling. There is no great scientific validity in this division, but it is convenient for purposes of discussion, and I shall, therefore, follow it.

It is obvious that the primary effect of modern knowledge is on our thinking, but it has already had important effects in the sphere of will, and should have equally important effects in the sphere of feeling, though as yet these are very imperfectly developed. I will begin with the purely intellectual effects.

The physical universe, according to a theory widely held by astronomers, is continually expanding. Everything not quite near to us is moving away from us, and the more remote it is, the faster it is receding. Those who hold this theory think that very distant parts of the universe are perpetually slipping into invisibility because they are moving away from us with a velocity greater than that of light. I do not know whether this theory of the expanding physical universe will continue to hold the field or not, but there can be no doubt about the expanding mental universe. Those who are aware of the cosmos as science has shown it to be have to stretch their imaginations both in space and in time to an extent which was unknown in former ages, and which to many in our time is bewilderingly painful.

The expansion of the world in space was begun by the Greek astronomers. Anaxagoras, whom Pericles imported into Athens to teach the Athenians philosophy, maintained that the sun is as large as the Peloponnesus, but his contemporaries thought that this must be a wild exaggeration. Before long, however, the astronomers discovered ways of calculating the distance of the sun and moon from the earth, and, although their calculations were not correct, they sufficed to show that the sun must be many times *CONTINUED ON PAGE 91*

About the Author

Bertrand Russell, 3rd Earl Russell, Viscount Amberley, mathematician, philosopher, educator and writer, describes himself as "a happy pessimist." A Nobel Laureate who once served a jail term for his opinions (in 1918, when he was a pacifist), Russell was characterized, during the 1950 Nobel Prize for Literature presentation, as "one of our time's most brilliant spokesmen of rationality and humanity and a fearless champion of free speech and free thought in the West." Now 87, Lord Russell divides his time between his home in Wales and a flat overlooking the Thames in London. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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In the searchlight's beam the lower half of a man's body was visible.

Rescue at Mile 50

An entire railroad ground to a halt on the desperate gamble that a missing man was still alive.

By JOHN RHODES STURDY

The main line of the railroad through the mountains was finally in operation after three days of washouts and mud slides, and now the first passenger train was warily pushing its way up from Coleman City to Magorville. In his business car at the head end, P. J. Williams, general superintendent of the Pacific and Mountain Region, relaxed in a chair and told George Burton that he thought things were getting back to normal.

"The pressure," he said, "was beginning to be pretty fierce."

George knew exactly what the general superintendent meant. Williams was not referring to the actual disruption in service, but to another kind of pressure; the kind that came from company headquarters, where men behind polished mahogany desks worked with cold figures. These men could accept, reluctantly, an act of God that wrecked a railroad line, but they had no patience with the human beings who must set it right. And if a senior official like P. J. Williams felt the pressure, it was almost terrifying when it reached down the ladder as far as a young assistant superintendent of a subdivision such as George Burton.

"I've wired headquarters that we're clear," Williams said. "So we have to keep the traffic moving fast, all night and tomorrow. There can't be any delays now, even minutes."

That was in the way of being a warning, although P. J. Williams spoke almost cheerfully and offered George a cigarette. George had to refuse because he felt the smoke could start him on a spasm (Continued on Page 47)

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How Often Do You Insult Your Child?

A well-known writer on family relations takes parents to task for failing to treat their offspring with the consideration youngsters need to become mature adults.

By HANNAH LEES

Strolling through parks and along streets where mothers take their children to play and people take their dogs to exercise, I have been making some rather unnerving observations. All the dog owners seem quite happy to pause while their pets sniff at another dog or make friends with a stranger or leisurely attend to their personal needs. They even look amused and indulgent when their pets on leashes rush ahead, dragging them breathless along. And some mothers seem happy to pause while their children make friends with a dog or a stranger or investigate a leaf or stone or puddle. But these happy sights are always drearily punctuated by other grim hostile-faced mothers dragging their children screaming along by the hand or snatching them back from whatever they are about to do.

"Come along," you hear them rasp. "I haven't got all day." . . . "Don't bother that lady, hear me?" . . . "Stop this instant. I've never been so ashamed in my life," or even, "Shut up, you."

If I seem to be making the point that children should be treated more like dogs, perhaps I am, but that is only part of it. I realize that the scenes I have been describing are so human and normal that even to question them must sound unrealistic and sentimental. What parent has never lost patience with a child and shouted at him? Children can be unbearably irritating and parents are often tense and harried. I don't for a moment think the average parents are brutal to their young. There is, however, a phrase we Americans set great store by—human dignity. Most of us live by it and would fight for it. But how old does a human have to be before we start respecting his dignity?

The sentimental cliché that children are cuddly small animals who live in a mysterious happy world of their own fits very few of the youngsters I have known. Most of them seem to me—particularly the highly intelligent ones—far less like cuddly small animals than like frustrated small adults trapped in undeveloped, un-co-ordinated bodies, yearning to be part of the grown-up world long before they are equal to it. We adults find it so difficult being adults that we seldom have time to think how desperately difficult it must be to be a child, and the more intelligent the more difficult.

Wouldn't you be ashamed if you wanted to say something frightfully important and all that came out were silly sounds? I am sure the reason many bright children don't talk at all until they can talk whole sentences is that they aren't willing to make fools of themselves. How can it be anything but humiliating for a one-year-old to see the rest of the world getting wherever they want to go with no trouble at all while he falls flat on his fanny each time he tries to do it?

Most of us have known children who screamed with rage if anyone tried to feed them or help them put on their clothes or tie their shoes. They obviously knew exactly what they wanted to do and were furious at having someone think they couldn't—whether they could or not. I knew a little girl who refused to be fed long before she could hit her mouth with a spoon, because there was her older brother feeding himself perfectly well. I know a little boy who used to go hide in the hall to put on his clothes because he wouldn't be helped, but didn't want anyone to see the struggle. Isn't it time, perhaps, to revise our ideas about childhood?

At a subway station recently I was standing behind a young mother when she got some tokens. She had a small boy—perhaps four—by the hand, and he had obviously been on a subway before, for he wanted to put the token in the slot. She gave it to him, and he beamed with pride and pleasure, but when he fumbled she snatched it from him and put it in herself. ***"Come on," she said, pulling him along. "You're holding everyone up."*** I sat across from them in the subway. The small male face was contorted with rage, and his mother's was equally contorted as she tried to hush him. We could all have waited thirty seconds at that turnstile, but I'll bet it never crossed her mind that she had humiliated him.

When a child is given a break, on the other hand, it is remarkable how it can simplify life. One day last summer I observed a small boy under three operating in a group of adults who were chatting around a tennis court. He was a reserved child and he said nothing, but walked around from one person to another looking up into their faces with dignified inquiry, tacitly asking for some part in all that was going on. He wasn't getting it, either, until a perceptive woman in the group took him by the hand and showed him a large empty birdbath set in the ground. Then she filled a watering can from a nearby faucet and gave it to him to pour into the birdbath. Right away he had a project. He could carry the watering can and empty it, but he couldn't turn the faucet, so each time he would trek the thirty or so yards to where we were sitting and politely tug someone's sleeve to come and fill the can for him.

At about the eighth filling he suddenly discovered he could turn the faucet himself. No man just made president of the company ever exuded more pride than that child. From then on he was on his own. Sure, going to fill the can for him had been a slight nuisance, but how it had helped him grow. How, parenthetically, it had simplified life for all of us. Suppose his mother had brusquely said, ***"Go play by yourself and stop bothering these people."*** Would he have? Could he have?

A woman who runs a famous nursery school once said, "Of course children get in your way, but where are you going?" I thought with a sort of abstract rage of the little boy in the subway.

In any gathering of dog lovers you are likely to hear some discussion of how careful you have to be not to break a dog's spirit. Unfortunately the only parents I have ever heard use the phrase in connection with children were doting mothers who in their efforts not to "break their

(Continued on Page 79)

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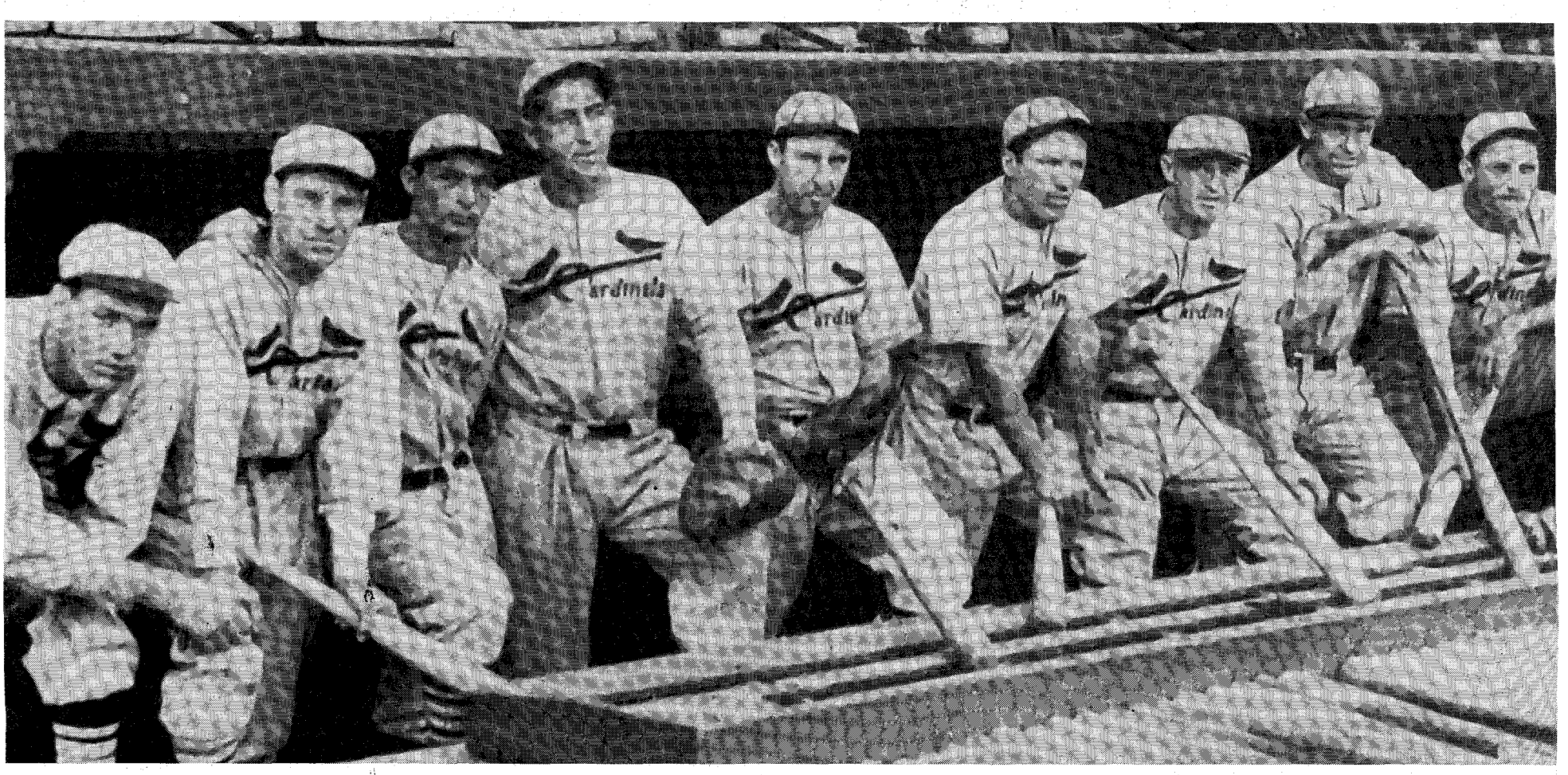
The Gashouse Gang and I

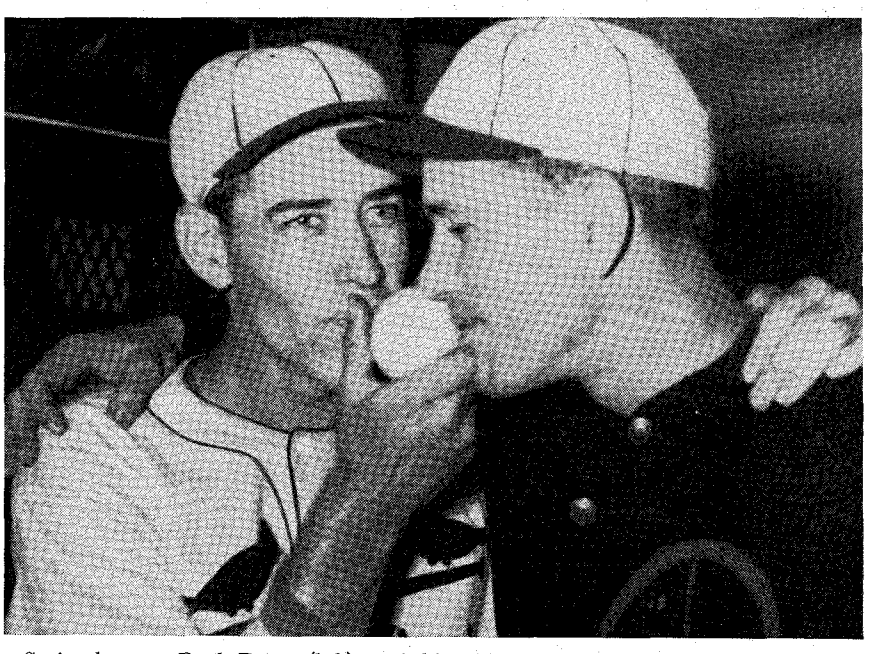
The player-manager of the St. Louis Cardinals during their days of glory recalls some of the wacky deeds of his exuberant teammates, including Dizzy Dean and Pepper Martin.

By FRANK FRISCH as told to Charles Dexter



The Gashouse Gang in Detroit before the opening game in the 1934 World Series. From left: Dizzy Dean, Leo Durocher, Ernie Orsatti, Bill Delancey, Rip Collins, Joe Medwick, author Frisch, Jack Rothrock and Pepper Martin. The Cards won the Series by blasting the Tigers 11–0 in the seventh game.

Manager Frisch (left) with "my reformed bad boy," Dizzy Dean, after Dean pitched the shutout that gave the Cardinals their 1934 Series victory. Dizzy won thirty games that year.



Series heroes: Paul Dean (left) and his elder brother Dizzy after Paul pitched the Cards to a 4–3 win in the crucial sixth game of the Series.

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Frisch today. As a sports commentator, he sometimes fills in on his old friend Dizzy's TV broadcasts.

Game's off!" announced umpire Bill Klem not long after rain had halted play on a July afternoon in St. Louis in 1933.

"No, no, no, Bill!" protested our manager, Gabby Street, bolting from the dugout.

"Come in outta the wet, Gabby," drawled a voice from behind him. "We ain't goin' nowhere."

Laughter rippled along the bench, but I groaned. We Cardinals had suffered twenty-two losses in our last thirty-three games, including that day's double-header. I had played on seven pennant-winning teams in my fifteen big-league years. I liked the taste of victory and the dough that went with it. I was fed up with my teammates' carefree attitude and their undisciplined ways.

The rain on Gabby's face looked like tears as he confronted us back in the clubhouse. "Which of you bums just laughed at me?" he demanded.

No one replied.

"So you want it that way, do you? Well, I'll show you who's boss ——"

"Please don't take our lollipops away, daddy," someone cracked.

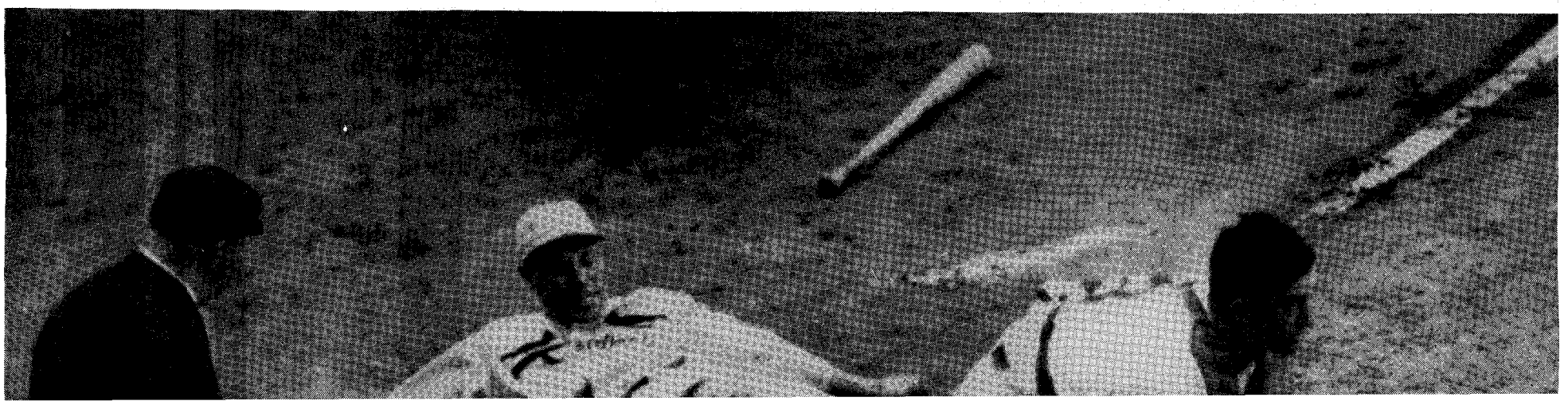
Gabby went white. He turned on his heel and strode off.

As I dressed for the street, Clarence Lloyd, our road secretary, tapped me on the shoulder. "The bosses want to see you at the office tomorrow at ten, Frank," he said.

My conscience was clear as I faced club-owner Sam Breadon and vice-president Branch Rickey that Monday morning. "Gabby has quit," said Mr. Breadon. "We have decided to make you manager of the Cardinals."

Managing a big-league team had been my ambition ever since I had gotten out from under the harsh discipline of John J. McGraw, who traded me from his New York Giants to the Cardinals in 1926. In St. Louis I had played under milder-mannered pilots, including Gabby Street. (Continued on Page 82)

Above: A grayed and heavier Paul Dean at a reunion of the Gashouse Gang in Busch Stadium, St. Louis, last month. In the background are (from left) Rip Collins, Frank Frisch, Dizzy Dean and Tex Carleton.



Below: shortstop Leo Durocher scoring the winning run in the sixth game of the 1934 Series. That night, in an attempt to keep the team from getting any sleep before the final game, Detroit fans rallied outside the Cardinals' hotel with horns, drums and whistles.

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August 23, 1957: On his fourth day in the witness chair Hoffa (right) interrupts his testimony to confer with his lawyers, George Fitzgerald (left) and David Previant.

THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

PART FOUR

Hoffa Takes the Stand

At the first hearing the Teamsters' boss parried the committee's questions. Then Chief Counsel Kennedy produced wire taps of Hoffa's conversations with New York racketeer Johnny Dio.

At 10:30 A.M. on August 20, 1957, a hot Tuesday in Washington, the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field convened in the Senate Office Building to hear the testimony of James R. Hoffa, leader of the Teamsters Union. It was a rich-looking room. The floor was carpeted in red. White marble columns, beautifully veined, ascended to the vaulted ceiling. Lights glowed in four great crystal chandeliers, but they were dimmed by television lights and sunlight streaming in through high windows. This was the caucus room of the United States Senate; the McCarthy hearings and others which helped shape recent American history were held here.

Up front at a long table sat Robert F. Kennedy, the tousle-headed young Boston lawyer who was the committee's chief counsel. Flanking him were the senators, seven of the eight present today, in front of each on the gleaming table a microphone, glass of water, pad and pencil. Behind Kennedy hovered six or eight of his investigators. At one side was a battery of amplifying equipment, a technician presiding at it like a church organist. The press tables were crowded. Directly in front of Kennedy was the witness stand—a small table and a chair, also with microphone, water glass, pad and pencil. Beyond were the spectators, moving restlessly under a policeman's gaze. It was a big day.

Into the microphone Sen. John L. McClellan said, "The committee will be in order," then, "The chair observes that we have quite an audience this morning. You are welcome, but we must maintain order and bear that in mind. . . . Mr. Hoffa, will you be sworn, please?" and, looking at Jimmy Hoffa, a solid, chunky man in a dark suit, he administered the oath; and the photographers rushed forward, the long-awaited day of Jimmy Hoffa's testimony had begun.

The Senate select committee had been established in January, 1957. Already it had overthrown mighty (Continued on Page 103)

This famous picture of Dio was taken outside the hearing room just after he hit a photographer (ducking away).

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TRAIL TRAP

By MERLE CONSTINER

Just when the money was rightly theirs, they faced an outlaw's gun.

When his father was shot, Shelby was standing by his side. There was nothing he could do about it when it happened, it happened so swiftly, and there was nothing he could do about it afterward, either, with that big six-pistol waving in the lamplight, just begging for more blood. It happened at the counter of Chapman's Store, and the people present were Shelby and his father, Mr. Fales, old Mr. Chapman and the mad-dog stranger. Chapman's Store was a lonely but famous station on the great trail. Shelby's Texas home was three hundred miles to the south; the Kansas railroad yet four hundred miles to the north. With the herd bed-grounded for the night nearby, his father had ridden over for tobacco. Mr. Fales had come along for the sociability.

This was Shelby's first drive. He was seventeen, soft-voiced, and suspicious of everything that didn't have four legs and a tail. He was already a top-notch stockman, but he was being further educated. He was intensely suspicious of the stranger the minute he entered, but it wasn't his place to show it.

The stranger was a squat man, odorous and foul, with a cameo breastpin on his hatband as an ornament. He nodded almost imperceptibly, drew off horsehide gauntlets and thrust them in his belt. At the counter he bought crackers and a can of peaches and ate wolfishly.

When he had finished, he turned to Shelby's father and said, "Why, it's Sheriff Back-shootin' Phillips, from Milk River, Montana. Where's that big posse o' your'n now?"

"I've never been in Montana in my life," said Shelby's father quietly. "My name is Stearns Davis. I'm driving cattle up out of Texas."

"Then maybe you can prove it," said the squat man.

"I can, but I won't," said Shelby's father, husky with anger.

The squat man drew and shot. Shelby had never seen such effortless speed. His father crumpled.

"It's only his leg; I didn't kill him," said the gunman. "Though I should have. He's no good. Look at him. He's too sneaky even to wear his badge."

When Shelby tensed, the gunman said savagely, "Hold it, birdshot. You're outclassed." Then he was gone.

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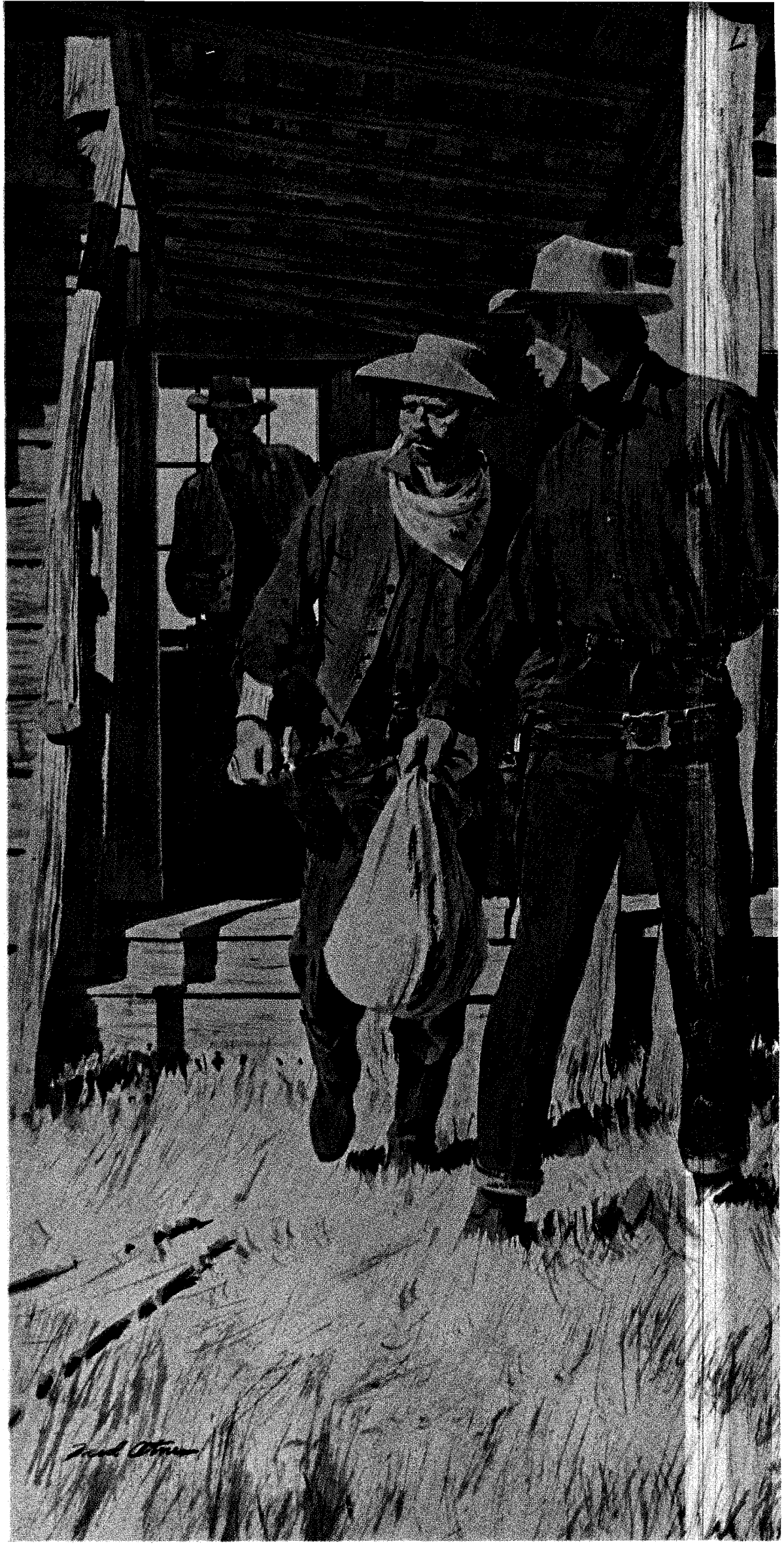

"I kill when I have to," the man said. "Now hand me that bag."

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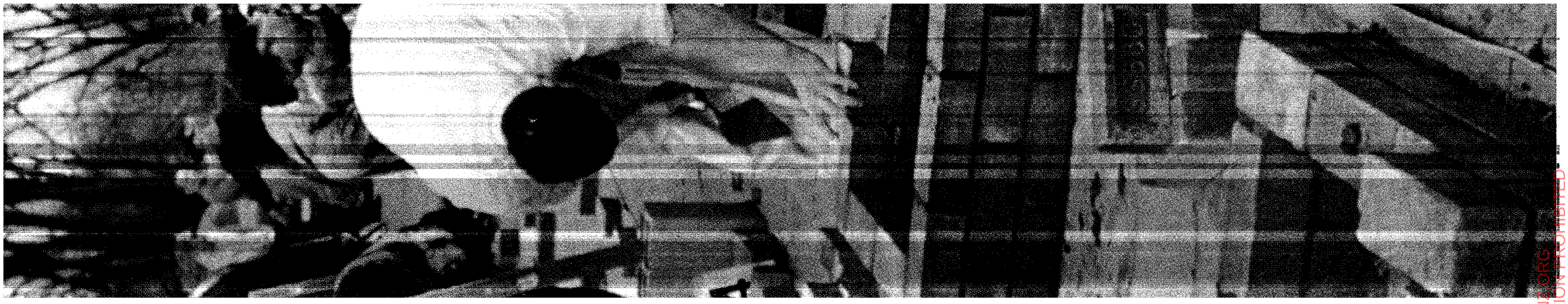

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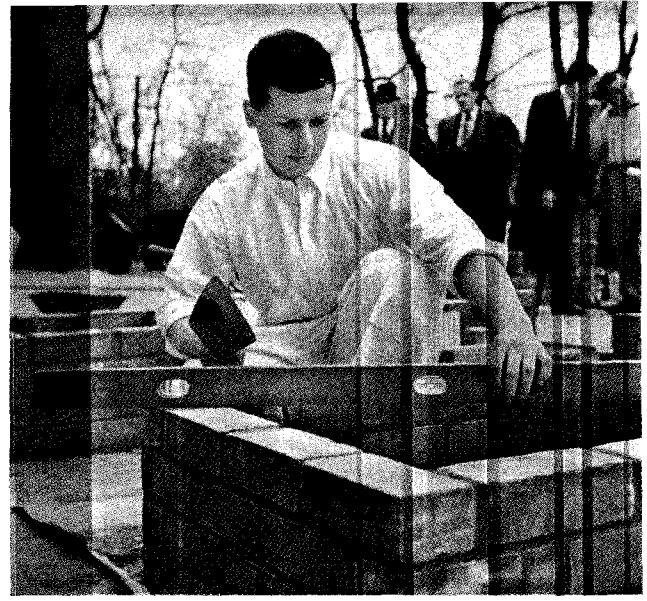

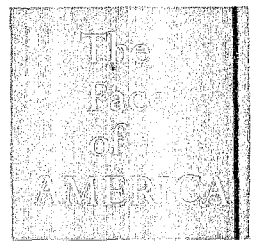

Test of Skill

These young men so intently bent over their work are matching their new skill in one of civilization's oldest trades. The locale is Glens Falls, New York, the occasion is a state bricklaying contest for apprentices, and the only noise is the soft slap of mortar and clink of trowel on brick. The event paid handsomely for nineteen-year-old Donald R. Zimmer, Buffalo, seen in the small photo above. He took first place and $200 prize money, then went to San Francisco to win the 1959 national apprentice bricklaying championship and $600. The Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers International Union started the competition eleven years ago to promote pride of craftsmanship among apprentices. At Glens Falls each contestant had two hours to construct a four-course hollow pier, with a notch in one corner (upper left of each pier) to make it tougher. Outstanding apprentices make bricklaying look easy—they must complete three or four years of careful training before they qualify for union cards as journeymen and for pay up to $4.80 an hour. Their union puts no limit on the number of bricks a man can lay per day. "We teach the youngsters to lay all they can while doing a good job," says an old bricklayer. ● Photographs by Larry Keighley

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There are many mysteries in Scotland.
For example, there was the affair of

The Plunging Piper

By DAVID WALKER Illustrated by Peter Stevens

He stepped down from the bus and turned for his baggage. "Cheerio then, Jock," the driver said.

Corporal Jock McVitie, who was the piper, the dancer, the caber tosser, paused a first moment at home again. He looked at gray houses, at kirk and loch, at the Culver Arms. That gave him a notion, so he shouldered the kitbag and carried the box across the square, which was empty and quiet, the man at work, the woman busy about the house; not too busy, however, to stand a watch upon the world without. Four ladies hailed him from four windows. He passed the time of day and the time of year, for it was three long summers since the piper had been home.

"You're looking just fine," they said to him, and they smiled on him, and they watched him enter the public bar.

First he had a dram on the house with old Angus, and then old Angus had a dram with him. Old Angus brought him up to date on all the affairs of Glenculver except the one affair that mattered to the piper.

Outside again, he swelled his lungs with the air of home. He carried his bag and his pipes in the case, and he went through big iron gates and along the avenue between beeches. Pigeons cooed in those ancient trees. They cooed to the ancient world and to the piper, who was not ancient, but he was not so carefree in his mind as a champion piper and dancer and caber tosser of twenty-six years should be.

A car came up behind him. It had a familiar chug in motion, a tappety wheeze at rest. "Welcome home, Jock," said Lady Jean.

He shook hands with the old laird's widowed wife. "Hop in," she said, and in he hopped. "How's everything?" she asked. She was a muckle woman with a red-brown face.

"So-so," he said.

"How was Alistair when you left Berlin?"

"Mr. Alistair was fine. He said for to send his love to Lady Jean, and he hoped she wouldn't be fading away."

"Not so, alas." They came to a pothole and went down on the hard. "The springs never do that when I'm alone," she said. "It takes you or Constable McKillop." She glanced round at the piper, but he did not smile about his size. He made a tight squeeze with Lady Jean, and he would make a tighter squeeze with the constable just mentioned, but that name was no music to his ears.

"The games are tomorrow," she said.

"So old Angus was saying," the piper said politely. But he, a champion in three arts, was not interested in the Glenculver Highland Games.

"I do hope you win," she said.

"I've no mind to compete."

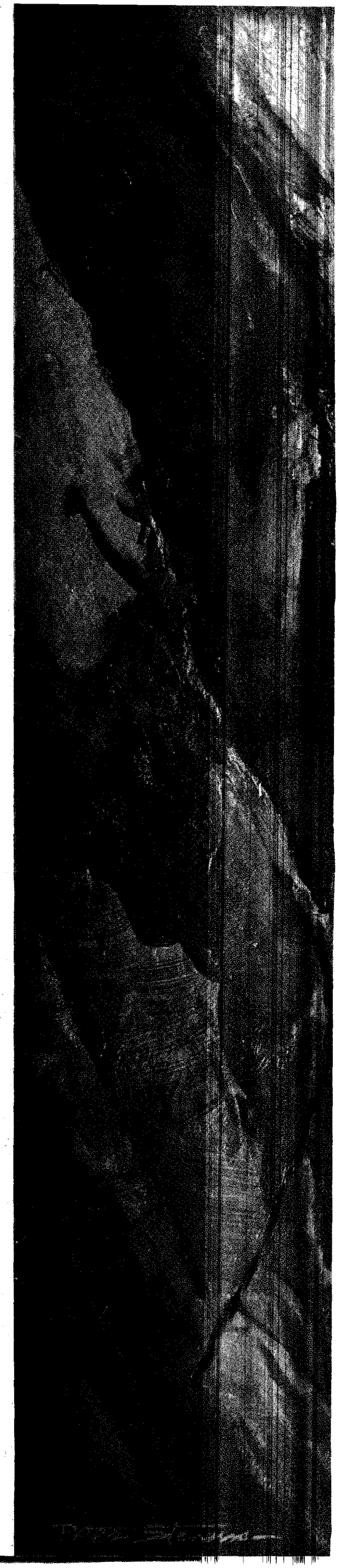
"Not even in the caber? Oh, but, Jock, you must! You can't let that policeman monster win."

The piper did not reply. To compete in the caber would involve proximity to that policeman monster, a man whom the piper did not love.

"You don't seem very happy, Jock," she said. "No trouble, I hope?"

He shook his head. He had been in no trouble lately, not to speak of. His company commander—who was the son of Lady Jean, and his own companion since childhood days—Mr. Alistair, said, "Have a good leave, Jock, but don't forget what happened last time."

The car rattled to a halt before the great gray pile of Glenculver House. They disembarked. "I saw Bella this morning," said Lady Jean, as casual as if it was some stranger Bella that she saw this morning, not Bella McLean, the piper's anguish and his dream. (Continued on Page 86)



Suddenly he jumped, pipes and all.

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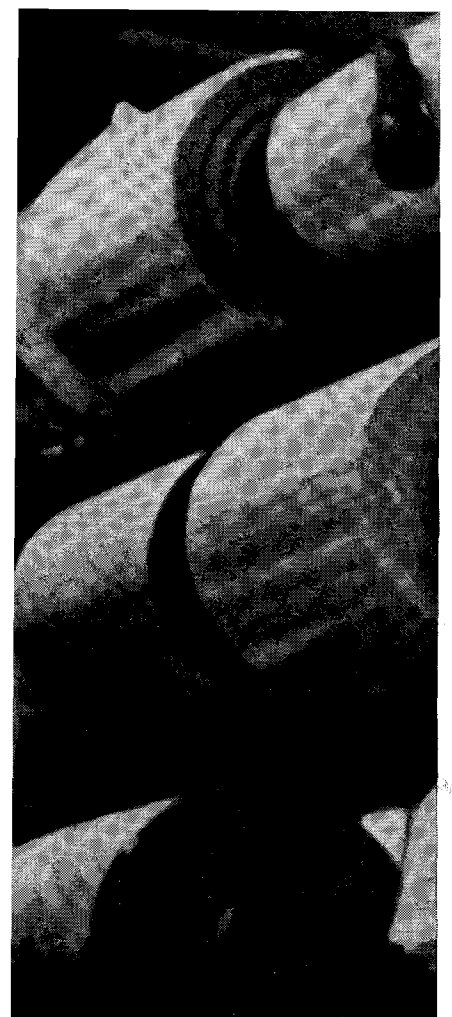

For years Minnesota Mining, makers of Scotch Tape, flirted with economic oblivion. Now sales reach $400,000,000 annually because they finally discovered

How to Run a Sticky Business

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

There is a roadside billboard a few miles outside of St. Paul, Minnesota, that says WELCOME TO ALABAMA. A few yards along is another sign reading TACOMA, and next in the sequence of geographical mix-ups are roadside instructions for turning off to East St. Louis. Responsible for these errors is the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, a sort of sticky corporate bedlam of invention and production. The roadside signs are merely display samples of one of the company's odd products, a cat's-eye reflective sheeting, glowingly familiar to anyone who has traveled a turnpike.

In addition to the above misdirections, Minnesota Mining has played quite a few other tricks on St. Paul and the area around the city. The company once tried out a tape of reflective sheeting as a center stripe on a St. Paul street. Unhappily the tape would not remain glued to asphalt, and when the experimenters went out to examine it one day they found the center stripe had blown loose and was now directing motorists over the curb at mid-block, across the sidewalk and thence over a lawn into somebody's outdoor fireplace. Subsequently the tape idea was scuttled. Instead, a reflective paint was developed. The paint did stick.

An inventive official of Minnesota Mining, or 3M for short, once tried to wheedle the

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

Board chairman William Lester McKnight (at far right) examining giant rolls of tape at the St. Paul plant. With him are president Herb Buetow (also facing camera) and two other 3M executives.

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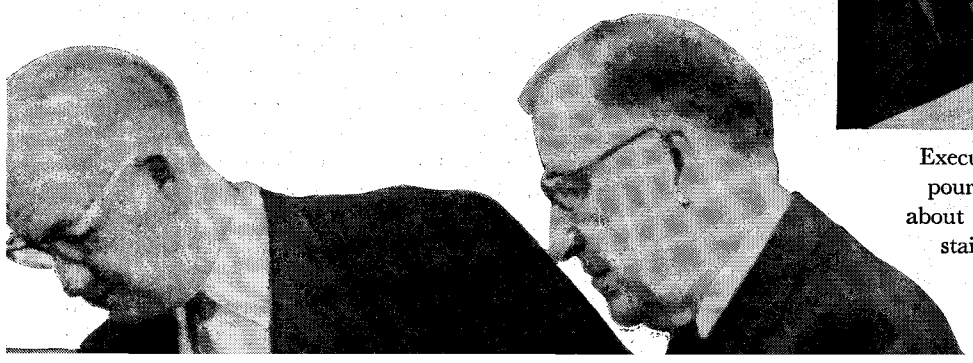
populace into shaving by sandpaper instead of a razor. In general, the community resisted this effort to give St. Paul males a clean-sanded look, but the official himself shaved that way for years. He carried an abrasive sheet in his pocket and frequently sanded himself on the golf course, sometimes when an opponent was putting. He was a man who got carried away with ideas. He owned five automobiles, drove to work each day, but habitually forgot to drive home. After the fifth such oversight a team of drivers was required to reassemble his fleet at his home, whereupon he would start the whole absent-minded cycle all over again.

The company is still up to tricks, but now 3M has sprouted acres of research laboratories which contain most of its experiments, some of them quite startling. In its everyday business 3M is best known for its more than three hundred varieties of tapes. These are mostly sticky, like Scotch Brand cellophane tape, which, incidentally, is now available with stickum on both sides, a type not recommended for the butter-fingered.

Having learned how to stick mineral chips onto paper and cloth for its abrasive products, 3M also learned how to coat the minerals which stick in asphalt roofing compositions. It was no trick after that to add color to the mineral granules, and as a result the roofs of American homes have become much more colorful in the last generation. There is color on the inside of the company too. One president of the company collected no salary for eleven years. The current (Continued on Page 100)

Dr. B. J. Oakes, a vice-president, demonstrates how one company official used to shave with waterproof sandpaper in an effort to promote a new use for the product. But sandpaper—for shaving—was a flop.

Executive vice-president L. F. Weyand blithely pouring salad dressing on himself isn't worried about ruining his suit—it was treated with a stain-resistant preparation called Scotchgard.



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Mark of Treachery

The sinister fat man and the mysterious girl—what part did they have in the television-station sabotage?

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

When Avery Truslow III arrived in Van Buren as the green new president of HARP-TV, he found the station plagued by troubles his father had not warned him about. Not only was it in desperate financial condition but Avery also sensed a strong undercurrent of resentment against him.

The feeling that he was caught up in a web of inexplicable circumstances was heightened by the mysterious behavior of the girl hitchhiker he had driven to Van Buren. Who was she? And what was so important about the briefcase she had left behind in the car?

Apparently the only person that Avery could trust was his assistant general manager, Deke O'Brien.

"Frankly, Mr. Truslow, with things going the way they are, HARP-TV isn't worth the powder to blow it to Jericho," O'Brien told him pessimistically.

II

Avery Truslow was feeling his way. During the first week of his incumbency as president and general manager of HARP-TV he had issued no orders. Nor had he instituted changes. He was conscious that hostility to himself had not abated; rather, it seemed to have increased. It manifested itself in the manner of the staff, from receptionist to technicians—in an attitude toward him that varied from the coldly polite to conduct that bordered upon discourtesy. Gwen Silver, the svelte, seductive young woman whom he had inherited as private secretary, was aloof. She made mistakes which Avery was sure were deliberate. When he dictated she appeared to find difficulty in understanding what he said and interrupted irritatingly with requests to repeat. Most serious of all, she was inaccurate in keeping his appointment calendar so that more than once he was either too early or too late for important engagements. He did not snap at her but endured patiently, calling attention to her errors courteously—but insisting upon corrections.

He hoped that no individual would be so blatant in manifesting his hostility as to compel him to notice it and take action. That would be almost fatal. Avery was not, by nature, a long-suffering young man. In his brief experience he never had encountered a situation comparable to this one, but instinct or intuition told him that there was but one way to cope with it, which was to exercise self-restraint, and hope for the ameliorating influence of time. But time would do no good, he was aware, if the underground influence which was working against him was permitted to persist. It was a skillful operation, stealthy but efficient. No one employee could be carrying out the work of keeping alive resentment against him. The whole station was permeated with it in a manner that told Avery it was an organized and tireless propaganda. Whoever was directing it was adroit. It was never permitted to come to a head. Never was there an overt act of enmity or of insubordination. It went no further than sullenness and a dragging of feet.

"Mr. Truslow," she said, "you must not mention that ride again—ever."

In those first days he did nothing but listen and watch and absorb. Never in his life had he studied so hard to master any subject as he now labored to find out all that was to be discovered about television and how to operate a broadcasting station. He went at it as if he were to be required to write a thesis upon the subject. He discussed it with the one openly friendly and helpful person in the organization, Deke O'Brien.

"Basically," he asked, "what is television?"

"Well, lop everything down to the bone and television is an amusement enterprise."

"Right. It must amuse, entertain, or claim the interest of its viewers. If it fails to do that everything else crumbles."

"But as a business," O'Brien said, "it is a lot more than that. If you put on a play in the theater all you have to do is to attract audiences who will buy tickets of admission. In effect, you have one problem—to entice customers into your theater."

"But television?" Avery prompted.

"Your primary objective, your basic objective, is to entice a nonpaying audience to sit still in its home and look at a screen on which things happen. For free. With a choice of half a dozen other programs to look at merely by twisting a gadget. If you buy a pair of tickets to a show you go and sit the evening through—without your attention being competed for. Without part of the audience howling to have you turn on something else. A theater audience once it is seated, is captive. A television audience is free as air. It can step out on you merely by turning a button. So, if you are to make your station succeed, you've got to attract and hold an audience. And if you're going to succeed big you've got to grab the biggest audience.

"Your theater impresario hopes to have the same show run every night for a year or more. His show takes up a full evening. Television hopes its show will run successfully for half an hour. One time. A playwright or a producer is lucky if he has a dozen hits in a lifetime. Your television station has got to give the public a new hit every half hour from morning till midnight. Right off, you're faced with the impossible. All the God-given geniuses in creation, if assembled under one roof, couldn't produce eighteen or twenty hit shows every twenty-four hours and three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

"Then, as purveyors of amusement, you run into another snag. Before and at the end and a number of times in the middle of your program you have to interrupt it and irritate your audience with commercials selling lipsticks or soup or beer or cures for the bite of the tsetse fly. Imagine, in the theater, darkening your stage in the middle of an exciting act to let a chubby girl in a nightgown dance out in front of the curtain and use up two minutes singing a silly song about why you should go to the drugstore and buy bunion plasters. You snap the interest of your audience and make it sore at you.

"That, the show part of it, is to a station like ours, the easiest part of the business. You get a good network and the good network will turn out a great many good shows. But there comes the toughest problem—to induce soap manufacturers or beer brewers or chemists or lipstick merchants to put their programs on your station and pay (Continued on Page 94)

Illustrated by Sam Bates

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A huge man
was sitting in the room,
a tiny Chihuahua
on each knee.

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Post Scripts

Legislative News on the Local Scene

Lights burned late last night at 473 Maple Street, as Speaker of the House Martha Fernleaf forced the controversial Color Television Debate to a conclusion. The bill—for a down payment of $52.18—was introduced late today.

House minority leader Henry Fernleaf was violently opposed. He insisted there was no appropriation available. Demanding a balanced budget, he said, "We have got to stop this reckless spending."

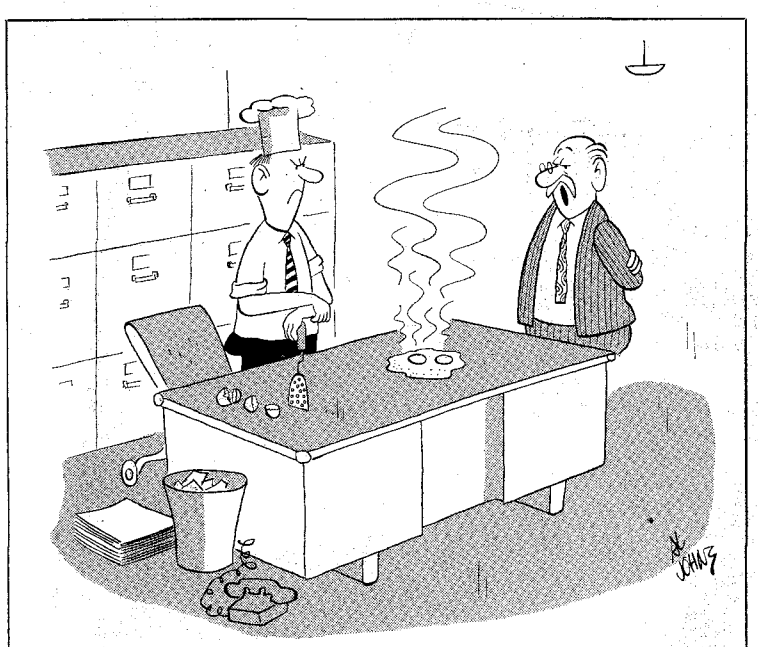
But the Speaker pleaded she could not face her constituents with the prospect of another year of Shirley Temple in black-and-white. She stated there were six color sets on Maple Street and that her fellow citizens were asking, "Did you see that luscious pink gown Alma Heartslove wore to do the commercial last night?"

In an eloquent address, minority leader Fernleaf cited the past. He recalled the disastrous Phelp's Department Store Bill for back-to-school outfits and the New Car Act of 1957. "We are still paying for these costly measures," he said.

Here the odor of burning chocolate brownies forced an adjournment to a smoke-filled room, where the discussion continued. According to usually informed sources—the Brents, next door—the Speaker said, "Well, I hope you're satisfied. Look at these brownies. All I do is slave ——" Then the window was shut.

BULLETIN: Late last night minority leader Fernleaf yielded to pressure from labor and voted an appropriation of $52.18 for color TV. It is said he was anxious to close the session in time for the ten P.M. showing of Mad Dogs of the Purple Sage.

RONALD M. DEUTSCH



"Thorndyke, if this is about an air conditioner . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, What a Beautiful Bride!"

As a long-time neighbor of the Clark family, I was naturally interested in the following news item which appeared in this morning's paper:

Last evening, at one of the important weddings of the current social season, Miss Jennifer Clark became the wife of Mr. Thomas Parsons Lee. Miss Clark was undoubtedly one of the most beautiful brides this city has ever seen.

Beautiful! Well, I should say she *was* beautiful! To tell the truth, her mother has been working on the project for twenty years. As I read the account of the wedding, I thought back to earlier days. For instance: *The bride's eyes sparkled like stars* . . . Of course they did! I remember when Jennie was about five years old ——

"Eat your carrots, Jennifer."

"Will they make my hair curly?"

"No, but they'll make your eyes sparkle."

"Carrots make Linda's hair curly."

"No, they don't. Linda's mother makes Linda's hair curly. She gives her permanents."

"I want a permanent! I won't eat my carrots unless you give me a permanent!"

"You pick yourself up off the floor this instant and eat those carrots."

. . . *and her gorgeous peaches-and-cream complexion glowed in the candlelight as she* . . .

"You get back in that tub, and you *scrub!*"

"I did scrub."

"Scrub your neck, and your ears too. And scrub *hard.*"

"I did scrub hard."

"Do you want me to come in there and scrub you? Now, where's the soap?"

"I couldn't find any."

. . . *as she walked gracefully down the aisle.*

"Stand up straight." "Keep your shoulders back." "Stop slumping!" "Sit up to the table!" "Straighten UP!" "Chest UP, shoulders BACK!" "STAND UP STRAIGHT! IS THIS WHAT THEY TEACH YOU AT DANCING SCHOOL?"

Miss Clark's smile was dazzling . . .

"Why do I have to brush my teeth?"

"So they'll be strong and healthy, that's why."

"Why do I have to wear braces?"

"So you'll be pretty, that's why."

"Why do I have to be drilled on? I'll bite Doctor Murray!"

"You'd better not. He has my permission to bite back."

. . . *and her voice, when she repeated her vows, was like music.*

"You are not to touch that television dial until you've practiced your singing lesson for fifteen minutes more. Now, stop that sniffling and gulping, and let's get started. Mi-mi-mi-mi-mi!"

Mrs. Lawrence Clark, mother of the bride, wearing a blue silk dress, was proud, happy, and beaming.

Well, this morning when I ran next door with a coffee cake, Mrs. Lawrence Clark, mother of the bride, wearing gray seersucker, was proud, happy and bushed.

KAY NELSON

Some Rather Unfortunate Headlines

GAME AND FISH HEAD RETIRES

GOVERNOR NOT IMPRESSED BY DAM SITE

MEMBERS OF STATE BARFLY TO MEETING

AGATHA SMITHDIS CUSSES P.T.A. PLAN

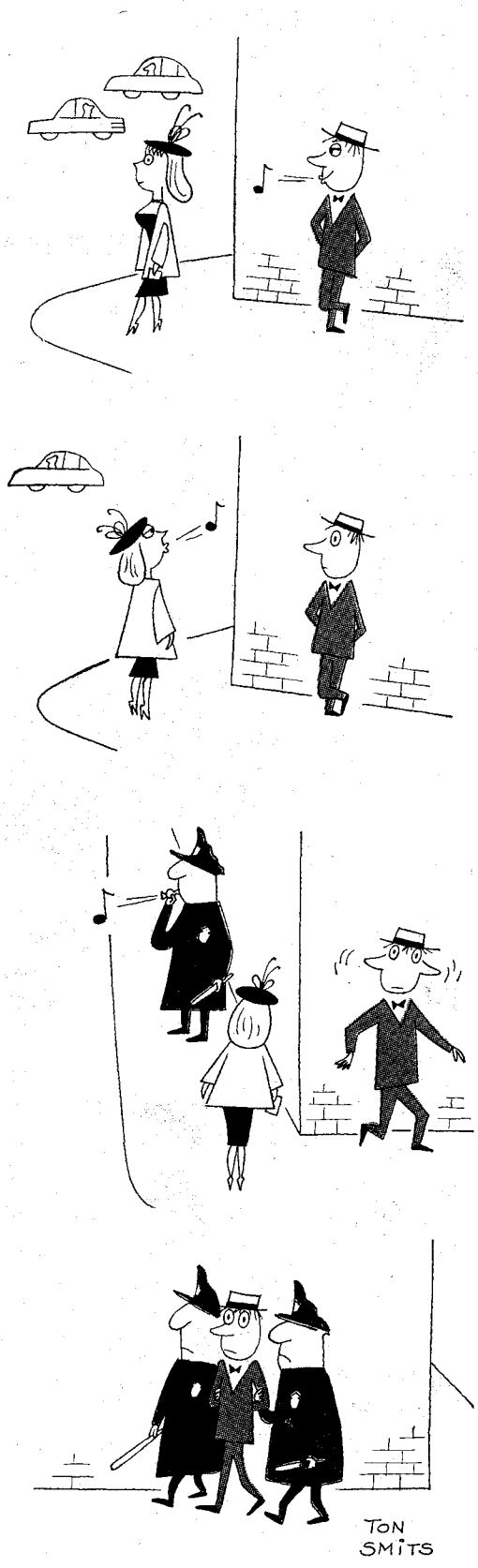
OWNERS OF FAMOUS MOVIE DOG FACE JUDGE

STATE U. TEAM HONORED IN BRIEF CEREMONEY

JENKINS ELECTED BY OUTLYING DISTRICT OFFICIALS

UNKNOWN BENEFACTO RAIDS UNIVERSITY FUND

CHARLES MATTESON



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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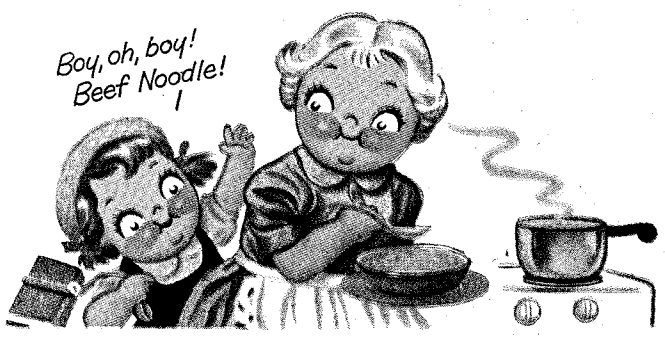
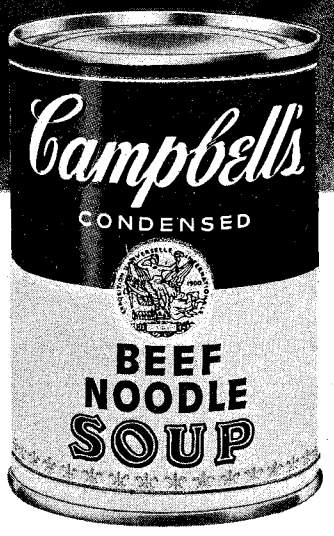


GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...WHEN LUNCH IS GOOD...LUNCH IS EASY...LUNCH IS *Campbell's* BEEF NOODLE SOUP

Children home? Enjoy 'em. Let Campbell's do your cooking for you. Such a lot of good things happen when you do. *More time* for summer fun. Campbell's Soup's ready to eat in 4 minutes. *Good nutrition* happens, too. All Campbell's Soups are made from good basic foods . . . meats, vegetables, whole-grain cereals.

And did you ever notice how appetites perk up when there's good Campbell's Soup for lunch? It smells so good, tastes so good, folks just feel more like eating. *More like living, too.* Soup cheers you up, gentles you down, kind of makes you feel good all over.
Say! Have you had your soup today?

Once a day . . . every day . . . enjoy *Campbell's Soup*



Good!
Nourishing!
Campbell's
Beef Noodle
Soup gives you
Vitamins...
Proteins...
Minerals, too!

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EXTRA BLOWOUT PROTECTION: Nylon has lasting strength to guard against blowout. Nylon protects against the four kinds of unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden tire failure: (1) heat, (2) bruising from bumps, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers use nylon cord in their better tires. Why risk a dangerous blowout? Have your tires checked regularly. And whenever you need new tires, be sure they're made with nylon cord!

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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DEATH WALK

The crippled man begged for amputation. Either way he took the risk of dying.

By ARTHUR MAYSE

Morg Halsted was failing fast. His foot, mangled when his light plane crashed in the mountains of British Columbia, was infected now and his body was racked with pain and fever.

Mike Clendon, a young prospector, had witnessed the accident and rescued Morg and his daughter, Linn. Because there was no other way out, Mike decided to carry Morg to civilization on his back, a terrible ordeal in this rugged country. So the three of them inched down the slope of the Maxada Glacier. To his surprise Mike found himself taking a warm interest in the quiet, strong-willed Linn, although she was already engaged to a lawyer back home.

Now, fatigue and fever were not the only dangers. For ahead of them trudged a wounded grizzly bear, trailing blood and spoiling for trouble.

IV

Time lost meaning. There was only this for them—the mist thickening into fog as the afternoon wore on, the gray, gravel-pocked ice whispering underfoot, a substance grown loathsome. Strain and ache and heel blisters rubbing again, knifing wind and a weariness that clogged the veins, deepening like despair.

The ice stayed bad, not with masked cracks but open crevasses that turned the glacier into a maze which vexed and baffled. Those chasms wandered on aimless slants and curves and diagonals. Some they could step across. Others they were forced to skirt, tacking far to right or left. One they bridged on a natural cantilever of ice, Mike crossing first, then sending the girl over, then returning for his burden. Blood speckles on the far side showed that the bridge had been pretested; another party in trouble had taken this route before them.

The glacier didn't fight fair. It threw sneak punches and false leads; it frustrated hope and spun out their miles, frittering time until they found themselves plodding through the dusk of a day foreshortened by the change in weather. They were still on the high ice, the river unreached, the camp on the heather bench a lost paradise, and tonight's lean-to and evergreen bed, fire, food and hot tea an unattainable heaven.

Halsted burned and dozed. Waking, he rambled. "You ever get fishhooks snagged in you, son, push 'em on through and clip the barbs. That's what the country doc did with Linny that time. I can see her still, standing up in the back of our car, hanging on and not letting so much as a whimper with two sets of trebles in her poor little fanny. I remember I was worried about blood poison . . . a good kid, Mike, maybe too good . . . still, nobody pushes her around. . . . Housekeeper we had tried it once—this guy she plans to marry never will, you bet. . . . I could use a few notions for my speech to the Optimists, Mike. I'm working it out in my head and it's going to be a dilly. You'll be right there alongside me at the head table. You'll like the Optimists—they're a lively bunch. . . ."

Mike answered him now and then, automatically, sunk and lost in his own fog of exhaustion. The bad ankle—the ankle he had cracked while searching a rockslide of the Upper Anzac for his partner's body—ached like an impacted tooth. At times he wasn't too sure who was with him here. Once it was Ves Jones on his back. Again, for minutes, he was climbing the ski slopes north of Vancouver, his friend Dave Logan behind, a stripped-down cookstove on his packframe, Alison Mackay and Dave's Susan somewhere ahead.

Rock loomed dim from the misted twilight. The shadow shape beyond him found a voice. "Another moraine. Can we rest?"

"Not now, Al," Her name wasn't Alison—this was a different girl. But he was too numbed, too weary to care. "Head in for the ridge. We'll camp."

"Not on the river?"

"Not tonight, sweetheart." But even in love with Alison, he had never called her that; he had a poor tongue for an endearment. "I'm sorry."

His wits returned from their far straying. He heard the rustle of Linn's moccasins on the ice, and the slither of the pole butt, off balance and dragging. The moccasins were about shot, but he'd mend them again, somehow, tonight.

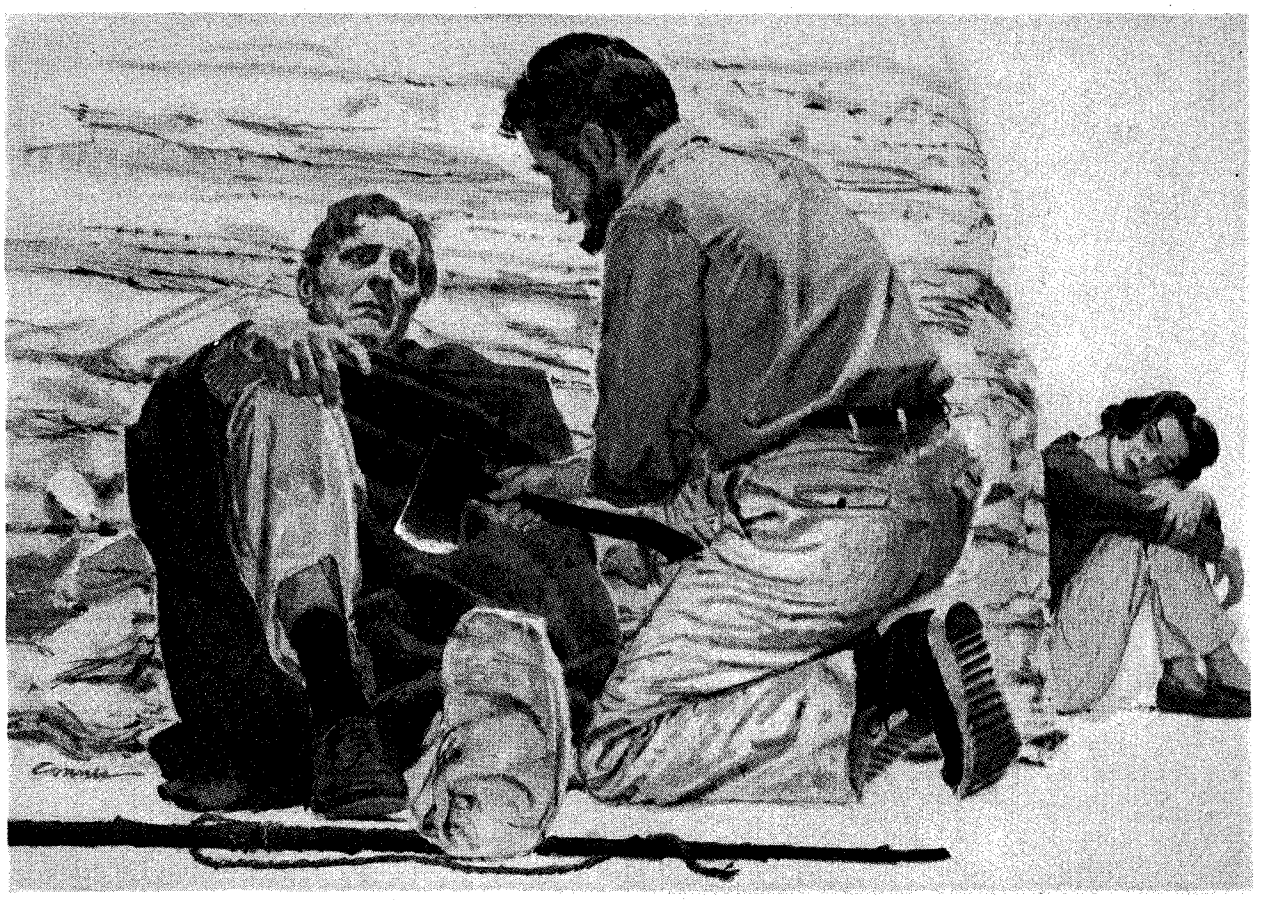
She stopped and he almost bumped into her. "Mike, you'd better look at this. I don't think we can cross it."

They had drawn close under the steep shoulder of the ridge. More trees here; looking up, he could make out the hemlock ghosts marching to meet them. Then he looked down and knew the glacier had swung its Sunday punch. Mountaineers had a name for this splitting away of ice from granite. A bergschrund. The gap was thirty feet wide.

"We'll follow down," he mumbled. "It'll narrow."

It did, but never enough. He had hoped to span it somewhere with the pole, swing himself across, rig a bridge of other poles and pack Halsted over.

(Continued on Page 65)



"I want you to take that ax of yours," Halsted said, "and chop my foot off."

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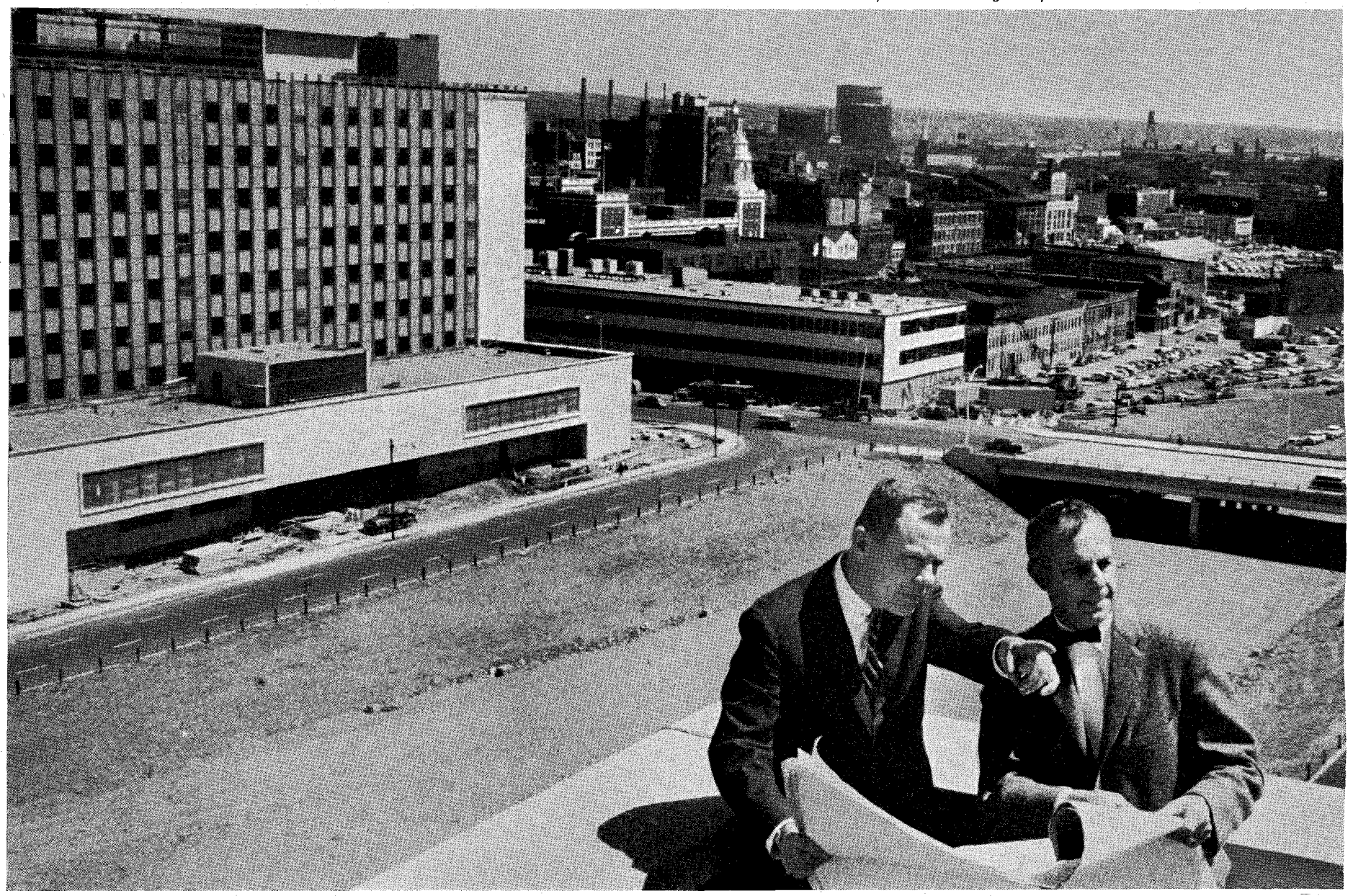
New York Life Presents *the 37th in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*



City Planning and Re-development is not an enterprise confined to the great metropolitan areas. New Haven, Connecticut, population only 168,000, has undertaken one of the nation's most ambitious municipal re-development programs. Substandard areas totalling over 700 acres already are giving way to new construction—mid-town shopping centers, hotels, apartments, schools, playgrounds, highways and other facilities—which will cost nearly $200,000,000. Here Mayor Richard C. Lee (left) and Planning Director Norris C. Andrews discuss plans calling for rehabilitation of 600 more acres in the near future. City and Regional Planners in all the country's metropolitan areas are engaged in similar projects.

Should your Child be a City and Regional Planner?

By Paul Oppermann

Executive Director, Northeastern Illinois Metropolitan Area Planning Commission, as told to Llewellyn Miller

A MAN FROM MARS was having lunch with the mayor of a great American metropolis in the year 2000.

"This is a wonderful city to visit, and I'd like to work here, too," he said.

"Fine! Can I help you find the right apartment?" asked the mayor.

"Oh, I'll commute from outer space," said the man from Mars. "We think the kids do best in a house and yard—and Mars is nearer than your suburbs, timewise."

* * *

Such tales are told in jest in all of our big cities today, but there is a sting of bitter truth in them. Our cities are expanding explosively. If that seems an overly dramatic description, look at the facts:

In 1945, our population was under 140,000,000.
Today, we are over 176,000,000.
By 1975, we shall number well above 225,000,000.

This means that in 15 years we shall need new homes, schools, hospitals, stores, transportation and other facilities for over 50,000,000 more people than we now have.

Where will these millions live? A great majority will pour into our cities.

In 1945, about 58% of us lived in urban centers.
By 1975, nearly 80% of us will live in cities.

Each year machines replace manpower on farms to an increasing extent. Each year more people turn to cities and towns for jobs. Each year suburbs sprawl farther into the countryside. Right now, we are bulldozing farms and forests into streets and lots at the rate of 1,000,000 acres a year—3,000 acres a day!

What will happen to the hearts of cities as the suburbs rush outward leaving great office buildings, hotels, department stores and government structures stranded in the widening ring of dismal slums that already encircles most downtown areas?

Today we have over 50,000,000 cars.
By 1975, we may well have 88,000,000.

How will we get from home to work through streets laid out for horse-drawn traffic and already clogged with our present number of cars and buses?

These are the problems City and Regional Planners deal with. For young people qualified by intellect and temperament, I know of no career more challenging in unexplored horizons, or more important to the good life of every citizen than my rapidly expanding profession.

The Task Ahead

"What can a Planner do that architects, engineers and sensible city councils haven't always done for us?"

It is not surprising that this question is often asked. The planning of cities for beauty and efficiency is an ancient art. But modern Planning (as a separate profession in the sense that colleges offer specific training for it) is only 30 years old. The first degrees ever given in this country in City and Regional Planning were granted two young men of the 1929 graduating class at Harvard. Today, 25 leading universities are graduating City and Regional Planners—direct evidence of how vastly the problems of metropolitan growth have multiplied within the lifetime of even the youngest parents, and of the imperative need for specialists to cope with the revolutionary change ahead for whole regions as well as for communities of all sizes.

For example, air pollution and drainage do not observe city limits. Smoke from factories in one concentrated industrial center can blanket dozens of lovely surrounding communities with smog, no matter how vigorously they regulate themselves to keep air pure and clean. Each farm, engulfed by a sprawling new subdivision, adds to flood hazard elsewhere as rain water, unable to soak safely into meadows, rushes in sewers to rivers.

Transportation does not respect political boundaries. New York City is a striking example. Over three million commuters travel in and out of it daily from Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New Jersey as well as from its own huge suburbs. Its bridges and tunnels are interstate

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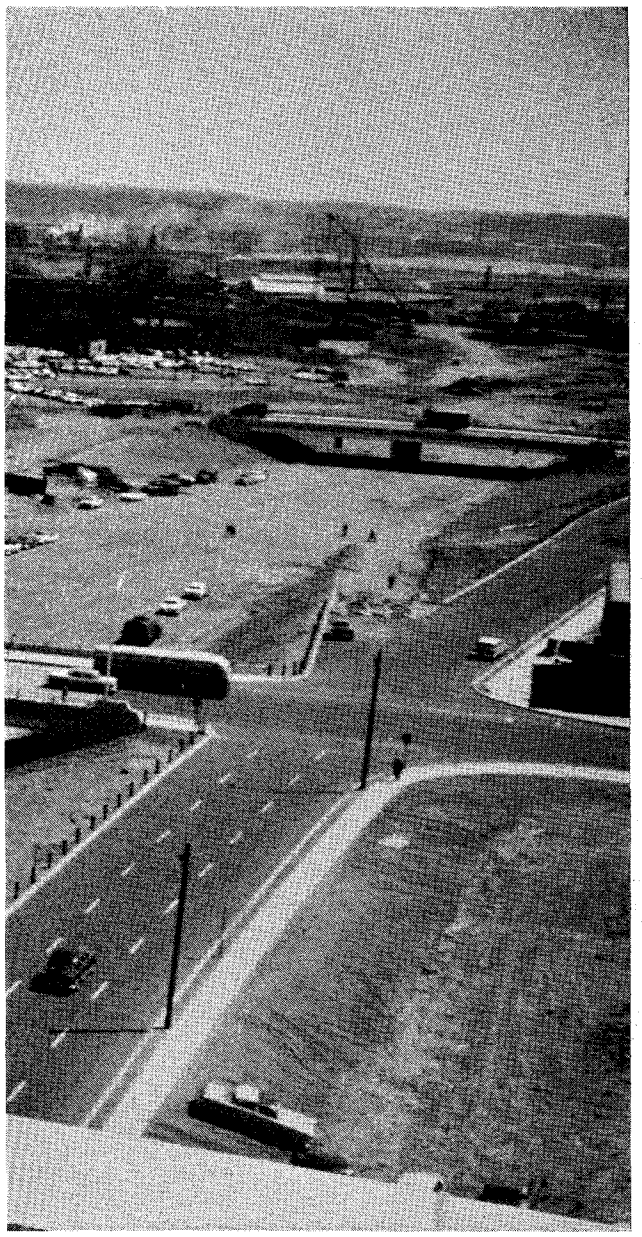
PHOTO BY DAN BUDNIK



traffic problems. Another example is Chicago's new O'Hare Field. It serves more than 200 separate, incorporated municipalities in a six-county area with a population of nearly 6,000,000. This many people with separate local needs cannot possibly see their joint future in proper perspective without the aid of professionals trained in Regional as well as City Planning.

Preparation—and Financial Future

Let's look at the specialized duties of the modern Planner by examining his training which is far more diverse than many people guess. Nowhere is this better shown than in one of today's most pressing problems—slum clearance.

Some of the most valuable and potentially useful land in every city is blighted by clusters of decaying, long-obsolete houses. These rickety, ill-heated, badly ventilated dwellings are invitations to rat and vermin infestation. Often they are crowded past minimum requirements of human decency, and so are breeding places of disease and delinquency. As such, they affect life in the plushiest new suburb since all parts of a community share the disproportionately high costs of health services, policing, social welfare and correction in these depressed areas.

The Planner must know the legal devices by which such blighted centers may be taken over and razed with justice to owners and tenants. He must have firm grounding in economics and other social sciences, and in public and private finance and design so that slum clearance results in airy new developments with space for shops, schools, health centers; and also brings increased tax revenues to the city to help pay the public part of the cost of such improvement.

The Planner must be a generalist in architecture, engineering, sociology, demography, transportation, property law and city management in order to be a specialist in designing relationships between public and private uses of land.

Training for this usually requires six years at university level—four years leading to a Bachelor's degree in Architecture, Landscape Architecture, Engineering, or in one of a number of Social Science fields, followed by two years in a Graduate School leading to a Master's degree in City and Regional Planning. With this in hand, the graduate has a nationwide choice of positions and a chance, later, to move on to bigger opportunities when he is ready for them. In 1958 there were twice as many firm job offers listed as there were graduates to fill them.

The new graduate can expect about the same income as a young architect or engineer in his locality. Promotion under present conditions can be quick. After a few years of responsible work in a big department, he can expect to become a senior Planner, or, likely as not, Director of Planning in a city of modest size at an annual salary of $7,000 to $9,000. The Director in a city of 100,000 can expect $10,000 up. Directors of Planning in large cities or in metropolitan areas receive salaries ranging from this amount to $20,000 and more per year.

Cities employ by far the largest group of Planners though counties, states, the U. S. Government, industry, and independent firms specializing in Planning are absorbing increasing numbers. Most of today's Planners are men, but the field is by no means closed to women, and the hazards often are rather less than for women architects who find themselves in an almost wholly "man's world" on the construction job. Civic and political leaders are inclined to listen with respect and trust to a poised, diplomatic, well-organized woman Planner, feeling that women can speak with a special authority about the needs of people. I know a dozen women Planners in important positions contributing in major ways to the communities they serve, applauded and appreciated by them.

Rewards—and Drawbacks

"Why did you choose Planning for a career?" I asked a young man some years ago. His answer is worth studying because it outlines both the main satisfactions and stresses awaiting bright young people like him. "Three reasons," he said. "First it offers stimulating work on the biggest scale I could hope to find in my field from the start. Second, it isn't just making a living. It's representing the public interest today and defending it for tomorrow. Third, it's community service but on an exciting Big-Business level—with prospects of some lively controversies to sharpen whatever wits I have."

The Planner must be prepared for many challenges, and often sharp opposition from those who do not understand the pressing need for hard-headed community planning and who regard him as something of a dreamer more concerned with the city's beauty than with the practical demands of urban growth and renewal. He must be ready to combat even more menacing opposition from those who understand his objectives all too well and who will attempt to twist a plan for community betterment to personal profit.

The Planner must be prepared to stand up for his convictions and take the consequences. Pressure to change many such things as zoning and the routes of throughways can be so severe, and selfish interests can be so determined and powerful, that sometimes the only way a Planner can save his integrity and his professional usefulness is to resign rather than agree to a proposal that will pay some limited group handsome returns.

On the other hand, one of the great rewards is discovering with what vision many public officials and clear-thinking citizens will back drastic remedies, often at personal sacrifice, when they are proved clearly to be of the greatest good to the greatest number. Another reward is constant contact with leaders in every field—government, industry, finance, education, social welfare, transportation, health, recreation and the arts. Every door is open to the Planner as he makes his rounds as *coordinator* of the countless aspects of his city's life. You might consider the Planner as the architect of his city's overall physical growth and development.

The boy or girl who will make a success in Planning must have some of the adaptability and ingenuity of a diplomat as well as a bright, open mind. It helps to be a persuasive speaker and, under pressure, a tenacious battler. Planning is a career that demands high standards of judgment, tact, patience, persistence, independence, and, most of all, respect for the worth and dignity of the individual, and for the ideals and processes of democracy. For such young people, the rewards are immeasurably greater than the drawbacks.

The greatest reward lies in the sharing of the enormous, important task ahead. All of our cities are at a crossroads. What we view in them today is both the worst and the best product of the industrial revolution—planless sprawl, ugliness, traffic congestion, slums and blight, as well as easier and more productive work, comfortable homes, splendid institutions, shorter working hours, higher income, greatly lengthened life span and increasing security for most of our people.

DID YOU KNOW...

- ... there were twice as many job offers listed for City and Regional Planners last year as there were graduates?
- ... Planners are employed not only by city, county, state and federal governments, but by industry and independent firms?
- ... women hold key positions in City Planning?
- ... the salary of a Planner ranges from $7,000 to $20,000 or more?

This series of articles is brought to you to help you and your family plan for the future. Your New York Life agent can be of assistance, too. He is specially qualified through training and experience to aid you in making plans for education, retirement and all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Get to know him soon.

Only those who possess great financial resources can endow glorious living monuments, such as so many of our magnificent libraries, hospitals, research centers, schools, museums and parks. But the Planner, through his daily work, has a part in leaving another kind of shining mark on the future: towns, cities and whole regions released from strangling slums—open, comfortable, efficient and beautiful.

What greater satisfaction can a career offer than opportunity for creative work that will make life better for all today—and through countless tomorrows?

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This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are: a list of similar articles on thirty-six other careers which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "Planning a College Education." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just drop a postcard to:

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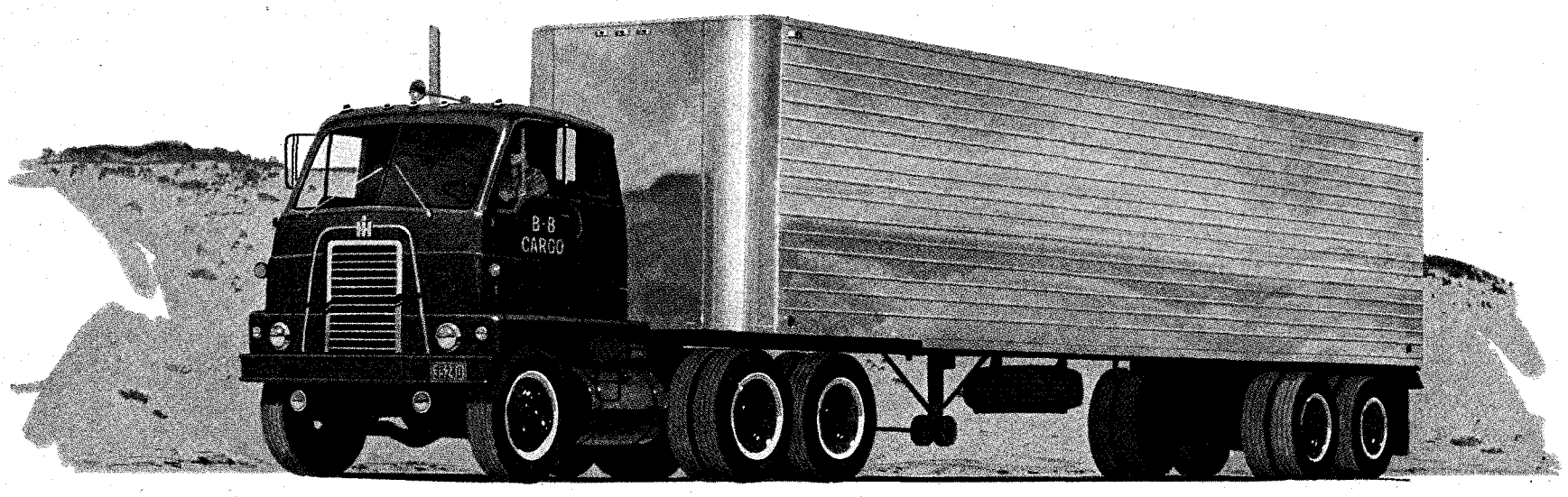

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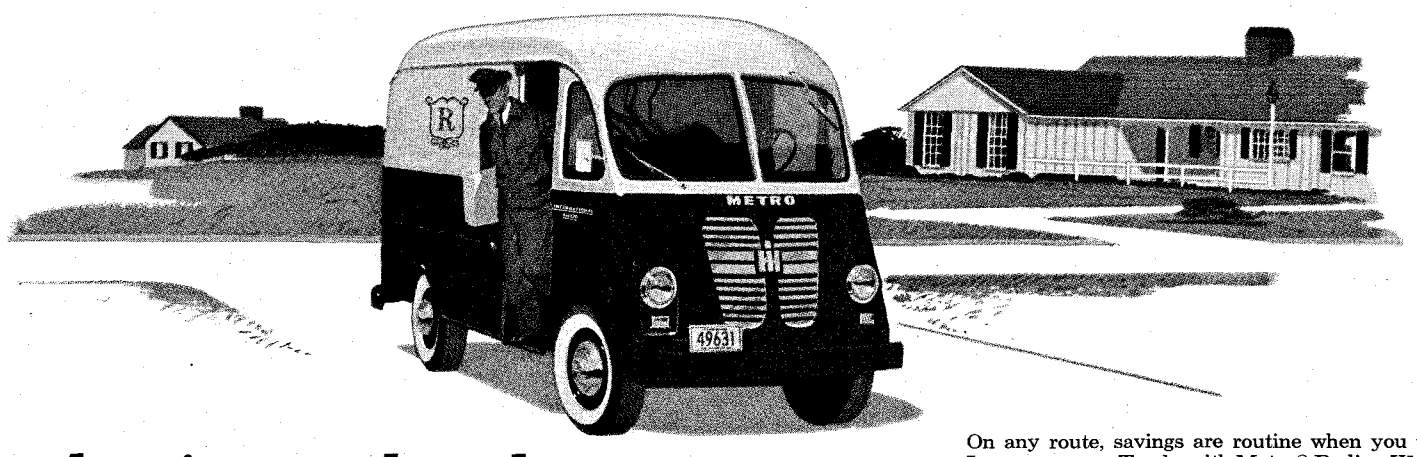

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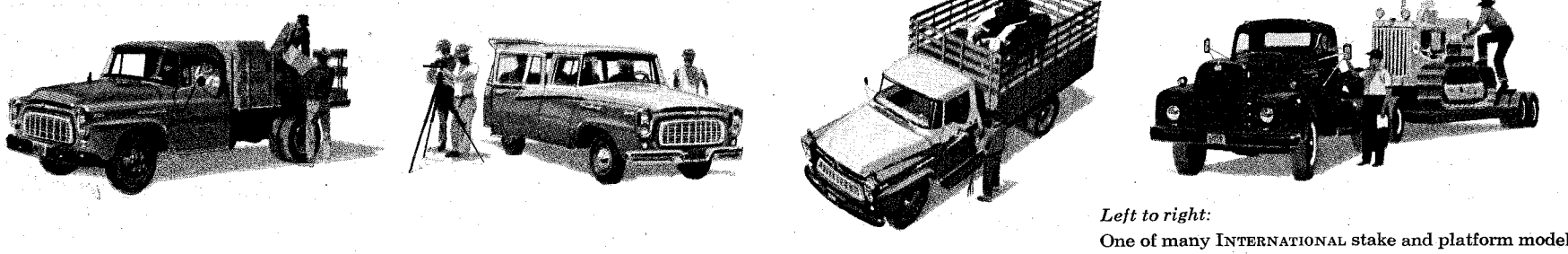

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Rescue at Mile 50 (Continued from Page 26)

of coughing, and he didn't want the general superintendent to know his true condition. He was almost home, and it would serve no purpose now, with the job almost finished, to admit that he was ill.

After three days on the line, in the rain and snow and wind, and with practically no sleep, George knew he was ready for a hospital bed. He had gone out with a heavy cold in his chest, and near-exhaustion had inflamed the fever. He had been existing on aspirin spiked with codeine.

But now Magorville was not too far away, and he would leave P. J. Williams at that point. It was difficult for him to carry on a conversation. Night had fallen less than a half hour ago, and with the blinds drawn against the darkness and the rain, and the sitting room of the business car a cozy haven, Williams seemed inclined to talk. Every time they heard an outside sound, as at Mile Fifty, when they swept past a siding on the brink of the Kicking River, the general superintendent asked questions. "You've got cars spotted at that track?" he inquired, and George, trying to concentrate, answered in a hoarse voice, "Some out-of-service cars. We were moving them to Coleman City when the line was cut. We'll have them sent on as soon as possible."

In the last few minutes, however, P. J. Williams had become interested in a magazine. It was a relief. Then something happened to rip apart the serenity of the private car and George's isolation.

It began with the abrupt opening of the curtained door leading to the platform between cars, and a man's voice protesting, "Please, ladies, you can't ——"

A girl pushed her way into the car. She held an elderly woman by the arm, and behind them stood a flustered and red-faced train conductor.

"You're railroad officials, aren't you?" the girl said quickly. "Please listen to this lady." The girl was young and rather pretty, but her cheeks were chalk-white and her lips quivered with emotion. When the elderly woman, looking confused and almost frightened, hesitated, George saw the girl's fingers tighten on her companion's arm. "Tell them," the girl ordered.

"I saw a man," the woman stammered. "At least, I thought I saw a man. He was high up on a cliff, lying on a ledge."

George glanced at P. J. Williams. The big man had not moved from his chair.

"I don't think it's possible, sir ——" the conductor began, and the girl interrupted sharply. "Let this lady tell it," she said.

The woman said reluctantly, "I was in one of the dome cars, and I was watching the light on the engine—you know the whirly one on the top that swings around in an arc and shows up the mountains."

She was speaking, George knew, of the revolving light with which their road diesels on passenger trains were equipped. Its sweeping beam was a great attraction with passengers in the dome cars at night.

"It was about five minutes ago," the woman went on with increasing reluctance, "and over on the right-hand side I thought it shone on a man, just for an instant. Of course it might have been a rock that looked like a man. I can't be sure now—I mean it was so quick."

The girl was looking down at P. J. Williams. "You know the plane that was lost four days ago?" she asked rapidly. "The one that was flying from Coleman City with only the pilot aboard? They've been searching the mountains for him. Don't you see that this lady ——"

The elderly woman, George could tell, was obviously trying to back down. Again she protested that she could have been mistaken. George knew about the plane. A private aircraft, flown by a young man named Joseph Carter, it had been en route from Coleman City to a place called Barkton, fifty miles to the southwest. After four days of bad weather, hope for the pilot was almost gone.

P. J. Williams had risen now. He spoke to the girl. "It wouldn't be easy," he said, "to see a man clinging to a cliff on a rainy night like this. But it might be possible, and we'll send a message to Coleman City. That's the base for the search parties, isn't it?"

"Yes," the girl said.

"We'll look after things, of course."

The girl turned to George, and his eyes met hers. He realized that there must be a close connection between the missing pilot and this young woman. He nodded as though to reassure her.

The conductor and the two women left the car, and P. J. Williams sat down and drew a pad of service telegraph blanks from the drawer of a side table. "I'm not eager to send this message," he murmured. "That woman could cause a lot of trouble and raise a lot of false hopes. You noticed she was trying to get out of it? But still we can't ignore the possibility she may have really seen something. Nobody can do much before dawn anyway. The search planes will be out then, and we can alert our train crews."

George turned away. There was a stabbing pain in his chest; he was half remembering something. He was not clear as to what it was.

At Magorville he shook hands with P. J. Williams before leaving the train, and the general superintendent said, still in that cheerful but deliberate tone of his, "Remember, George, another delay now, and there's no excuse for us."

The rain was like solid streaks of silver under the station lights when George stepped down on the platform. He got under the canopy, coughing tightly, and the station agent and the chief clerk, Boyes, were out to greet him. "We're really starting to move now," the station agent said happily; but young Boyes said, "You look ill, Mr. Burton."

"I've got a cold," George said. Behind him the passenger train was moving.

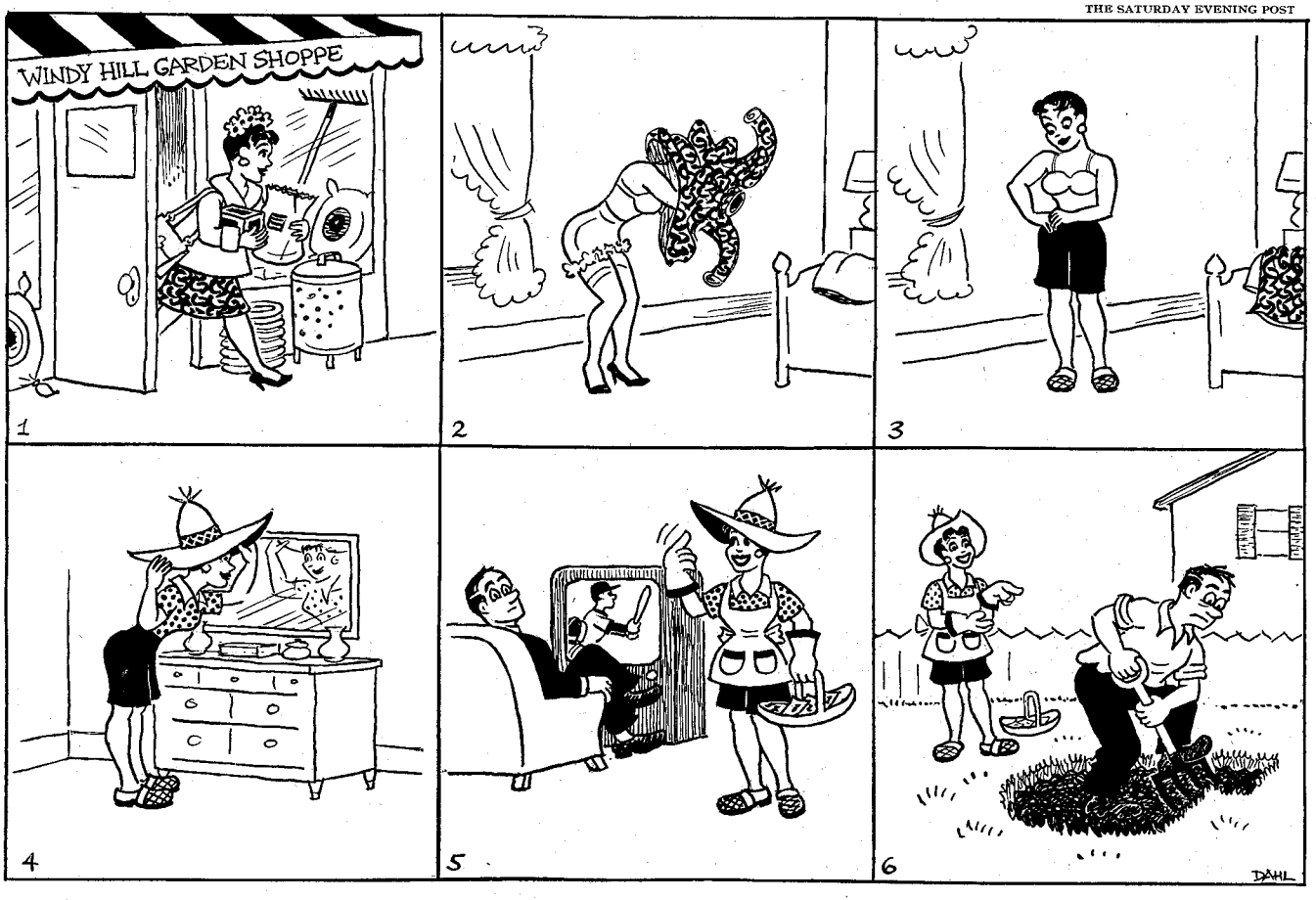
"You'd better get inside, Mr. Burton," the chief clerk suggested anxiously.

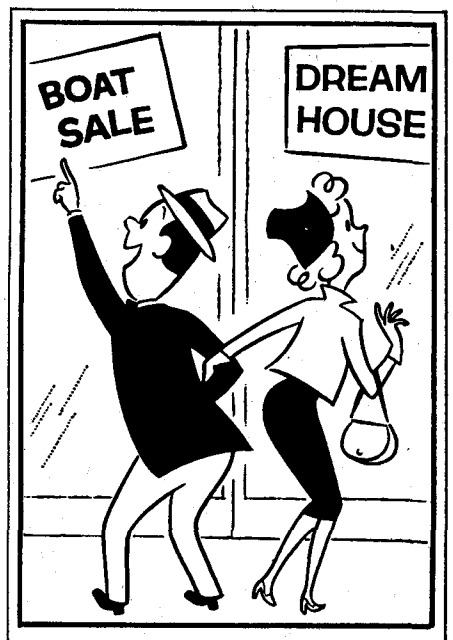
Then George saw her. She was standing alone on the wet platform, a small traveling bag at her feet, and George knew it was the same girl. She picked up the bag as he walked to meet her. Then George could (*Continued on Page 50*)

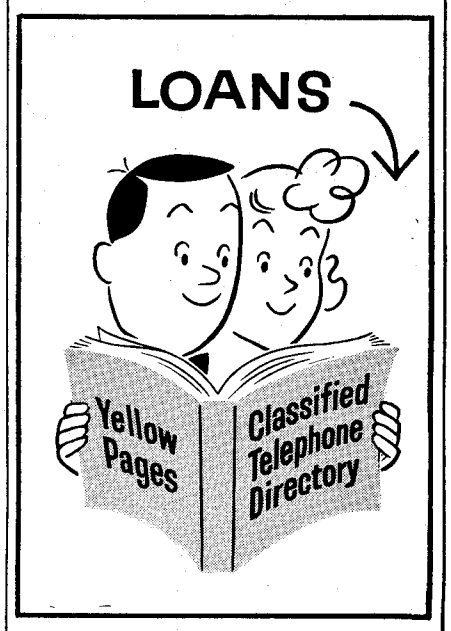
THE GREENWOODS

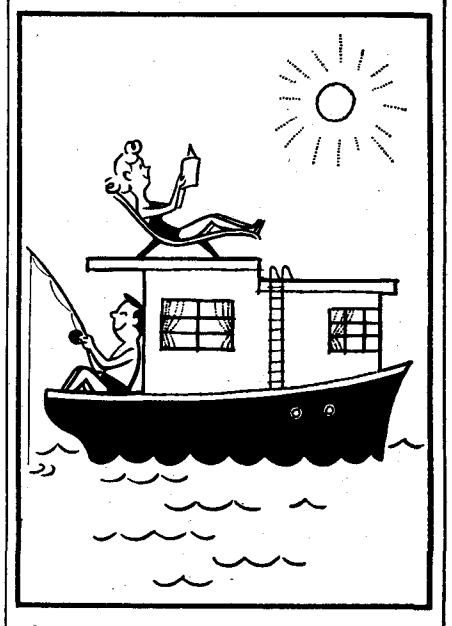
By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST









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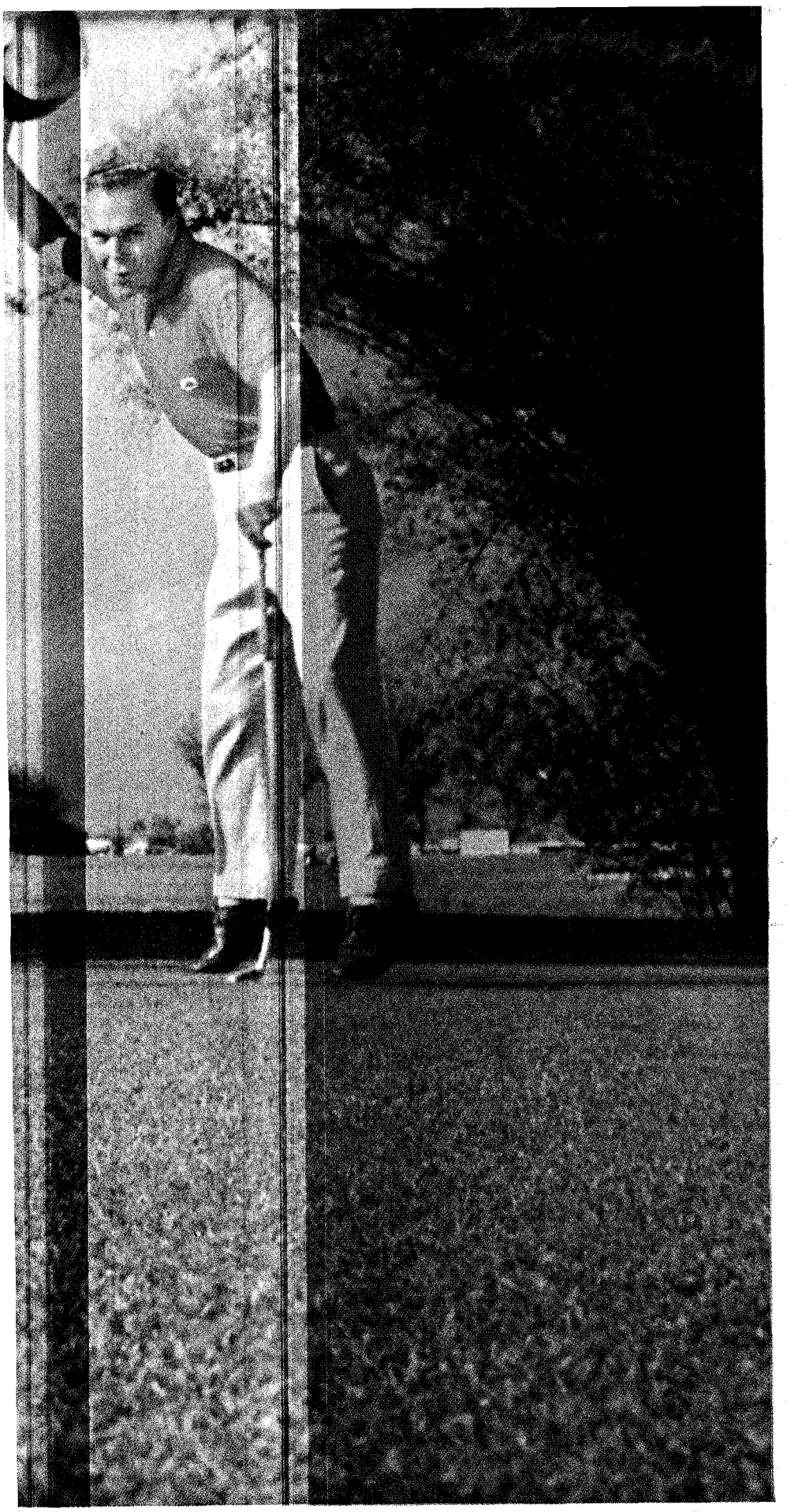

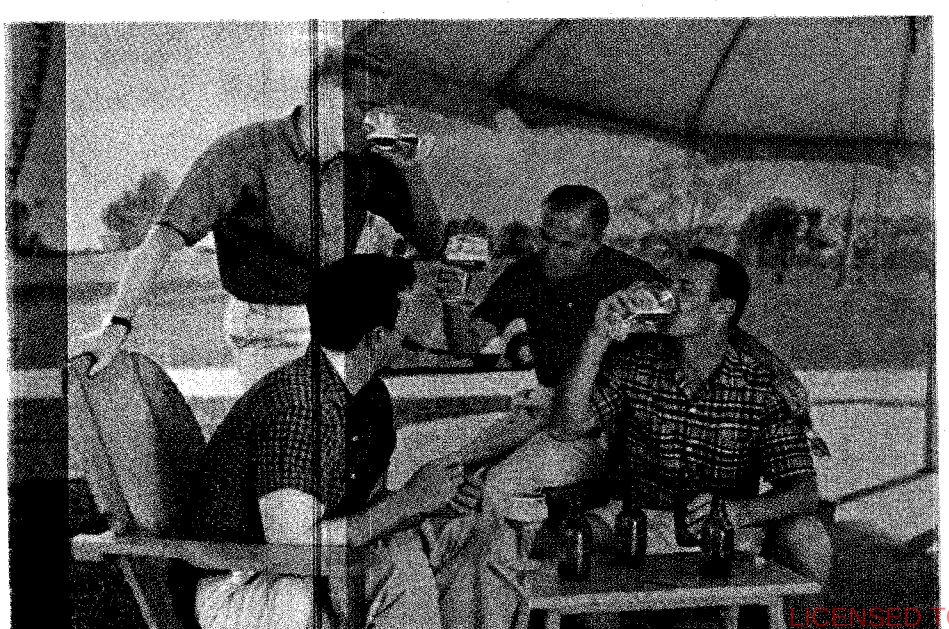

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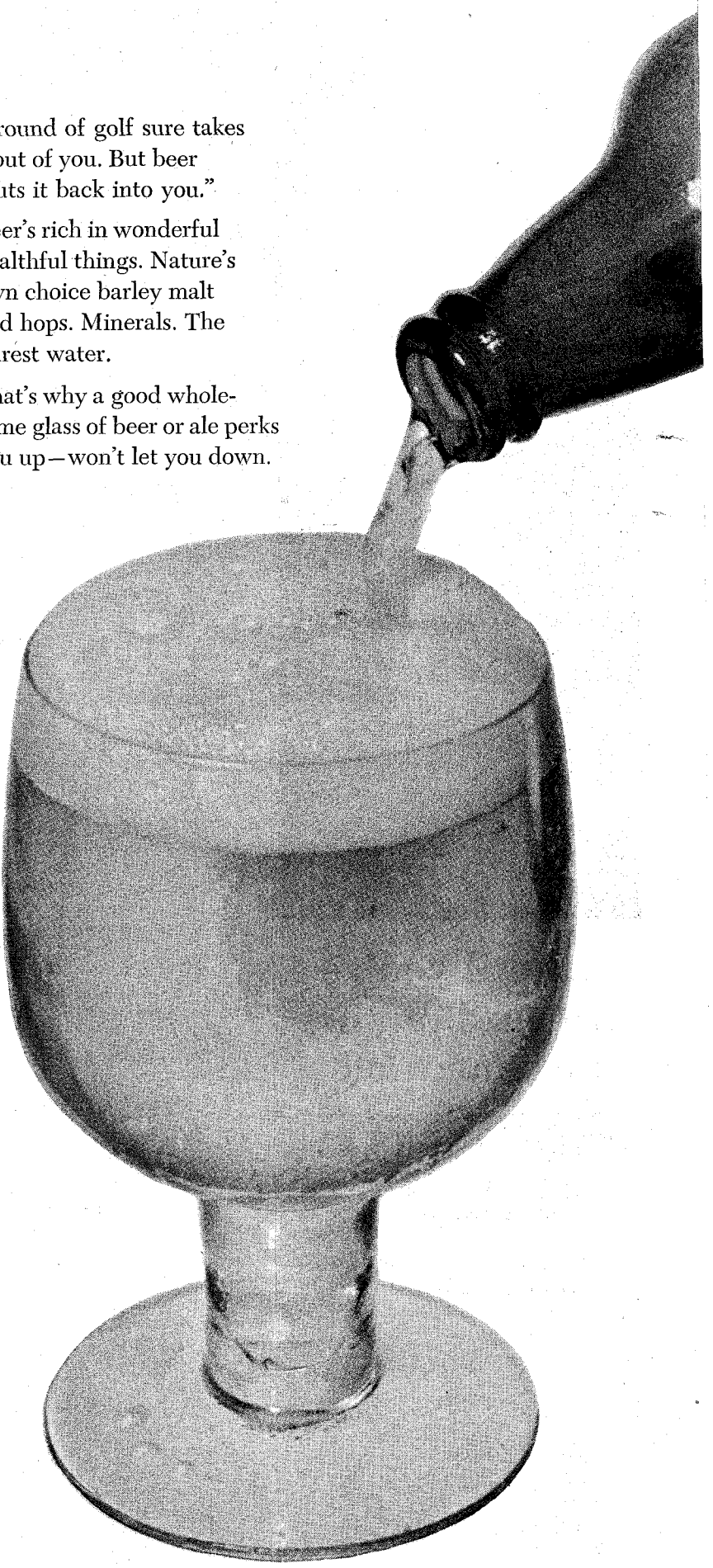

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GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

(*Continued from Page 47*)

see more clearly her pale face, the red lips and the worried eyes.

"What's your name?" he asked bluntly.

"Rhoda Spencer," she said.

"From where?"

"From the Coast."

"You'd better come with me," he said and took the suitcase from her. They walked to the station, and Boyes and the agent looked curiously at them as George ushered the girl through the waiting room and into a rear office.

"Why did you get off here?" he asked. "What did you think you could do?"

She shook her head almost numbly. "I don't know."

"Who is this pilot?"

"A friend."

There was a water cooler in the office, and George took a cup and had a drink. But the water hurt going down, hurt all the way down. He was suddenly shivering. Now that he was home he knew how ill he was. He knew he was very ill.

He turned back to the girl. "Look," he said, "that woman on the train—it's one chance in a hundred that she saw a man. And it's one chance in a hundred your pilot friend is alive."

The girl sat motionless. "I know that," she said slowly. "They told me that in Coleman City. I won't believe it until it's true." George saw her hands clench.

She suddenly bowed her head, and George stood looking at her blond hair that had been wet by the rain.

He asked quietly, "This man is a very dear friend?"

After a moment her eyes met his and her lips twisted. "We were engaged," she said with an effort. "I went to Coleman City on part of my vacation. I went there to tell Joe Carter that I couldn't marry him, that I didn't really love him. He was deeply hurt and angry with me. And to get away from it, he suddenly took off in his plane for Barkton. Otherwise he would never have thought of flying that day."

George stared at the girl, shocked. He knew she was blaming herself for the flight, the disaster. He tried to say something, almost knowing it would be meaningless, but the words failed on his dried lips.

There was a knock on the door, and George answered. A clerk said, "Pardon me, sir; there are messages for you."

George looked once again at the girl, and went into the corridor and along to the dispatcher's room. Several men were there; Boyes and the station agent, the senior roadmaster and a couple of others.

The messages were mostly concerned with train movements, but there was one, signed by the general manager of the road, that began: "Congratulations on getting your subdivision into operation earliest possible time. . . ."

George stared at the typewritten words. He heard Boyes, the chief clerk, say, "Second Number Eleven will be out of Coleman City in fifteen minutes. Behind him the freights are ready to move."

There was an empty chair at the long table facing the platform window. George sat down on it heavily. One chance in a hundred, he had told the girl. But there was that chance, and long hours ahead before dawn came to the mountains.

Boyes' hand was on his shoulder. "Mr. Burton," the chief clerk said with real anxiety in his voice. "I don't like the look of you. Shouldn't you be in bed?"

George didn't hear. Suddenly he was remembering the thing he had half remembered in the general superintendent's car. The thought of the hours before dawn had sparked the memory. Now he remembered as a boy, new on the railroad, working on a snow-clearance gang up on the Blind River Division. That had been the year of the big slide, and he had gone there with others to dig for the bodies of sectionmen buried under the snow. One of them had been that of a friend, a young roommate, and George remembered his feelings when he had heard the doctor say quietly, "We got here just about an hour too late."

George stood up abruptly at the table, and Boyes' hand slipped from his shoulder. In a hoarse voice he ordered, "Hold Second Eleven at Coleman City. Hold all traffic, westbound and eastbound."

Men's eyes stared at him blankly. There was complete silence in the room. Boyes broke it by saying in a rush of words, "Oh, no, Mr. Burton, you can't mean that! The whole operation is rolling. Times of arrival have been set up for all trains. Headquarters doesn't expect any delay now, at all. Please, Mr. Burton, I don't know what you're planning, but you're not well, and for your own sake don't hold up ——"

"You heard me," George interrupted. He stared at the shocked eyes around him and he began to give orders. He wanted the flatcar with the giant searchlight brought out; he wanted a fully equipped work car, a caboose and a full crew and section gang. He wanted a telephone lineman with equipment to send messages. He wanted, he said harshly, the whole works.

He heard the roadmaster murmur, "It'll be hard to raise a crew tonight. They're worn out."

George looked at him. "I didn't ask how hard it would be," he said. "I told you to get one."

He walked out of the room so quickly that his chest pained him, and for a moment he had to stop. His cheeks were on fire, and he did not know how much of that was fever and how much tension. He remembered the general superintendent's warning. He was holding up a railroad that had been stagnant for three days, staking his career on the one chance in a hundred—in a thousand or a million, perhaps. But the picture of his friend's body being pulled out of the snow remained vivid in his mind. "*We got here just about an hour too late* ——"

The girl was still seated on the chair when George reached the office. He picked up a telephone, called the Magorville Hotel and booked a room in her name, and called for a taxi to pick her up at the station. Rhoda Spencer was on her feet when he finished, searching his eyes. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm taking out equipment to look for your pilot. We've got a big mobile light here that has a lot of power. But it's a hellish night—the rain will be turning to snow—and even if he's there we may never find him. And you've got to understand this. It's been four days, a long time for survival in the mountains."

George suddenly took the girl's hands in his. "Stop punishing yourself," he told her quietly. "You can't go on that way—it's no good. It doesn't solve anything."

Boyes met him in the corridor. "Coleman City is querying the hold order," the chief clerk said. "They say Region hasn't received any word of new trouble on this subdivision, and they want to know why a work train is being given priority." He hesitated. "The wires are burning, Mr. Burton."

"The hold order stands until they hear from me," George said.

"I don't think you're in any condition to go out on the line, sir. Someone else could ——"

George shook his head. This was his responsibility, and he would stay with it and direct the operation. The consequences were his, too, and he knew how grave they could be. So, probably, did Boyes, who was frightened of what headquarters would do to him.

The short train was made up, under power of a yard diesel, when George crossed the track carrying a lantern. He saw a man checking the generator of the powerful searchlight mounted on a flatcar. Beside the work car, next to the caboose, a gang of men stood in the rain, and George sensed trouble.

A big laborer appeared to dominate the group. His heavy face was thrust out from a bull neck, and he was gesturing with his hands at the gang foreman. George recognized him only by the name of Walter, a Swiss who had come to Magorville six months ago.

"More than twenty-four hours I work, almost steady," the man was shouting. "And now you drag me out again! Why? I say we all go back to bed ——"

"Get aboard," George ordered.

For a moment he thought the big laborer was going to strike him down. But he held the man's eyes, and he stood squarely in front of the powerful figure, until slowly the expression of anger changed to obedience. Abruptly George called the train crew and the searchlight operator.

He explained what they would be looking for. "I figure," he said, "that the woman thought she saw the man around Mile Forty-nine. So we'll make speed to Mile Forty-six and then dead slow, with the searchlight on the left-hand side, to Mile Fifty where the old cars are on the siding and the Kicking River comes in to follow the track. That's our limit."

George went aboard the caboose and sat huddled beside the stove that had already been lighted by the brakeman. The heat barely touched him. Inside he was freezing with chills that went to his toes, and he was having trouble now with his eyes. The conductor and brakeman, looking at his gray face, left him alone.

Once from out of the cupola, the conductor's voice came to him. "She's turning to snow," (*Continued on Page 52*)

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Abandoned Home

By Douglas E. Lawson

Your eyes, which see this
remnant shell of hope,
Turn from the sagging roof and
rotting beams;
But here were marble
balustrades of love
And golden canopies for
cherished dreams.

This homemade hearth was
kissed by many knees:
It served as altar for a family's
prayer;
They knelt beside it when the
locusts came;
They knelt again when dust
clouds filled the air.

You say the spirits haunt this
lonely place
And set their moans adrift
upon the plains?
But they're the hopes that
died in summer drouth ——
You'll hear them crying only
when it rains.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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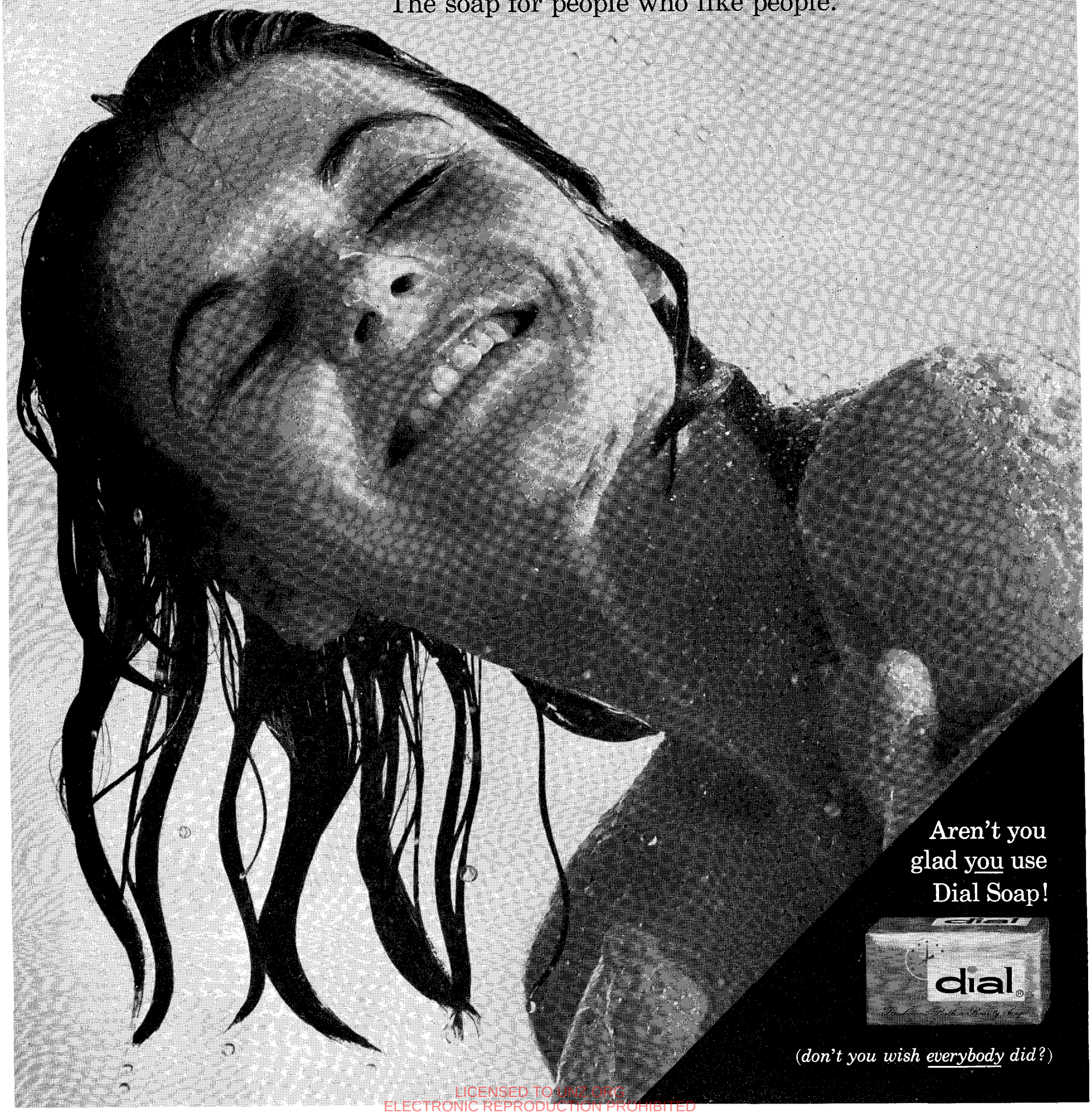

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(*Continued from Page 50*)

the man said. And later, when he felt the train's speed slacken, the announcement: "Mile Forty-six."

George got to his feet unsteadily and went out on the head end platform of the caboose. His knees felt alarmingly weak, and he had to grab the rail for support. The little train was moving at a crawl now, and the powerful searchlight was probing every foot of the rock cliffs that rose above the right of way.

Clinging to the platform rail George found that he was counting off, in his mind, each fraction of a mile. He knew that many eyes were following the moving searchlight; keen eyes from the cab of the engine, from the open door of the work car and the cupola of the caboose.

But the mileage posts went by, and there was no sign of anything but rock and crevices, and stunted trees and bush. After Mile Forty-nine, George felt his grip on the rail weakening. The weakness was physical, but it was aggravated by the hopeless feeling that he had taken a chance, and it had come to nothing. Now he would have to pay.

Mile Fifty, and the train was at the limit of the search. A track branched off to parallel the main line on the left, and George's view was blocked by the cars parked there, the ones P. J. Williams had questioned him about—five gondolas and a couple of old boxcars that had stopped here on their way to retirement.

At the same time, and at first almost inaudibly, George heard the sound of the Kicking River, the violent little stream that came in here from the southwest, and which the railroad followed halfway to Coleman City. As the train left the parked cars and the tracks merged again, the roar of the river filled George's ears.

He turned for the door of the caboose. Then rapid, staccato blasts of the diesel's horn stopped him abruptly, made him whirl as the train came to a halt. He was jolted, and staggered against the guardrail, almost falling. The searchlight platform was out of sight beyond the work car ahead, but he heard a voice shouting wildly, "I think I've spotted him!"

George's eyes followed the upward beam of the big light. Across the narrow gorge of the river it had climbed a cliff of jagged, indented rock and now centered on a ledge within a few feet of the summit. The lower part of a man's body was visible there. It lay motionless, legs outflung against the rock.

George tried to shake the glaze from his burning eyes. Men had tumbled out of the work car and the caboose, and now flashlights and lanterns bobbed and danced at the side of the track, on the very lip of the narrow canyon. George heard someone say, "He looks like he's dead. There ain't a flicker."

George joined the men, moving his legs stiffly. He looked at the searchlight operator on the flatcar and called, "Swing the light down into the gorge!"

The beam traveled down the face of the cliff and dipped to the river. On its way it made silhouettes of the grim faces of the workmen. Although they had seen the Kicking River many times, the sight of it now in the fierce glare seemed almost to transfix them.

The river was a narrow, boiling surge of water, leaping in spray over half-exposed rocks. Shallow and little wider than a creek, it was like a writhing snake, colored dirty gray with glacial silt. And it was uncrossable.

The silent men knew it. And then the gang foreman said, "It's like this for miles. A man would be smashed to death trying to get over. That cliff looks as though it might be climbed, but if you detoured to where you could cross the river, it would take all night and maybe more to reach the man. A helicopter might get to him at dawn."

"He'll be buried by dawn," the conductor said. George realized now that the rain had turned into snow, and he knew the fall would become heavier during the night. He was aware of shadowy faces turned in his direction, waiting for him to speak, waiting for his orders. Turn back and accept failure? Wait for the dawn?

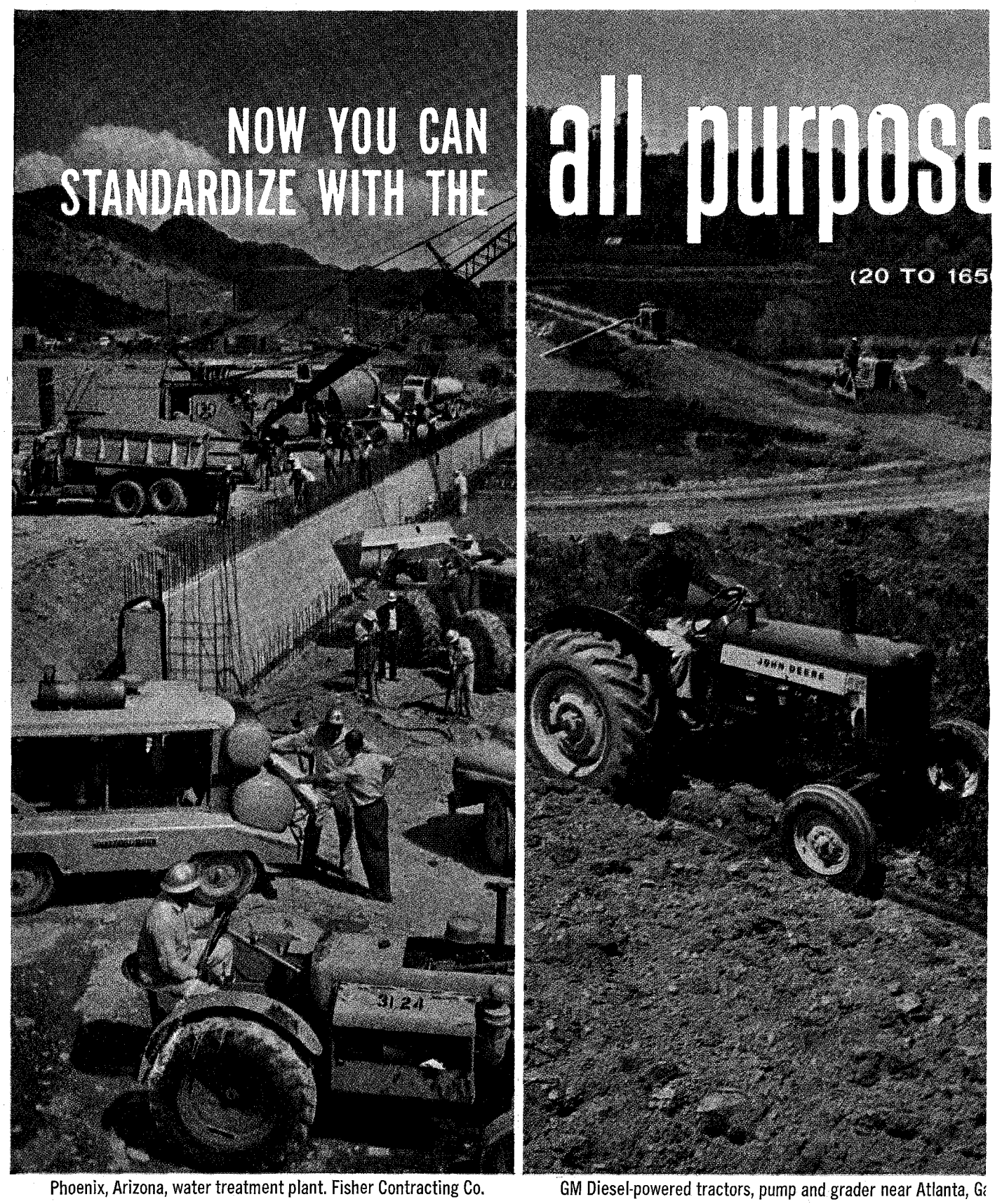
George tightened his dry lips. There, beyond reach, was a human being—a man, or the body of a man. Dead or alive, he could not be left. If there was a single spark of life still, it was flickering out now in the snow as the minutes passed, and that could not be.

George took his eyes from the cliff. He looked beyond the rear of the train, to the sidetrack and the dark shapes of the parked cars. They sat on the lip of the gorge, above the river.

George called the train crew and the gang foreman to him. "We need a bridge," he said. "We're going to try and make one. I want that short track cleared of all but those two boxcars. And I want an outside rail, close to this near switch, ripped out. We're going to dump the boxcars in the river."

His orders were received by men who asked no questions and obeyed instantly. Yet their eyes suddenly shone bright in the gleam of their lanterns, as though in silent tribute to this gray-faced young assistant superintendent whose voice came in short, painful gasps.

The work train was moved back up the main line beyond the siding and the shunting of cars began. George stood



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alone now, listening to the gang foreman give sharp orders to his men as they tore loose the rail near the switch.

Finally the diesel sat behind the two old boxcars on the main line, with the open switch into the siding ahead, and the gang foreman shouted, "Ready!"

George pulled himself together with an effort, and gave the highball to the hogger in the engine cab. The big searchlight followed the boxcars as they were pushed onto the siding, and the locomotive stopped and let them roll forward under their own momentum.

The cars reached the break in the track and, like clumsy monsters, swayed and teetered on the brink of the gorge as the wheels left the rails and dug into loose gravel. For a moment there was hesitation, when the whole world seemed to stand still for George, and then the earth gave way and there was nothing for the wheels to grip. The cars fell out of sight into the canyon bottom.

The sound of the crash swept up from the river and burst violently against the mountains. With his lantern George signaled the locomotive to bring forward the searchlight car, and now again the powerful light dipped into the gorge. It steadied on the boxcars lying like a V across the river bed. The ugly waters rushed at them and shot spray over them, but they held, imprisoned by the rocks. They were a bridge across the Kicking River.

"Bring me a rope!" George shouted.

A figure appeared in front of his glazed eyes. In the light of the lantern a heavy face looked into his, and he recognized Walter, the big Swiss from the work gang.

"No, Mr. Burton," the man said calmly. "You have made it possible. Now it is my job. I am Swiss. I am climber. I have a man to go with me, and we will get there. Everything is O.K., boss."

George stared at the big man. He tried to mumble his thanks, but Walter was gone. George was very weak now. He had to sit down on the steps of the caboose, and he did not see the Swiss and his partner descend the near bank. But he staggered to his feet to watch them cross over the wrecked cars, slowly and tortuously, with the spray of the baffled, angry little river sometimes blocking them from sight.

He stumbled back to the steps of the caboose. After a time he heard someone shouting, "They've made it! Walter's waving. They've got the man."

George pressed his hands against his face, covering his eyes. He was unable to think properly. He could not move.

A voice finally broke through the curtain of his brain. "They're coming up the bank now, Mr. Burton. Walter just yelled to us the man's alive."

George's head bobbed. "Lineman!" he shouted.

"It's me that's with you, Mr. Burton. I'm the telephone lineman."

"Lineman," George muttered. "Do you hear me? Call Coleman City. Tell them to start the traffic moving. Then call Magorville that we're coming in." He tried to straighten. "Conductor!"

"I'm here, sir."

"Get ready to roll."

"Yes, sir. Let me give you a hand aboard. Easy now, Mr. Burton."

Perhaps at the time, George thought, things might have been clear. Later he had difficulty remembering, because pneumonia did funny things to a man. He had a hazy recollection of seeing the rescued pilot being brought aboard the caboose, and at the Magorville station, or perhaps in the hospital, he recalled Rhoda Spencer's face.

He heard that the pilot, Joseph Carter, had walked out of his crashed aircraft and, after three days of waiting at the spot, had finally headed for the Kicking River, hoping he could signal a passing train. But exhaustion and shock had caught up with him, and he had collapsed on the cliff ledge.

Messages reached George in the hospital. One was from P. J. Williams and another from the president of the railroad. "Don't let those old boxcars bother you," the president wrote. "They were worth the price, and we've written them off. Your initiative in saving a man's life. . . ."

It was a nice letter but, reading it, George had a sudden shiver, almost reminiscent of his recent fever. *If there had not been a man on the cliff* ——

Rhoda Spencer called him long distance from the Coast. "They wouldn't let me see you before I left," she said. "And I had to get back to my job."

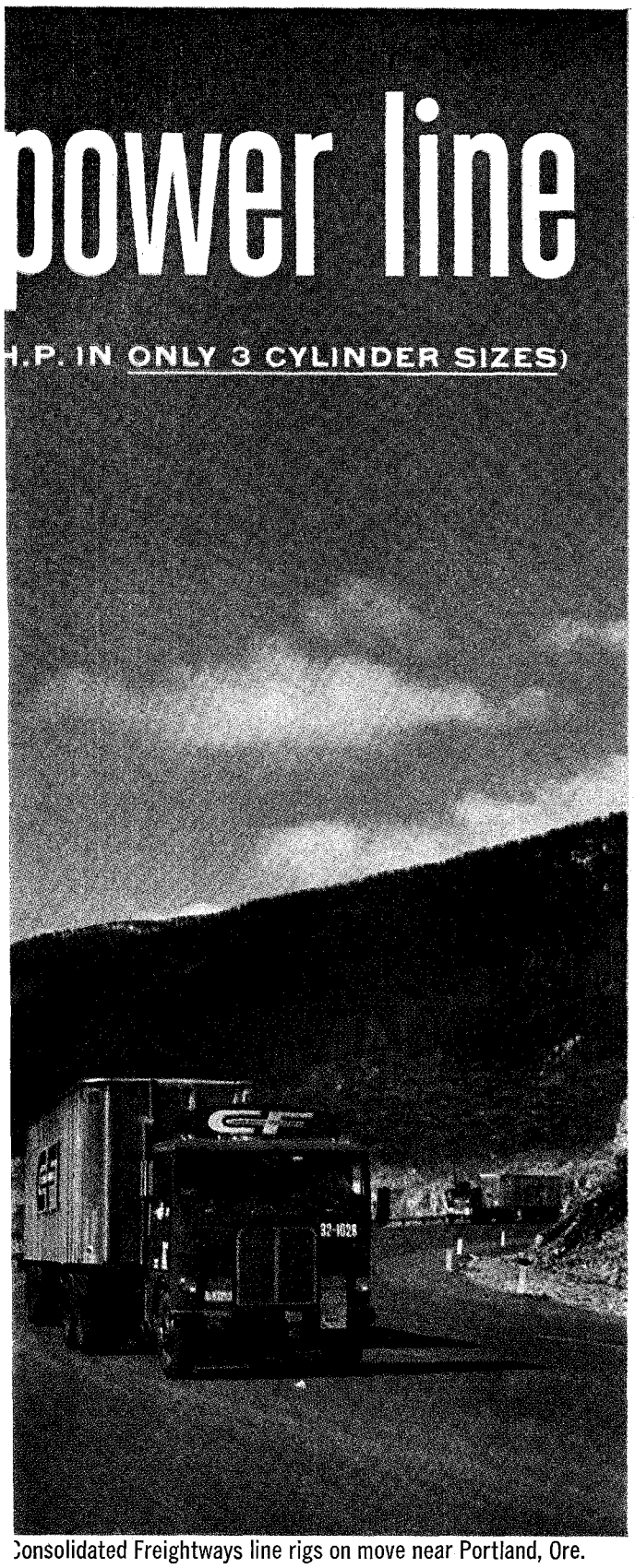
"Your friend's down the hall," George told her. "He's doing fine."

"I know. I don't have to punish myself now, thanks to you. He understands—and we're friends again. We're just friends." There was a hesitation. "Do you ever get to the Coast?"

"I get to the Coast quite often," George said. "I'll call you." THE END

Women who claim they have nothing to wear often spend their summers on the beach proving it.

G. NORMAN COLLIE



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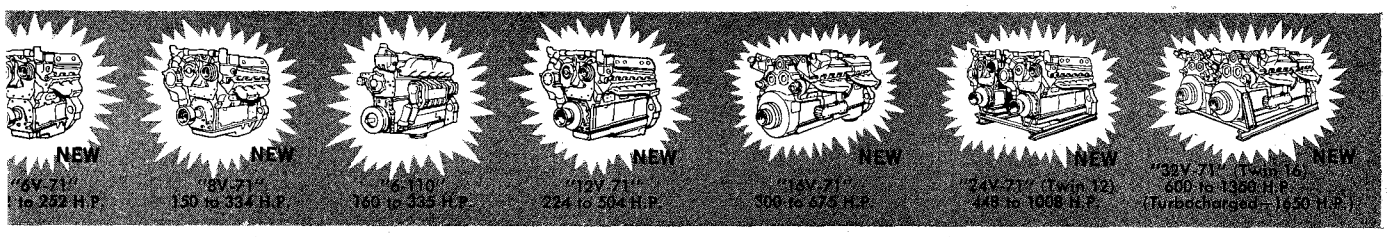

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Mexico Doesn't Want the Cold War

(Continued from Page 19)

connected with the cold war. One is the modest technical co-operation program, costing $680,000 in fiscal 1958. Even this small project predates World War II; it began in 1939 as part of the "good neighbor" program. The only other American activity in Mexico associated with the cold war is the United States Information Agency, which faces formidable competition from Soviet propagandists.

American tourists in Mexico City and Paris contrast as sharply as the resident colonies do. Uniformed Americans by the hundreds can be seen throughout the year on Paris streets. Most of them come on leave with their families from our garrisons in Germany, England, Italy, Spain and other countries of Europe and the Middle East. But one sees no uniforms among the American tourists who visit Mexico City at the rate of 600,000 yearly. The 1917 Mexican constitution forbids the stationing of foreign troops on Mexican soil for any purpose, and Mexican memories of battles fought with the United States Army and Navy are still so vivid that uniformed Americans are unwelcome.

For the same reasons Pentagon strategists cannot include Mexico in their defense plans. This worries some of them, who believe that our southern flank is dangerously exposed. Our leaders would gladly expend large sums in Mexico if they could arrange such mutual-assistance pacts as they have with twelve other Latin-American countries and with Canada. But the Mexican Government not only rejects military alliances with the United States or any other power; it also restricts its own military expenditures to a minimum. Only 7 per cent of Mexico's national budget is devoted to military purposes, which may be some kind of record in today's militarized world. Mexico's navy and air force are negligible, and the army of 55,000 men is used largely for such nonmilitary purposes as reforestation, disaster relief and antinarcotic drives. One cabinet minister said to me, "Perhaps we are lucky because we cannot afford even partial protection from any power possessing nuclear weapons. So we just take our chances and don't worry."

Almost all Mexicans I met during my visit were frankly not interested in international politics. Because they have not asked for or received United States subsidies, they are less critical of American foreign policy than people in countries where Washington has handed out billions of dollars since World War II. Opponents of foreign aid might cite Mexico to support their case. However, most of the credit for our harmonious relations with Mexico belongs to Washington's long-established "good neighbor" policy. Ever since the 1930's both Democratic and Republican administrations have observed a hands-off attitude toward Mexico. This has dissipated much of the resentment caused by previous military and political interventions.

The little-publicized story of our improved relations with Mexico ought to be ideal material for Voice of America broadcasts. Washington's tactful regard for the feelings of these southern neighbors, throughout hot and cold wars, has revealed a tolerance not generally appreciated. Our noninterference policy has been strictly observed, even though Soviet Russia has used Mexico as a base for sinister operations in this hemisphere. Last April, after a wildcat strike on the nationalized railroads, the Mexican Government asked the Russian Embassy to send home two staff members accused of playing leading roles in planning the strike. The most intriguing feature of this incident was that one of the diplomats affected, Capt. Nikolai Remisov, was one of three high-ranking naval officers on the Russian Embassy staff in Mexico, a country which has virtually no navy. It has been assumed that these three naval officers were part of a classic "third country" espionage operation against the United States, such as all the great powers conduct against one another. Mexico's geographical position makes such a situation almost inevitable.

Russia swiftly expanded its embassy staff in Mexico after the Soviet spy ring in Canada was exposed in 1946. Most of the embassy's 120-odd adults are housed in one big compound, and the embassy insures secrecy by not employing a single Mexican for inside work. Spanish Communists who went to Russia after losing the Spanish Civil War act as telephone operators, translators and the like. Diplomatic practice does not permit the Mexican Government to limit the size of any embassy. But it can take action when it believes its hospitality has been abused, as it obviously did in the Remisov case.

Russia and its satellites act as a bloc in Mexico, as they do almost everywhere nowadays, and Mexico City is bloc headquarters for an expanding trade drive in Latin America. Communist Czechoslovakia is the trading spearhead—its embassy has thirty-six officers, of whom twenty are commercial attachés. Czechoslovaks have set up the city's only permanent industrial exhibit; and they cover all Latin America as salesmen for the entire bloc's products. These Communist embassies lean over backward not to offend the Mexican Government; the Remisov affair was a rare blunder. Soviet diplomats have frequent contacts with Mexican fellow travelers, but almost none with the Mexican Communist Party, now weakened by factional disputes. The Russians actually find the fights within the Mexican Communist Party useful. If Mexican Communists became stronger, their government might crack down more severely upon Soviet use of Mexico as a base for hemisphere operations.

The United States Embassy, our fourth largest, presents a sharp contrast to the secluded Russian Embassy, with its all-Soviet staff and its mysterious functions. Our embassy could hardly hide secrets if it had any. About half its employees are Mexicans. Our embassy is kept busy with the affairs of the several million Amer-

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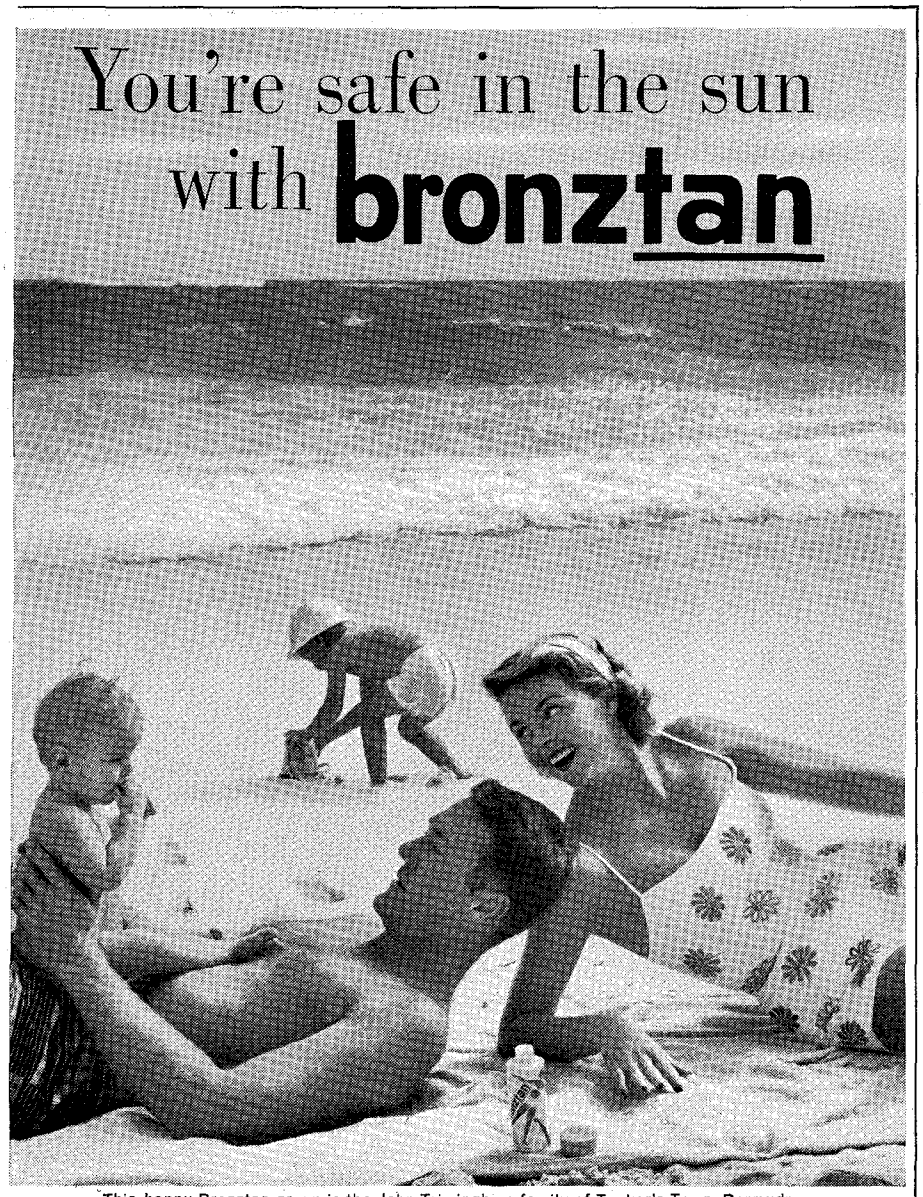

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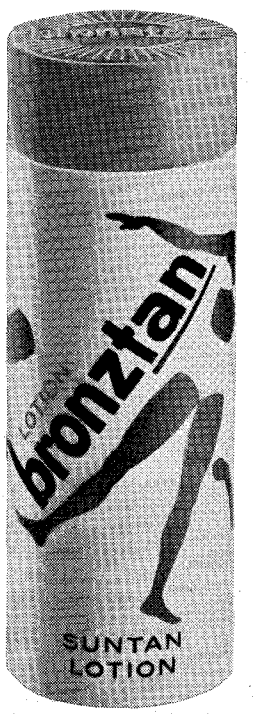

SHULTON

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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icans and Mexicans who live in or visit each other's countries every year. Ambassador Robert C. Hill, a forty-one-year-old Republican businessman, has plunged into Mexican life with the exuberance of an ambitious politician running for office. He visits remote provinces, poses with pretty Mexican girls, wears picturesque Mexican hats, and gets much favorable publicity in the Mexican press. Mr. Hill has imposed a personal boycott of Soviet diplomats and refuses to follow the example of his superiors in Washington by being even formally polite to them. He rarely invites Russians to embassy receptions and discourages members of his staff from talking with Communist envoys at other social functions. Apparently Mr. Hill believes that his policy will impress upon Mexicans how seriously the United States wages the cold war.

It is doubtful whether anything will alter the Mexican Government's determination to steer clear of global politics. Mexicans have been more persistent isolationists than Americans ever were. Their mother country, Spain, stood on the side lines in both world wars, so that they were not even emotionally involved. When the 1910 Mexican social revolution separated church from state, it increased isolation from Spain and bound Mexicans closer to Latin-American neighbors who share their language, traditions and problems. Today the Mexican Government's outlook is wholly hemispheric. In Latin America its influence has steadily increased since World War II, while the United States has been preoccupied with events in Europe, Asia and Africa. In his inaugural address last December, Pres. López Mateos said, "The Americas are our natural sphere, where much more can be done than anywhere else in the world for mutual aid of every description."

The new director of the Department of Tourism, ex-Ambassador Alfonso García Gonzales, told me that this theme will be emphasized in 1960 when Mexico celebrates the 150th anniversary of its independence from Spain and the fiftieth anniversary of the 1910 revolution. Mr. Gonzales said, "We are planning a tremendous fair, but it will be a Pan-American fair, not a world fair. It will dramatically exhibit our hemisphere's achievements during one hundred fifty years."

Mr. Gonzales said his government does everything possible to attract American tourists, but is doubtful about the advantages of encouraging permanent American residents on a mass scale, as has been suggested. Visitors to the interior of Mexico have increased 1500 per cent in twenty years. This spectacular increase is due partly to cheap air transport and the building of many new highways and motels. But the basic reason for it is that Mexico has become a safe and friendly country for Americans, which was not the case during the prolonged civil wars before World War II.

However, Mexican law discourages permanent American residents by requiring them to have assured incomes of at least $320 monthly, plus $160 for each dependent. This rules out the millions of Americans with modest pensions who might live more comfortably in Mexico than they do at home. The Mexican Government believes such "senior citizens" would find it too difficult to adjust to unfamiliar problems of language and sanitation. So the increase in permanent residents comes from two main groups—those with ample private means and hard-working businessmen.

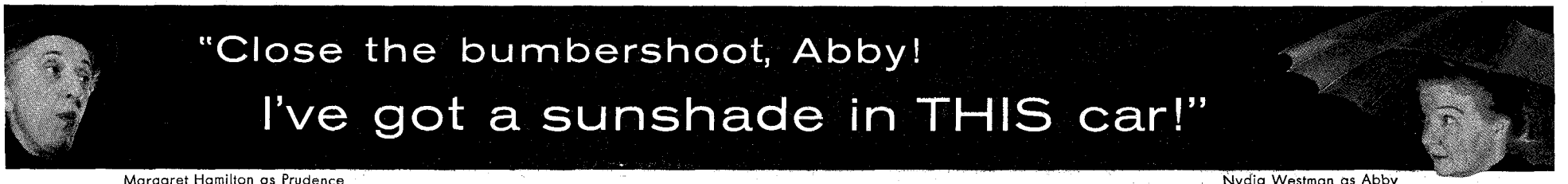
A prominent example of the first group is Mrs. Louis Bunde, a pioneer in Mexico's fastest-growing American community in the historic town of Cuernavaca. A modern toll road has made Cuernavaca practically a suburb of Mexico City, only an hour's ride from the capital through sensational mountain scenery. The town was much more isolated when Mrs. Bunde first visited it in 1925 and bought an estate of several hundred acres. When a mutual friend introduced me to Mrs. Bunde, she said, "We have a few freakish Americans in Cuernavaca who get a lot of publicity and give a wrong impression of our community. Come and spend a weekend with us, and I will show you how self-respecting we really are."

With Mrs. Bunde I visited a score of American homes in Cuernavaca. I found what seemed to be a typical example of country-club life. Enthusiastic residents assured me they have found here a rare combination of old-world charm, year-round comfort and rural peace within commuting distance of North America's second-largest city. One American said, "And it's soothing to live among people who never even heard of hydrogen bombs. We have no civil-defense drills here."

Cuernavaca was a favorite resort for Aztec rulers before Columbus crossed the Atlantic; and the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, Hernando Cortés, chose this town for his country home. Parts of the palace which Cortés built here in 1530 still survive. Climate in Mexico is determined by altitude, not latitude, and tropical Cuernavaca's 4500 feet assure it a year-round climate comparable to Honolulu's. Mexico City's Americans can spend weekends in a dozen similar nearby resorts. One of the most popular is Ixtapan, whose volcanic, radioactive waters have made it a health resort for centuries. An imaginative Mexican millionaire, Señor Arturo A. San Román, has invested millions to make Ixtapan North America's most luxurious watering place, designed to induce both Americans and Mexicans to take the three-week "cures" so popular in Europe.

But most permanent American residents work for a living, mainly in Mexican-controlled subsidiaries of American corporations. Both Mexican and American industrial leaders told me that Russell Moody, head of the Goodrich rubber company's Mexican subsidiary, is one outstanding example of how American business can get along in Mexico. During his quarter of a century here Mr. Moody has had to deal first with a revolution stressing nationalism and socialism, and then with a tremendous industrial boom under a welfare-state government. Mr. Moody came to Mexico in 1935, and in 1938 watched the government nationalize the oil industry, then 98 per cent foreign-owned. But he told me this expropriation frightened Mexican capitalists more than it did American corporations. It looked for a time as if Mexico would become the first socialist state in this hemisphere, but World War II interrupted this trend and substituted a drive for industrialization. The boom didn't really get going, Mr. Moody said, until 1946 because the war made capital goods scarce. Since 1946 there has been no break in Mexico's industrial progress.

This spring Mr. Moody had to use all his hard-earned experience to defeat a strike precipitated by a left-wing labor union's efforts to take over from the established union in Goodrich plants. The dispute was wholly jurisdictional, but union leaders raised the cry of American exploitation to collect strike funds from the public. Mr. Moody countered this demagoguery by acting as if he were running a purely Mexican business. He is the only American member of the Confederation of Mexican Industries, comparable to our National (*Continued on Page 58*)



Margaret Hamilton as Prudence

Nydia Westman as Abby

PRUDENCE: This back window has a built-in sunshade. Bounces sun's rays right off!

ABIGAIL: Good idea! What kind of glass is it?

PRUDENCE: E-Z-Eye Safety PLATE Glass. Costs a little extra, but it's worth a heap more in comfort.

ABIGAIL: Well what do you get if you don't order E-Z-Eye?

PRUDENCE: Untinted glass . . . but it's still Safety PLATE. That is, if you get a General Motors car like I always do. Safety PLATE gives you better lookin' all around.

ABIGAIL: How can you tell you're getting Safety PLATE?

PRUDENCE: See that label on the window, P-L-A-T-E? Only General Motors puts Safety PLATE in every window of every car made in the U.S.A. Don't charge you a cent extra, bless 'em!

ABIGAIL: I'll always look for it, then. P-L-A-T-E!

SAFETY PLATE in every window of every

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC

IBBEY • OWENS • FORD TOLEDO 3, OHIO

Look for this sign when you need to replace glass.

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For more safe mileage when the pavements

The World's First Tu

This year, the average motorist will do more than half his driving on modern throughways, expressways and turnpikes—at high legal speeds. For greater safety, you need Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear. (Photo: Th way approach to the Queens Midtown Tunnel, into Manh

GOODYEA

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTH

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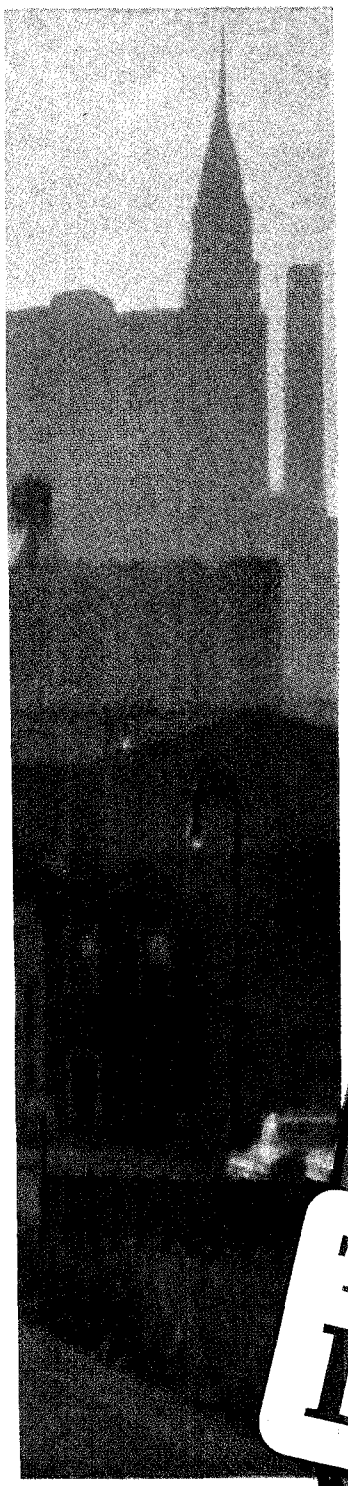
e sizzling...

rnpike-Proved Tires!



NEW RUBBERS!
NEW CHEMICALS!
NEW CORDS!

Right now, when mid-summer heat has pavements blistering hot, many a tire that's been "getting by" around town will suddenly fail out on the turnpikes and throughways. What you need are Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear.

Turnpike-Proved means: these tires give up to 25% more safe mileage no matter where or how you drive. Proved in actual driving tests on "The Turnpike That Never Ends."

Here are the vital differences in these great new Goodyear tires:

You get up to 25% more mileage —because Goodyear scientists found a way to bring rubber molecules and certain new chemicals into a more intimate mixture, creating far tougher tread rubber. And, *only* Goodyear gives you 3-T cord (Nylon or Tyrex)—*triple-tempered*, under controlled Tension, Temperature and Time, for toughness that other cords simply do not have.

You get greater protection against high-speed heat — because these tough new Goodyear tires *generate* less heat, and *resist* heat better, than any tires we ever made.

The superiority of these tires was proved conclusively — on the newest high-speed test track in the world . . . Goodyear's five-mile, 140-mph "Turnpike That Never Ends" at San Angelo, Texas.

In long, high-speed runs that duplicated the toughest driving tests of the tire-eating turnpikes, we verified the most significant difference in tires today: *Every Goodyear tire is Turnpike-Proved—the toughest, safest, longest-wearing tire in its class.*

You can buy these new Turnpike-Proved Tires for every car and every budget—at your nearest Goodyear dealer's.

Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

and Express-

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KIND!

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms

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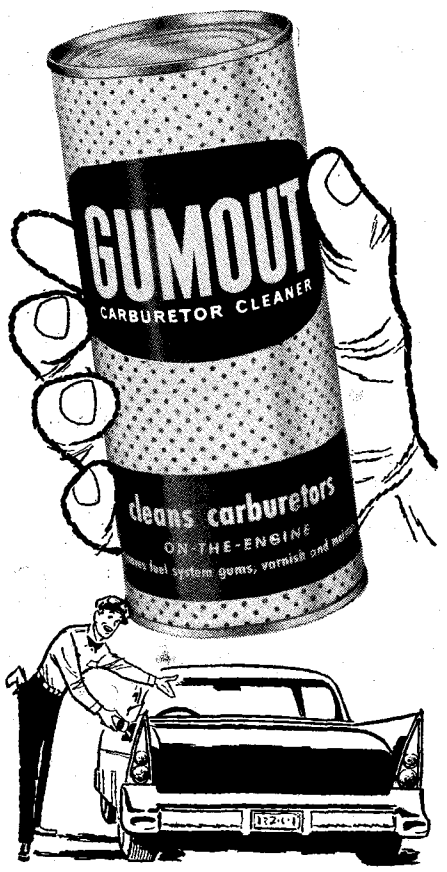
(*Continued from Page 55*) Association of Manufacturers. He told me he has always assumed that American and Mexican businessmen are natural allies, being equally interested in resisting excessive government intervention while recognizing that in Mexico they must get along with a welfare state. During the Goodrich strike Mr. Moody did not even inform the American Embassy about what was happening, to avoid any appearance of Washington intervention. He thus made his point that this strike was a Mexican affair.

Cut gas bills this easy way



Clean your carburetor with GUMOUT

EVERY MILE YOU DRIVE adds dirt and gum to your carburetor. Engine efficiency goes down . . . gas bills go up.

It's time you cleaned your carburetor with GUMOUT. Simply add GUMOUT to your gas tank. It cleans the carburetor as you drive. You'll enjoy a smoother running engine and, best of all, the extra miles you get from each gallon of gasoline.

GUMOUT is sold by most service stations and auto supply stores.

FREE . . .
46-page booklet "Know your Carburetor." A wealth of useful information. Write

GUMOUT DIVISION
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Cleveland 4, Ohio

Mr. Moody believes that the future in Mexico is bright for American businessmen who recognize that our southern neighbors are determined to develop their own distinctive society, based upon history and traditions wholly unlike those of the United States. The Mexican "way of life" may prove to be more suitable for semi-industrialized Latin America—and perhaps also for much of Asia and Africa—than the competing political and economic systems of the two highly industrialized superpowers, the United States and Soviet Russia.

What are the main differences between the Mexican and United States "ways of life"? One principal difference concerns the "color question," which has loomed so large in United States domestic politics and our international relations since the 1954 Supreme Court decision. In most foreign countries I have visited since then, especially in Asia, people asked more often about this American problem than about any other. So I expected Mexicans to be even more concerned, because they have experienced racial discrimination in Texas and California. But I found that Mexicans are watching our efforts to resolve racial problems more understandingly than many other foreigners. In the past Mexicans have had far more violent racial conflicts than any in the United States, so they can appreciate our attempts to avoid violence.

Today Mexicans pride themselves upon being predominantly a mixed race. When the Spaniards conquered and settled Mexico four centuries ago, they had to deal with Indian races far more numerous and highly developed than those farther north. Unlike Anglo-Saxon colonists, the Spaniards brought few women with them and intermarried freely with the Indians. As a result, an overwhelming majority of Mexico's 33,000,000 people today combine Indian with European blood. The Spanish word for this mixture is "mestizo," and an able writer on Mexican affairs, Daniel James, has described Mexico as the "mestizo state." Mr. James explained to me that the mestizos inevitably became extreme nationalists and revolutionaries because they were treated as outcasts both under Spanish rule and during the earlier stages of Mexican independence. Even after the mestizos became a majority, they were treated as inferiors until they emerged as the chief beneficiaries of the 1910 revolution. Later they helped to found the Party of Revolutionary Institutions (P.R.I.), which brought stability to Mexico during the 1930's and has been in power ever since.

Politically, Mexicans have adopted a middle way between the Soviet single-party, no-opposition system and the kind of electoral procedure favored by Americans. Mexican leaders today believe that granting unrestricted equal votes to a population still largely illiterate results in chaos. While the Mexican census does not show precise racial groupings, it is estimated that almost one third of the population is still living at the "Indian cultural level." Almost 60 per cent of rural housing still consists of one-room huts sheltering animals as well as people. About 11,000,000 Mexicans have not yet been drawn into modern life, and about 5,000,000 know little or no Spanish, speaking only Indian dialects. So the Party of Revolutionary Institutions, since it was established four decades ago, has devised a voting system which assures it permanent control of the central government and most local governments while giving rival parties limited freedom. In the United States the Deep South offers the nearest equivalent to the Mexican system. In some Southern states Democratic primaries usually decide elections, as P.R.I. conventions do in Mexico.

Similarly the Mexican economic system seeks a middle way between American-style private enterprise and Russian-style state ownership of everything. When I asked the new Minister of Economy, Raúl Salinas, how he would describe Mexico's economy, he replied, "We are like almost all countries outside the Soviet bloc nowadays. We have a mixed economy." While some observers still call Mexico a socialist state, its government has nationalized less industry than the British Conservative Party accepts. Since the government took over the oil industry in 1938, the only other segments of the economy completely nationalized are the railroads and telecommunications.

The most ambitious development schemes in Mexico today are those in several river valleys. They are modeled on the Tennessee Valley Authority. The government builds dams and power stations, moves and resettles submerged villages, and then urges Mexican capitalists to take over. This is a slow process because many wealthy Mexicans still have doubts about the reform government's attitude toward free enterprise. One of the best-informed American residents in Mexico City, Allen Handler, told me that he and other Americans have more confidence in Mexican securities than their Mexican friends sometimes have. Although Mexican securities pay 12 per cent or more in dividends, many rich Mexicans prefer conservative American securities paying a third of that.

A recent United Nations study shows that Mexico is modernizing itself at a faster rate than any other Latin-American country. During the decade 1946–55 Mexico increased agricultural production 100 per cent, industrial production 80 per cent, and capital goods 136 per cent. This was accomplished with surprisingly small foreign investment—estimated at less than $1,500,000,000, of which 70 per cent came from the United States. Industrialization has been financed largely by the expansion of three crops: cotton, coffee and sugar. The UN study predicts continued large-scale expansion through 1965.

This survey reveals that Mexico's revolutionary P.R.I. has been conducting an experiment without exact parallels anywhere. It has undertaken to finance, from the country's own resources, the transformation of an agricultural country with a largely illiterate population into a modern industrial state, with emphasis upon public benefits. Because of its fear of foreign exploitation, the P.R.I. has refused to make the concessions which might have attracted foreign capital on a large scale. The P.R.I. has given the country stability after decades of civil war, but its problems are still enormous. The greatest of all problems is caused by the population growth. Mexico's increase is twice that of the United States.

Americans are more intimately involved in the Mexican experiment than many of us realize. Hundreds of thousands of Mexicans have come to the United States and Canadian farms and, on farms, in factories and in schools, have acquired knowledge of the modern technology needed to develop their country's rich natural resources. In almost every government office I visited I met graduates of American or Canadian universities and technical colleges. The annual migration northward of Mexican farm workers is one of the world's great mass movements, and one of the most influential. Although Mexicans do not call themselves "North Americans," reserving that label for United States citizens, North America is as much their continent as ours. This geographical fact provides Mexicans with one incalculable advantage which their present leaders have fully utilized. Their defense is assured because they live next door to a superpower which does not coerce or even threaten them. So Mexicans, unlike some other Latin-American countries, have concentrated almost exclusively upon economic development instead of armed forces.

The unique United States-Mexican relationship extends far beyond Mexico. In his talks with President Eisenhower, Pres. López Mateos pointed out that his country is becoming the chief connecting link between the United States and Latin America. Their native Spanish language equips Mexicans to pass on United States technological knowledge to other Latin-American countries. An increasing number of Mexican engineers and technicians are working throughout the Caribbean and northern South America. Simón Bolívar, the Spanish aristocrat revered throughout Latin America as the chief architect of independence from Spain, once declared, "We (Latin Americans) are not Europeans nor are we Indians, but an intermediate species between the aborigines and the Spaniards." Today in Mexico another "intermediate species" seems to be developing between the space-age industrialism to the north and the potentially rich, underdeveloped Spanish-speaking communities to the south.

THE END

"Think—did we forget anything?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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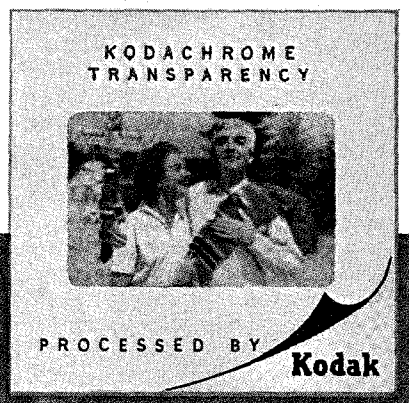
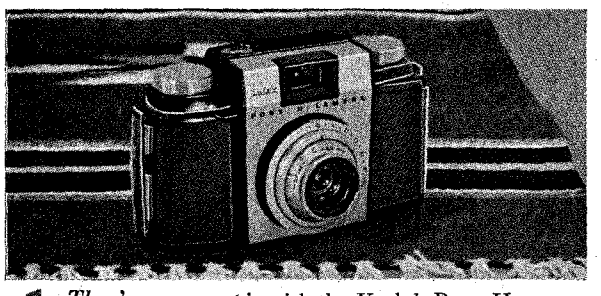


This is a Kodak color slide. Only two inches square . . .
yet it gives you a picture four feet wide on your screen!

Relive your trip big-as-life...with Kodak color slides!

The most exciting souvenirs of all are yours for the taking... yours to bring back and show!

Bring faraway places home with you in the biggest, brightest pictures of all. Brilliant color shots that cover half a wall! Dazzling shots that take you back to the people you've met, back to the sights you've seen. You'll have years of pleasure with 35mm Kodak color slides. Start now for as little as $2.95 down—easy as 1-2-3 . . .



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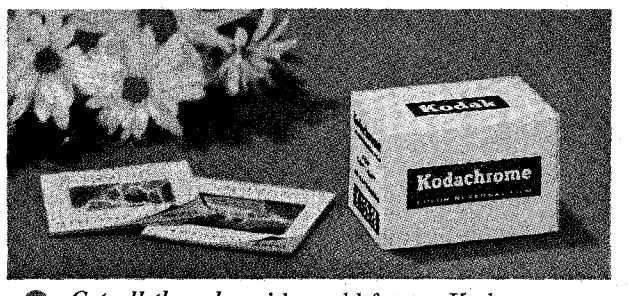

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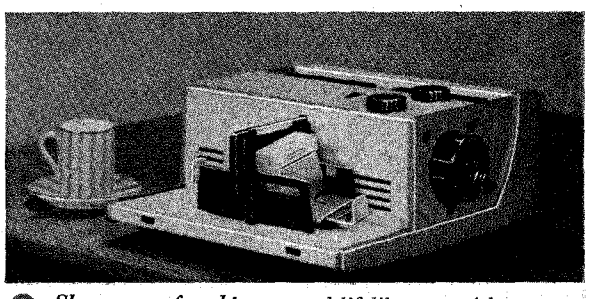

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For 190 years the world's finest Gin drinks have been created around Gordon's . . . First distilled in 1769, Gordon's Gin is still traditionally distilled for authentic quality! Lend added color to your entertaining —serve any of many authentically fine cocktails, slings and fizzes you can make with Gordon's Gin.

There's no Gin like GORDON'S GIN

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 90 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

My Back-Yard Rehabilitation Center

(Continued from Page 21)

their nest and left them orphaned. I gave all four the same treatment, good warm cotton nests and strips of beef and eye droppers full of water. But one of the birds had a crippled wing which never healed, and another a permanently damaged leg. Either would have been easy prey for animal prowlers. So I found good homes for those two when they were grown and tamed. They are much better off as pets than if they were left near their nests to die.

Their two brothers, however, grew to healthy adulthood. One warm summer day they flew high up into our willow tree. There was a brief pause, a glance back at the yard that had been their home for many long months, and back to their own world flew two more of my patients.

When an animal needs special attention I transfer it to the big, six-by-two-foot cage that I built to fit into a corner of my room. There I can keep a close eye on the patient. There, too, the animal usually is given more freedom and allowed to roam around the room while I am studying. Somehow I seem to become fondest of these pets that cause me the most trouble.

Chip was a clever gray squirrel who demanded extra treatment. He came my way when a neighbor, cleaning out a chimney, found two tiny, helpless baby squirrels tumbled from a nest torn beyond repair. The mother squirrel was missing. The neighbor had heard of my center, and he asked if I would adopt the two orphans.

I took them in, of course. As young squirrels have to be kept at just the right temperature until their fur coats develop, I hastily made an incubator for these two by putting a fifteen-watt light bulb, shielded by a tin can, into a small cardboard box filled with cotton. I fed the babies warm milk from an eye dropper every three hours around the clock for about two weeks. And let me tell you, that was an awful job. I felt like a tired mother until the night feedings were over and I could switch those squirrels to baby cereal and, finally, to sunflower seeds.

Despite the best care I could give them, one of the squirrels died—but the other managed to survive and became a lively companion. That was Chip. When he got a little older he would sometimes scamper out my open window onto the roof, then come back in, half an hour later, chattering all about his adventures. When I was at school, he would spend the day on the roof, never coming indoors until I came into my room. And, strangely, he never attempted to get down from the roof to escape to his own world.

Yet too much freedom is not always good either. I almost lost Chip because of it. He discovered some tubes of oil paint in my room one evening, and when I found him he was covered with purple paint and in pain. Quickly I forced a large dose of Epsom salts down his throat with an eye dropper. Even then he almost died. His fur was soaking wet from a high fever for days, and he became terribly thin. But I put him back on his baby diet and, to everyone's surprise, he lived.

It was that summer, when Chip was about six months old, that mother and dad decided on a trip to Florida. Mother has acute rheumatoid arthritis, and the doctor thought that taking it easy in the sun might help her. I was able to farm out the parakeet, the pigeons, the rabbits and the chickens who were lodging with us that year to friends and relatives. But nobody wanted a mischievous young squirrel like Chip. Not only was he noisy, but once in a while, when frightened, he would run up the leg and then onto the shoulder of the nearest person. This had an unnerving effect on some people. Because Chip seemed too young to be set free, I decided that he would just have to make the 1075 mile trip with dad and me in the car. Mother, Nancy and Tommy were going separately by plane to save mother the long car trip.

Dad wasn't eager for Chip's company, but he was willing, so I brought along a two-by-two-foot cage. Chip didn't care for it. Most of the time he roamed around the back seat of our car, exploring all the out-of-the-way corners and the dark spots under the seats. That is, he spent his time there when he wasn't climbing around my head or in and out of my shirt. Only when we stopped for gas or meals did Chip go into his cage.

In Daytona Beach, where we met the rest of the family, Chip spent a wonderful three weeks exploring the nooks and crannies in our motel rooms while the rest of us swam and fished and went boating. Then dad and I started driving back to New Jersey. Mother's arthritis had improved, but still not enough to let her travel by car. Dad and I had plenty of company, though. A horned toad and a young alligator shared the back seat with Chip.

Chip's friends were all right in the hot car, but I did not like leaving Chip when we went into air-conditioned restaurants for meals. So I found a way to smuggle him into even the largest and most impressive places—inside my shirt. He was very co-operative, and showed his tiny nose only for a moment or two at a time when he reached out to munch loudly on the pieces of lettuce I found for him.

Nobody ever noticed Chip in the restaurants, but we almost caused a riot one night in a North Carolina motel when the owner unexpectedly dropped in with fresh linen. He had never before seen a gray squirrel racing around his room, with a beady-eyed horned toad sitting unblinkingly nearby, and a two-foot alligator sloshing around in the shower stall. Only our promise to keep the three animals locked in the car for the rest of the night saved dad and me from sleeping out there with them.

Chip was not the only animal who did a lot of traveling with us. In the winter of 1954 we went west in the family trailer to see if the Arizona sun would help mother's arthritis. About noon on January twelfth—I remember the date because it was my thirteenth birthday—a dirty black-and-white puppy, looking something like a springer spaniel, came cringing into our Tucson trailer park. She had just been chased with a big stick by the motel owner next door. She needed a friend badly, someone to pet her and feed her. I did both.

After that I knew that I wanted to keep her. But it wasn't that easy. Five of us were living in our trailer; mother and dad pointed out that there wasn't much space for even a small dog. So I took her to the Pima County dog shelter. Ten days later, however, when they were about to lead her to the gas chamber because no one had claimed her, mother and dad changed their minds and said that I could use my $6.50 in birthday money to pay the charges and take her home. I almost gave up when I was told at the shelter that the charges came to nine dollars. Then the man said something like, "Well, she's only a small puppy. She didn't eat much. You can have her for $6.50." I carried Spotty home in my arms. My first dog.

One week later, just as Spotty and I were getting to know each other, my fam-

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ily hurriedly decided to return to New Jersey. Dad's legs were crumpling under him. A Tucson doctor thought it was the flu, but when the legs got worse dad suspected spinal trouble, which might have meant a long stay in the hospital. He sold the trailer and arranged for the car to be freighted east, while I managed to get Spotty into a small shipping cage for the long trip by express across the continent. Then the five of us flew home, jammed into the four front seats of an airliner. Eighteen hours after leaving Tucson—long before Spotty arrived—dad was in a New Jersey hospital. It was polio.

Dad's paralyzed legs and right arm confined him to the Essex County Isolation Hospital in Belleville and, later, in the Kessler Institute for Rehabilitation in West Orange for seven months. But with the help of the good Lord, wheel chairs, stroller, long leg braces and special crutches, he learned to walk again. He is now almost back to normal.

Spotty stayed with us a long time. I put the shipping cage in a warm spot next to the kitchen stove; it became her dog house. For years she helped me search for other animals along the dense forests of the Appalachian Trail, only sixty miles from Nutley, where dad used to take us until I learned to drive myself. For a while she had patients of her own. Her first puppy, whose father was a mixed breed from the neighborhood, died. The six she had from her next two litters, whose fathers we never were sure of, grew strong on a diet of cereal and meat. All of them went to happy homes in and around Nutley. But Spotty is dead, run over by a car last summer.

One patient I had a lot of success with was Robbie, a red-breasted robin found wandering confused and bewildered in one of the main corridors of Nutley High School in the spring of 1957. A kind teacher tried to locate the baby's family, but it was nowhere to be found. He needed attention, besides; he was limping and he seemed weak, possibly from hunger. The teacher, who had heard of my center, brought him to me for help.

Robbie's chances for survival seemed good. Right from the start he seemed eager to co-operate. I constructed a cotton nest for temporary quarters for him. Then I tackled the food problem, dribbling water into him from an eye dropper, giving him bits of fruit or chopped meat or occasional worm titbits I dug up in the back yard. I have since been told that the water wasn't too good an idea, for baby birds can get along without it, and sometimes water can actually be harmful to them. But Robbie grew healthy, and his limp disappeared.

From the moment Robbie started flying, about two weeks after he came to me, he started getting into trouble. One day he entered a hole in a neighbor's screened porch, then couldn't figure how to get out again. A tirade of frantic screeches soon brought help—a lot of it—including half a dozen anxious ladies from the neighborhood. Another time he became curious about a neighbor's collapsible plastic swimming pool—so curious that he fell in. Mother found a sorry-looking wet robin crying at the open kitchen door.

As Robbie grew older, however, his temperament seemed to change. He became less friendly, less interested in human beings, more independent. Then, just at dusk one evening, it happened. He answered the call of the wild and flew away with a flock of robins to spend his first night away from home. He returned often after that, but never seemed the same. Once we saw him even dive-bomb the crippled hawk with which he had been raised. That fall, when the red-breasted robins flew south, Robbie was with them, looking just like the rest except for his smaller size and the pinkish color of his chest. Apparently, living with people had made him just a little different.

Next spring, though, Robbie was back, announcing his return with noisy screeches outside our kitchen window. Then he found a mate and was soon busily engaged in raising a family. His babies, however, were always kept at a safe distance. Even Robbie himself never comes too near me any more. But whenever I spoke to him last summer he still couldn't resist twitching his tail excitedly and hopping just a little closer.

Robbie was pretty popular with the neighborhood. Many of the boys and girls around our block have given me a hand with the animals over the years, although not all of my patients have been welcomed by their parents. One year someone complained to the Nutley Board of Health, and I had to sell the thirty to thirty-five pigeons I had then. Whoever made the complaint, however, couldn't blame me when the pigeons got away from their new owner, flew home and spent weeks sitting around on the neighborhood roofs, hoping to be allowed back in our yard.

There were a lot of funny looks, too, the time I bought a chestnut mare for $125 out of my center's earnings, and they unloaded her from a van in front of my house. I was planning to keep her in a Nutley stable, as I did for a year or so, but I guess the neighbors thought that she was going to live in the back yard with my other guests. And one time when a snake that I had found in the woods died, the garbage man was pretty surprised to find him in our refuse can the following morning. He was so startled, in fact, that he ran over to the house next door and asked for an aspirin.

Still, even though my hobby sometimes gives me more trouble than the neighbors think it's worth, I'm going to stick with it. Have you ever seen a bird that has fallen from its nest? It's usually a tangled mess of feathers and limbs. When you see the same bird flying gracefully and effortlessly to the top of the tallest willow—well, it just makes you feel good all over. You feel even better when you see a former unfortunate like Robbie, all grown up now, proudly return to the back yard to show off his unsteady brood.

I guess that my interests have always been tuned to the outdoors. Once, when I was in the sixth grade, I took up the cello, but it wasn't for me. I turned to the guitar and songs from the West, which I still play. If all goes the way I hope it will, I plan to spend my life in the open, maybe in range management or in forestry in Alaska or the West. I liked it out there when I used to take camping trips in the trailer with mother and dad.

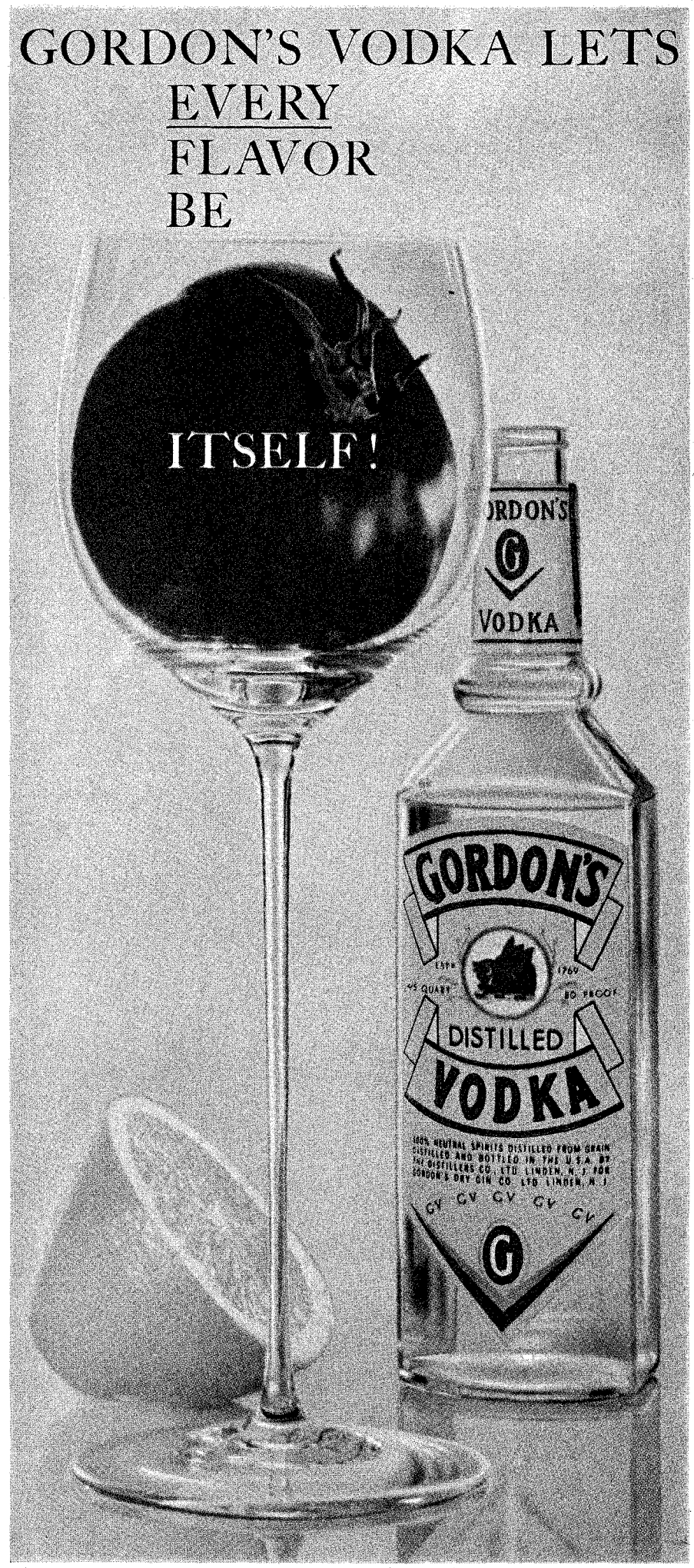
However things turn out, you can be sure of one thing. Somewhere in my future there will be another rehabilitation center for animals—a bigger one.

THE END

That's My Little Leaguer!

All season, balls have
whizzed right by
His scared but hopeful
nine-year eye.
Now comes the WHACK that
brings the pride out:
He didn't strike out! Man!
He *flied* out!

Sally Treadwell



When you mix your favorite vodka drink with Gordon's Vodka, you taste *only* the full flavor of your favorite mixer! Gordon's Vodka—uniquely distilled to an absolutely neutral quality—mixes so subtly with any flavor you never know it's there! (Nor does anybody else.)

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Soft Drinks...and

NATIONAL STEEL

At parties, picnics and ball games, at homes, offices and plants—at all the places and times that called for some first-class thirst quenching and refreshment in 1958, dry-throated Americans opened over 405,000,000 cans of soft drinks and got tasty results.

No wonder there is such a growing popularity for soft drinks in cans. The "tin" can—actually about 99% steel—chills fast, opens easily, won't break if you drop it. You can store a lot of canned beverage in a little space. You have no cash deposits to make, no empties to lug back. You have a lightweight container that feels good in your hand and serves up your favorite beverage at its mouth-watering best.

Through our Weirton Steel division, National Steel is a leading manufacturer of the fine tin plate from which cans are made.

In fact, through Weirton's production of both hot-dipped and electrolytic tin plate, National is the nation's largest independent source of this metal of many purposes.

Modern tin plate is just one of many quality steels and products of steel with which National serves American industry through its six major divisions: Great Lakes Steel Corporation, Stran-Steel Corporation, Enamel-strip Corporation, The Hanna Furnace Corporation, National Steel Products Company and, of course, Weirton Steel Company.

NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION, GRANT BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

NATIONAL STEEL

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Time Out From Marriage (Continued from Page 22)

"No reason why not," she said. "I mean, one can always manage."

They managed by getting married the day he got out of the Army. He registered at the state university and found it hard going, as he had lost the knack of gobbling knowledge in chunks. He was also too mature for the rest of his class.

Without Janet he wouldn't have stuck it. But she had found a job in a day nursery and a side job typing, and she encouraged him not only with extra cash but casseroles. By May when he was called home for his mother's funeral, he was back into the educational pattern and doing well. Helen was home, too, living with her husband at the Cameron mansion, where her father dominated them both from his wheel chair.

They met at the funeral. Janet hadn't come, because of her two jobs, and he felt terribly alone until he saw Helen, pale and misty-eyed. They had looked at each other and known this was their day. So, after the funeral, they had driven to the river and walked in the pale sunlight. They had said very little, but the loneliness eased in him and he was able to cry over losing his mother. Then they sat quietly on a bank of violets, and he picked some and she pinned them with her violet pin. He noticed she still wore it.

"Are you happy?" he asked.

"There are many kinds of happiness." She smiled faintly. "Yes, I think we both know that by now."

"How is your father?"

"He forgets things. But it doesn't matter. Don takes care of him."

"I'm glad," he said, "that it has worked out for you."

"And you," she spoke softly.

The sun was westering when they said good-by. "I'll see you next year," he said.

"Yes. I'll be ready," she answered.

It was queer how restored he had been by this brief encounter. And how inevitable it had seemed. He wished he could have told his mother. But who would understand such a thing? It didn't make sense. But he knew with finality that, no matter what happened, somehow he would spend that one afternoon with Helen next May and that it would nourish his roots. Did it mean as much to her, or had she maintained a tradition? Maybe when they were together they went back in time to the golden days of being very young. Maybe it was a hangover from a sentimental period. He didn't really know. But he knew that every year as May began he felt restless, unsatisfied and began to worry lest they miss their special afternoon.

There had been hard years. With Janet's help, he finally got his law degree. He went in as junior partner with an elderly lawyer in a small Midwestern town. He established himself—was elected to Rotary, got on the board of finance for the town and ushered at the First Presbyterian Church. Janet was busy with young Larry, who was a delicate child. But she helped his career by being on the Garden Club Committee, running the blood bank, acting as a den mother, and entertaining his business associates with casual grace and excellent food.

His father had married again, a strapping blonde, so now he went home only once a year—in May—to visit, and it never worked out so that Janet could go with him. During this time Helen's father died, and Don took over the company. Helen did over the Cameron house, using Swedish modern. Her twins were born in January, nice healthy children—one looked like Don and one like Helen. That year, in May, Helen told Larry they were a constant excitement.

"You look thinner," he said as they walked in the meadow.

"I'm fine. Tell me about young Larry."

"No," he said. "Let's talk about today. Just for us."

He gave her the violets he had picked and she pinned them on. "I wouldn't want you to think you had to turn up always on this day," she said thoughtfully. "I mean I would never want it to be a duty."

"I do my duty every other day in the year," he told her.

They never spoke much. They looked at each other and smiled and breathed the same air, and when it was time, he kissed her good-by.

It had always been like that until today, and now he sat alone, with the violets already drooping beside him. He must go home soon and he looked at his watch again and swore. He didn't want to begin lying to Janet about being called out of town about a will. For Janet, he thought, had never suspected anything. Once it had been a near thing, when there had been no reason for him to go to see his father that particular week. Any time would have done. But at the usual time Janet packed his suitcase and said cheerfully, "Time for your trip back."

"I'll fly down and see my dad at the same time," she said, carefully folding his pajamas. "I'll take Larry so he won't be underfoot and worry your stepmother. You'll have more free time."

"Well, thanks," he said. "Guess I may as well go now at that."

So it had been easy. And the next year he was offered a better job in a law firm just thirty miles from his home town.

"A good idea," said Janet. "You can drop over any time without planning ahead. It's a short drive."

"I only go home once a year," he spoke irritably.

"Yes, I know," she smiled. "Just once a year in May."

"He certainly shouldn't beat you with his riding crop. Awfully bad form."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She was ironing his shirts and her face was rosy. A feather of dark hair fell over her forehead. She looked serene and competent, and he felt guilty as he kissed her.

Now the shadows were lengthening and Helen had not come. He felt wretched, deflated. It was like finding out there was, after all, no Santa Claus. It meant she was too busy, had forgotten this day of all days. He got up and threw the violets in the brook. They floated an instant, then sank and briefly made the pebbles look jeweled. He picked the morels and started back to the car. Then he saw her running across the meadow, so light of foot she hardly seemed to break the grasses she ran over. Her hair was loose and blew back in wings. Her full silk skirt had a snagged hem. She looked disheveled and that was queer, for she was always so neat. But she was there, and his heart gave a great lurch. She had not forgotten. He felt taller as he moved to meet her.

"I made it as soon as I could." She was breathless. "I hated so to keep you waiting. I never mean to. But I knew you'd be here!"

"It's all right," he said, "I haven't been here long. I just sat in the sun. It's peaceful here, and I seldom get out of town any more."

She was, he thought, more beautiful than ever. Her eyes were so clear and deep and her tumbled hair made a sunny mist about the delicate face.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't wait," she said with a catch in her voice. "I'm tired. Let's rest a bit."

She dropped down and leaned her head against the trunk of the apple tree.

"You've changed your perfume," he commented, sitting down beside her.

"No, not really. It just came out of the air, I think. Just a little while ago." She put out her hand and it was as cool and light as a moth wing. Then her eyes closed. The lids were so transparent he could almost see the gray of her eyes behind them. He stretched out, putting his arms under him so he wouldn't be tempted to reach for her and disturb her. He wasn't tired; he was full of things to ask, things to tell her, and most of all he felt a dreadful need to hold her. As she slept, she gradually sank down, so that she was lying on her side, one hand under her cheek.

This was a queer rendezvous, he thought. When they had only one short afternoon a year, and half gone already, did she have to spend time sleeping? Didn't he mean enough to her to keep her awake? He propped himself up on one elbow and stared down at her. Sometimes during the year her image blurred in his mind, and now he absorbed it, every line, every eyelash. He noticed the delicate hollows of her temples and the sweet curve of her sleeping mouth.

When she woke she sat up and brushed back the falling hair and said with wonder, "Where am I?"

"I'm not surprised you don't know," he laughed. "You went out like a light."

"You should have waked me up. There's so little time." She looked frightened.

"I was just getting around to it," he lied.

She made all the smoothing motions women always did on waking, and then reached for his hand and cradled it against her cool cheek.

"What would you have done, my darling, if I hadn't come?" she asked.

"Just waited," he said, "and then gone on home, I guess."

"But you wouldn't have thought I didn't want to come?" Her eyes were anxious.

"No," he spoke slowly. "No, I can doubt a lot of things easy enough. But not you—ever."

"I wasn't sure this time I could make it," she said, "but I kept saying I must, I must."

"Look, Helen," he moved close to her. "I would never want to make things too difficult for you. You know that. I mean, things can come up, and after all if they do come up—well, there you are. We've been lucky so far."

"So lucky," she echoed.

"I'd understand," he told her, "but I wouldn't like it. I surely would not like it."

"I wouldn't either," she gave him a smile. "Now tell me about your year quickly before it's too late."

Usually he had his arms around her, but this time she sat against the tree, and he knew this was not the time. He folded his arms around his knees and tried to reassure himself that she was there, even if not close enough. He told her about his year, pouring out the defeats, triumphs, hopes, frustrations. He told her about his debts and about young Larry's emergency appendectomy. When it was all told, he felt a new surge of strength. Everything seemed simple and plain again. But when he asked her about her year, she only said, "Everything has been the same all year. Do you remember the night of the dance when the balloons broke?"

"They fell on your hair," he chuckled.

"That was a wonderful night," she said. "Maybe you have one night like that in your whole life, and that is it. Maybe it is just being young."

"I had never kissed a girl before," he admitted, "and I was scared. I shut my eyes and didn't know where that kiss would land."

She turned away, and for a moment he thought she was crying, but when she looked at him again, her eyes were mirror-clear.

"I want you to know," she said, "that this day is very special. More than any of the rest. An experience to keep always. I hope you will remember it too. Now I'd like to walk by the brook a little before I have to go."

There were grass stains on her skirt, and the sleeves of her blouse were torn at the cuffs. She went lightly down to the

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edge of the water and bent to dip her fingers in it.

"Water keeps flowing along," she said, "like time."

He felt confused. She seemed to be moving away too far from him.

"Hey, look at me," he said.

"I always do," she answered, gathering the water in her hands as if she could hold it. But it fell back in great drops.

Then she came back to him. "Whatever happens," she said, "remember we had a special gift. We were young together."

He reached for her, and she withdrew. It wasn't actually a withdrawal either, but she just seemed out of reach.

"Life keeps on happening," her voice was wistful, "but do remember that what we have had is never lost. I know this."

"Helen," he said, "why are you so changed? I hardly feel as if you were here. Why don't you let me kiss you? Why do you seem so far away?"

"Never far away," she said. "I am part of you and have always been."

Then, unbelievably, she was gone. He could not tell whether she ran behind the old apple tree or around the hawthorn thicket. But she was not there. In fact, when he looked, he could not see her old sedan parked near his. The only sign of her presence was a pearl button which must have fallen from her blouse.

He wanted to shout, to run after her. There were so many things left unsaid—ways they felt about small events. He hadn't told her about the grocery kitten that lived in a carton, or about the wild geese going over, or seeing the girl in a scarlet jacket run down a snowy slope just as the sun burned out. But she had gone so instantly, not even waving back at him.

He went back to the car and started the motor and drove back to town. Late shoppers hurried out of supermarkets and department stores in a pleasant bustle. People called back and forth and waved, for it was a friendly town. Tired children hung on their mother's skirts, ready for supper and bed. He was back in his regular life, no doubt about it. He turned automatically into Linden Street and avoided the barberry bush at the corner of the driveway. The house was on a corner lot, a comfortable one of no period, but with a good lawn in front and a porch for sitting on in hot weather. Late tulips still blossomed in the border, and the Lincoln lilacs were budding. And in the driveway, young Larry was working on the split-level house for his rabbits. Why couldn't he use the back yard for his projects? It was too secluded; he might miss something.

"Hello, I'm home!" big Larry called as the screen door squeaked. He must oil those hinges tomorrow.

Janet was in the kitchen, bending over the oven. Her face was pink from the heat, her hair damp. She always was susceptible to heat. She was basting spareribs, and the whole kitchen smelled spicy. This was his favorite dish and not on the diet prescribed for his high blood pressure. So he cast about in his mind to discover whether he had forgotten a birthday or anything. He went over and kissed the back of his wife's neck. She jumped.

The difference between a junior executive and a senior executive may be as much as forty pounds.

KENNETH J. SHIVELY

"Mercy, I didn't hear you," she said. "Larry's been banging so on that rabbit house."

He smiled at her. She was as pretty as ever, he thought. The years had rounded her figure and put crinkles around her eyes, but she had a warm, untroubled look. She wore her new peony-print dress, so he figured she must have been out to a tea or P.T.A. meeting. She had on one of those awful bazaar aprons which she kept buying for the charity fund, but it didn't disguise her trim figure.

Young Larry poked his head in the door. "Hi, pop," he said. "I need some help."

"You let your father alone," Janet spoke with unusual sternness. "Go out until I call you."

Larry vanished, and Janet came over to put her hand on her husband's arm. "I'm so terribly sorry," she said. "I only heard the news this noon and I tried to call you, but you had already gone. I am so sorry."

"What news?" he asked.

"I mean about the airplane crash," she explained. "They read off the names. And they said there were no survivors."

The floor listed so he had to sit down. But over the guns going off in his head, he asked carefully, "No survivors?"

"I poured you some of the Christmas Scotch," said Janet. "Come and sit down in the living room."

He sank down in his worn leather chair—a present from Janet out of her first pay check. He didn't ask for a list of names. He didn't need to.

"But I—I saw her," he whispered. "I saw her. She was right there."

"Yes, I know," said Janet. "I am sure she was."

He swallowed the drink, and the floor steadied, but his head felt a mile away from his body. There was the room, a little shabby but lived in. And there sat his wife, who had shared everything with him except that one afternoon a year.

"You knew?" he asked.

"You always marked the calendar," her voice was gentle, "and then it is hard to keep secrets from one who loves you."

"But I only—I only ——"

"I know," she said.

He tried to put the glass down, and his hand was shaking so that it fell to the floor and shattered. Janet came over and held the shaking hands and said softly, "I've always loved you. Even on the one afternoon a year I lost you."

His heart was a strange country, even to him. Shock was mercifully numbing, for he didn't even wonder why Helen had been on that plane nor how Janet knew her name. But how could Helen be gone when she had come back as usual, only late, a little late, and breathless and strange? Had he dreamed it all? No, he wouldn't dream the torn hem, the ripped cuffs, the swift vanishing. She had come back to reassure him; this he knew. But reassure him about what?

"I do know," said Janet, holding his hands against her breast.

Then young Larry stood in the doorway, anxious, hopeful. "Hey, pop, I just gotta have a helping hand. I must of measured wrong. Nothing fits."

He stood up then, a man much loved, loved beyond all deserving and a man summoning his strength to go on.

"I'm coming," he said. "We'll see what we can do while mom gets supper on." Although he moved slowly, as if he were very lame, he managed the steps and fumbled with the pieces of the split-level rabbit house. He found the measuring tape and ran a firm thumb along it. He reached in his pocket for a pencil, and his hand closed on a small pearl button.

"Takes time," he said to his son, "to figure everything out." THE END

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Death Walk (Continued from Page 43)

No luck. The gap unreeled endlessly, a shadowed abyss, and the light was all but gone.

"Head out for the moraine," he told the girl.

They huddled back of a boulder, house-high, headstone for a giant. The fog drifted around and past them. A homeless sort of place, and it would be a cold camp, a night without fire. Mike was by no means sure Halsted would live to see the morning.

They bedded him in the blanket and pack tarp on the scree. Because he rested easier that way, they wedged the packboard behind his shoulders. Mike offered food, leftover trout cooked at their last camp, but the hurt man shook his head. "Not hungry."

"Pour him a drink, Linny. Just enough to wet his whistle."

"I get my bagpipe concert soon, boy?"

"Tomorrow. In the morning." He smiled. "I'm a touch short of wind, pop."

"First time on record," Halsted muttered. A good sign; there was fight in him still and would be till he died.

Mike fed him aspirin from a bottle nearly empty. It might not be a wise thing to take aspirin with liquor, but their medical stores were limited and they were forced to use what they had.

"Something to ask of you," Halsted growled to him. "Look, when we hit camp, I want you and Ves to do a thing for me. I want you to lay my ankle across a log and take that sharp little ax of yours, Mike, and chop that foot off. It's killing me, son; it's pumping me full of poison. Getting rid of it is my only chance."

"Sure, Morg." The girl sat out of earshot, bent over her knees in an exhausted huddle. This she was spared, and Mike was glad; she had troubles enough. "I'll take it up with Ves when we hit the timber. We'll have a grand camp there and we'll fix you fine." A hand groped from under the blanket and he took it in his, feeling it grip with more strength than he had thought remained. "Try for a sleep now, will you?"

He held Halsted's hand, crouching by him in the fog. Sleep or stupor, he was no longer sure which. It had been a rough day for him, but infinitely more grueling for the tough man on his back. From a disjointed muttering he caught "Linny" once, and again, his own name. And later a sound that could have been "Ves."

This, he supposed, was an American capitalist, the hate of the Commies, one of the breed that was everlastingly machinating combines, striving after monopolies, frowned on by some and mistrusted by others. But in less than three days he had learned a great deal about Morgan Halsted, seen deeper into this man than he might have in years of routine hobnobbing. *If this is a capitalist*, he reflected in a wry, dry detachment, *let me become one of the same.* He remembered his own dad as no more than a brawny shadow, a hero from a told tale. Mike Clendon knew that he loved Morg Halsted as he had loved his lost partner. Loved this man as a son might love him.

Linn got up and limped to them. She spoke very slowly and carefully. "Can we spare a cigarette?"

"Ay. They'll be in his top jacket pocket. Try not to wake him." He answered her listlessly, knuckles bedded in scree, head drooping. "You'd best eat, Linny."

"I haven't much appetite, thank you, Mike."

"Drink, then. I've had a sip."

"It would knock me flat. Just the cigarette, if you think we can spare it."

He fished the last loose match from his shirt. Her hand came down for it. She thought, *A clever trick, that, to seal your matches in wax. I must remember* ——

This was one of their dampened and dried cigarettes, tasting as Morg had said—as seaweed might taste if smoked. But it was wonderful and she luxuriated in it, crouching by Mike and her father.

Mike watched her hungrily, she thought. She passed the cigarette to him.

"No ——" But it was a weak refusal, and his fingers reached. "Damn you, Linny. I'd shaken the habit. You've started me again."

"I'm glad. I don't like to smoke alone."

He returned her the diminished butt, then pawed for his ax and heaved to his feet. "I'll be gone a spell."

Linn guessed his intent. "No you don't. We can't get across. You're tired, you've forgotten."

"Rested now. That split has to pinch in somewhere."

"Mike, you aren't to try. It's too risky!"

"We must get him out of this," he told her woodenly. "The way he's burning, a chill could finish him—he'd be into pneumonia."

"No ——"

But he jerked his arm roughly from the hand that reached, and started in from the moraine, trailing the pole, his ax in his other fist.

At once fear pounced. It was there always, waiting only for Mike to withdraw. She settled by her father, trying to lend him warmth, although she had little to spare, and with that dry face he seemed to have heat enough of his own. The fear couched with her, and it was a wounded grizzly of a fear now, near and menacing. Mike shouldn't have left them like this. He had to come back to them. If he didn't, if anything happened to him off in the fog, they were dead. She shuddered in the lonely dark.

When Mike returned, it was silently, a moving dimness. He dragged the pole. Linn scrambled up and gave him hell, raging at him, turned harridan by sheer relief.

He waited till her voice failed. "No luck," he said glumly; and it was the first time she had heard him admit defeat. "Couldn't make it. We're stuck here the night."

"You have some candle stubs. We could try for the river. Surely it can't be far!"

"No, Linny." Even defeated he stayed stubborn. "It could be miles. We may need the candles worse later."

"Later?" She was blowing up, coming to pieces from worry and weariness and fear, but she couldn't stop herself. "Later? Who cares about later? You said we'd camp by the river tonight. You promised!"

"I promised. I'm a liar."

She couldn't stand the sight of him, mulish and wooden. She turned her back on him, shaking uncontrollably, the long-pent tears sliding down her cheeks. Her shoulders quaked; she wept with fists knuckled into her eyes, all courage gone.

Mike turned her. "Quit being a fool," he told her, and she blundered sobbing into his arms.

The fog was tattering, lifting to the push of a wind from the upper ice, from the Maxada cirque they had left behind an eternity ago, and the cold stars beyond it. The wind harped; they clung together in the lee of the boulder, his arms sheltering her, her wet face nuzzled under his jaw. They stood embraced like lovers, and presently the sobs and the frenetic shuddering eased.

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"Better now?" The voice above her was kind.

"Much better." But she stayed in his arms, speaking against his throat. "You're right, I was an awful fool. I'm sorry."

The thought was strange, but she felt that never again in her life would arise a need for comfort so great, or exist an intimacy so complete. He had been all things she needed and yearned for—fire, shelter, full security, and an end to fear. Those moments, this clinging, were born of despair and necessity; this had nothing to do with love.

"Darn. I wish I had a handkerchief."

"Don't look to me. You've sleeves, haven't you?" But his voice stayed gentle, his arms still held her.

"I'm hungry, Mike." She snuffled and used the sleeve. "For the first time in my life I know how starving people feel."

"Do you, then?" She knew he was smiling. "Well, suppose we share a trout?"

"I don't want fish."

"A Chinese dinner? Almond-breaded chicken, sweet-and-sour ribs, mushroom chow mein and barbecued pork? With rice, of course, and a handful of fortune cookies?"

"Try again."

"Hungarian goulash? Red-cabbage pickle and three fingers of gin?"

"No. Though I wouldn't refuse the gin, if you'll add vermouth and an olive."

"Then it'll be my own true love, tomato catchup on cheese."

"Oh, no. I want tea, Mike. Hot tea and a plate of oatmeal porridge."

But he had dropped their masochistic food game, that willful, wishful thinking. He was listening, chin raised from her hair. "Hear anything, Linny?"

"Just the ice and the wind."

"Swallow and try with your mouth open."

She listened, lips parted, hearing the busy march of the corpuscles in two blood streams. Distantly, back on the way they had come, the ice falls were talking, the glacier ghosts astir in their ruined crystal Atlantis. There was also the wolf whine of the wind.

And now, riding up to them against the wind, a mutter and a murmuring, a new voice stolen upon them.

"Mike ——" She spoke in a whisper. "What is it?"

"The river."

"Close?"

"No farther than my bit candles will take us. I'll rig a bug, a sort of lantern from the tin my gold's in. I think we'll just ramble on down."

"Now? You mean we can, Mike?"

"Ay." The voice in the wind spelled hope renewed, deliverance from the glacier's gray prison. His tongue had slipped into Scots again, returning to Morayglen and childhood. "There'll be timber and a halfway decent camp for him, Linny."

She felt him sigh, shadowed by the boulder, its granite at his back. His arms released her. He tipped her chin and bent his head and kissed her on her mouth. It was a gentle kiss, demanding nothing.

"Caesar can spare that, Linny." He straightened away from her, dim in starlight. "I'll get after our lamp."

The sky outside the bough shelter was very blue, the sun shone, the day and the place called for a twittering of birds. But the Maxada lacked songbirds, and that, Morgan Halsted reflected, was a pity. Their lean-to roof was thatched from a different tree, bushier, its sprays a richer green. Beyond the campfire logs with their white ash was a bar of stones like weathered skulls, and from somewhere past that ridged bar came the growl of fast-flowing water.

There had been a dream that came and went, glowed and faded. Halsted recalled from it two figures that staggered into and out of his vision while he leaned in a state of detachment against the packboard.

Firelight in a sudden spurt—it was coming back to him now—and their big redheaded Scotsman moaning because Linny had apparently done something she shouldn't have done. Then, after a further blurred interval, the soft bed under him, flame-flicker on an evergreen ceiling and hot tea slopping down his chin.

His left leg ached to the hip, and the heat hadn't left him. He bet he'd about blow the mercury from a thermometer, the temperature he was running. Oddly, though, he felt very clear in the head, as if the good Lord had sent him a second wind. The foot no longer bothered him except as an encumbrance; he had even thought, before he craned his neck and peered down, that Mike had already taken the ax to it.

Linn sprawled beside him. She had flopped prone; she lay with face in her arms and light brown hair tumbled, dead to the world, sleeping like a child under the pack canvas. Her feet stuck out. The once-white ankle socks lacked heels and toes. The feet were planted between Mike's shoulders where he lay like a log across the lean-to mouth. No bough mattress for their iron man; he had never seen anyone who cared less for comfort.

It amused him to observe that traces of nail polish remained on his daughter's toes. Time was when only an Angela would paint her toenails. But customs change, and people with them; although he was far from an old man yet, he had seen a few changes in his life.

He had started that life, the adult part of it, if you could call a kid of seventeen adult, as a sailor painting ship. Dumb, but willing, in love with the life, quietly deciding with a brush in his fist and the sun drilling at his back that paint would someday be his business. And he had lived to see better ships than that four-stacker pass out through the Golden Gate with Halsted compounds between their plates and the sea rust. Good paint and a lot less chipping for the swabbies.

There was much he still wanted to see in his life. He speculated on the girl beside him and the young man asleep in morning sunshine, and a slow grin creased his stubbly face.

That of the nestled feet was good for a laugh when Linny woke. He'd make hay out of this scene, by the holy, really ginger the kid up, fetch color into cheeks which were paler than he liked to see. Losing her bag might have a bearing on that pallor; still, it worried him. This was a tough trip for a girl who had regarded the flight to Alaska as something extreme in pioneering.

Halsted decided he could take a few spoonfuls of gruel. Also, he badly wanted some spiked tea. He groped, worked a bough loose from the mattress, and extended it. With a long stretch, he could just reach Linn's feet. He tickled; she kicked satisfactorily, and Mike waked all in a piece in the way he had, rolling over and levering up with a knee on the brown carpet of needles.

Mike swiveled, peered with hair over his eyes, then the grin twitched the spiky sergeant-major mustaches.

"You, eh? My fat, filthy papoose. I'm making a moss bag today like squaws pack their young in. I'm sick of you plastered on my neck." His bright hair was almost as long as Linny's; the knife sheath had rucked around so that the knife pommel caught sunlight in a silver twinkle. "I had a happy dream, pop. I dreamt you'd slid off my back down a hole." He yawned enormously. "Lay there and think on your sins," he said over a shoulder, moving stiff-legged away with the ax that seemed never out of his reach. "Don't wake her, either. She had it rough."

Halsted watched him. The ax seemed to drop of its own accord, no weight behind it, although the lank body worked from the heel, each leisured swing as graceful as the stroke of a good golf pro. With the kindling he renewed his fire, mooched off to bring water in the pail and rearranged the hearth logs.

"Know what your little rich witch did last night, Morg?"

"Got lit on our brew?"

"She's a lady—she'll not touch the stuff. To start our fire, she helped herself to your wallet, skinned out a bill and touched it off."

"That hurt, huh?"

"It wasn't so much the waste. I asked her what denomination, and she told me cool as all get-out that she hadn't bothered to look." Mike scowled at his near-empty tea sack. "But she thought, just thought, mind you, it could have been a twenty. Fine thrifty wife she's going to make that poor devil!"

"He can stand it," Halsted said, watching the miserly pinch of tea go in. "The retainer he gouges me for, they can light their barbecue with centuries. Except the counselor don't go for cookouts." He asked innocently, while Mike dribbled rye-bourbon into the mug, "Hey, son, how did she start that fire, anyway? I mean, what with? I suppose you gave her a match?"

The bottle twitched. The scowl deepened. Mike said snappishly, "I presume she rubbed some more sticks together." The hurt man settled back with his tea and the cigarette Mike passed in to him. He had never felt worse in his life, not even yesterday, when he was convinced Ves Jones humped along the glacier with them. But paradoxically, he wasn't sure he had ever enjoyed himself quite so much either.

This, he thought, if I were a whole man and able to pull my weight, would be all right. Mike and me. Yes, Linny too, dressed right and with proper boots. Imagination went skipping. He saw the counselor eased from the picture, Mike working with him in his business, taking out American papers.

"You know," he said reflectively, "she may always be a trace on the stuffy side, Mike, but I'm not sure she isn't softening up. Before yesterday, I'd rarely heard that girl laugh. But she laughs for you. Tries not to, but it gets away from her ladyship."

"I've heard an odd, rusty sound a time or two," Mike admitted. He was not entirely sure the girl slept; the exposed ear had pinkened. He supped his morning tea from the pail. "Drink up, Morg. She'll be wanting the mug."

(*Continued on Page 68*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

After a series of attacks on children by mad dogs, the county board of health declared war on canines running at large. All dogs not kept behind a fence or on a leash, it announced, would be shot on the spot.

When big Bruno chased into the street after a child, police tried to catch him. Failing, they shot the dog. His owners sued the county for $1000.

"The hunt for a few rabid dogs," they declared indignantly, "doesn't require the arbitrary slaughter of every pet in the county. Dogs have a right to freedom just as people have."

"The lives of our children are more precious than the lives of dogs," the county attorney replied. "Safety must come before sentiment. Your failure to control your dog in the interest of public safety is what led to its killing."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to the dog owners?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The dog owners lost. The court said rabies is such an awful disease that the police would have been subject to censure if they had let the dog escape. It added, however, that it did not condone "wanton and indiscriminate destruction of dogs."

Based upon a 1958 Minnesota decision.

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(*Continued from Page 66*) "I'm sick. You aren't s'posed to hustle sick people. Is there a law says bagpipes can't be played in the morning?"

"No. But I've a slow leak. The pipes need treacling."

"Need what?"

"Treacling. You smear the inside of the bag with treacle. A Minnesota Swede would call the stuff molasses. Seals the leaks, and keeps the sheepskin supple."

Halsted grunted. "Interesting. I'd have thought you patched them like an inner tube. Just one blast, huh? Right in the kid's ear. That'd tumble her out of the nest in a hurry, you bet!"

"I don't believe in cruelty to Irish Swedes. You'll have your lullaby tonight."

"Then tell me more about Ves Jones. No malarkey this time. What was Ves really like?"

"As I've told you, Morg. A good deal like you."

"I guess he and your aunt wouldn't hit it off?"

"Wrong. They got on famously. She disapproved his ways, but my, at the races, the pair they were! They both had the gambling streak. I can see Aunt Meg now, five-foot tall and leaping up and down on Ves's new-bought hat, screeching, 'On wi' ye, Dry Gulch, ye gomeral!'" Mike refilled the mug; the rocky face had softened. "Dry Gulch was a gray; she had a feeling for grays. Ran on three legs most times, but that day he paid off at twenty-two to one. I had a place bet down myself. We took Aunt Meg to the Canton Gardens for dinner and lured her into a pub after. Fetched her home tipsy." He added in a prim voice, "You'll understand that wasn't at all her usual way. It was her first fun in months. And about her last."

"Sure, sure. I wish I'd been there. Was your girl along, Mike?"

"What girl?"

"The one you were sounding off about to Linny yesterday. I was awake, I overheard."

"At that time we'd not met. Stir up the duchess, will you? The day's wasting."

"Plenty of time. She needs the sleep." There was this thing the boy shied away from, the old hurt. Halsted had a shadow notion of how it had gone; the girl had entered the picture and one way or other, and perhaps not that girl's fault, something pretty good, pretty decent, had ended. He said casually, "Be glad Ves Jones didn't last to die in bed, Mike. Your partner made a good finish for a man like him."

"That's true, Morg." He could say it now and believe it. Sometime, somewhere, toiling down a glacier with a girl to fend for and a cripple on his back, he had laid his ghosts.

Kneeling, the mug in his fist, he looked in at Linn. They had both been dogged out last night: he could recall no detail of the camp-making except the sight of her with a greenback aflame in a shaking hand. But the interlude on the last of the glacier moraines he remembered rather too clearly. He would always remember it, but there would be no more kisses by starlight.

Halsted's voice pursued him. "I'm just supposing, whiskers. Just talking off the top of my head. If she weren't cluttered up with this legal beagle of hers, would you put her on your list of possibles?"

"I'd consider her," Mike told him a shade too lightly, "if she'd change her name to MacHalsted. What are you running here, you unfatherly old bat, a slave market?"

She was awake—he was sure of it now. The ear had brightened considerably. He grabbed her ankles and skidded her out of the lean-to on a sled of spruce feathers. With a slap well placed he started her, protesting, for the river.

"Hey," Halsted said pleasedly from behind them. "There went that rusty sound again!"

They paused on the crest of the freshet bar, Halsted on Mike's back, Linn with the packboard. Her green moccasins, weathered several shades lighter, were in disrepair again, and in spite of her plate of mush she was hungry. Hunger had become a continuing state; these days she was never anything but ravenous, lost often in a tormenting dream of food. It was bread she wanted this morning, standing by Mike, gazing back on the way they had come last night. Not toasted, no butter—just bread.

Upstream from their camp the glacier ended in a blunt snout and an open maw from which the Maxada sprang in a gray jet to crash with hydraulic force against massed boulders below. They had crossed that ice cliff last night with the candle wick guttering in its grease and, weary though she had been, the pack leaden and her legs threatening to buckle, she had not been too exhausted for terror. Following, stepping where Mike stepped, she had felt her head spin and yearned to coon her way across on hands and knees. Something, perhaps no more than a trace of pride, had kept her upright. She had finished the traverse on her feet, and they'd stumbled down the long bar to fire and tea, food, shelter and sleep.

East and above, where the glacier wound inland along its harsh valley, mist and low rain clouds boiled in a witch's potion. But the last of the swift-vanishing sunlight struck on the ice cavern from which the young Maxada sprang, and up there, in perfect arch beyond arch, three rainbows shimmered.

"Boy," Halsted muttered. "There's a sight for color film!"

"Birth of a river," Mike said. He was smiling. "The fountainhead. In fifty years they'll have bus tours to see this, Linny. You're one of the first."

"I'd have caused a sensation among the tourists," she said. "Dropping in on them from the glacier with my handbag."

"Perfectly preserved," Mike said, "In your custom-tailored trousers. You'd change their notion of women's styles circa Nineteen-sixty."

He shrugged his burden higher, abruptly practical again, and they moved out. Linn had thought they would build their raft here and had been discomfited when he'd told her the river was too shallow at its source and had spoken of an abandoned mine downstream. But Mike knew what he was about—he had proved and double-proved that—and she trudged docilely after him along the bar. Its rounded stones made treacherous footing, but any change from ice was welcome.

Their bar ended in woods. Linn glanced about for a path, the mouth of a trail, but saw only the dense wall of black-green timber and a head-high tangle of underbrush. Mike inserted himself and his load into the wall. It yielded grudgingly, it closed behind him. Linn glanced over her shoulder, a swift, automatic survey, and followed.

They were in the forest she had longed for yesterday, and it was only another illusion, a new frustration. The brush fought back with malignant life, no jungle could be worse. Rotted deadfalls of the unlogged woods cluttered the invisible earth. Those logs were mossed in sopping, spongy layers. Her feet broke through, she jolted knee-deep into a pit,

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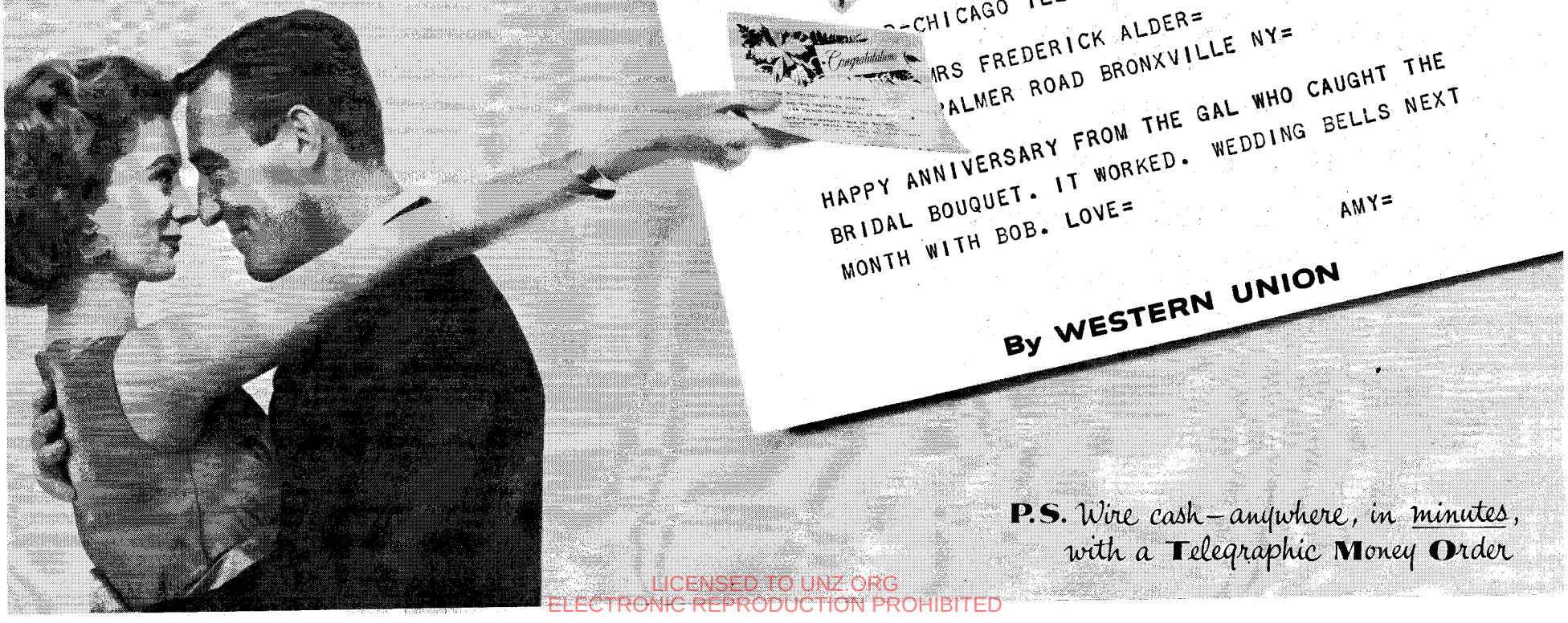

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jarring her ankles, then had to crouch and grope for a moccasin. And six feet beyond, sunk in brush, was a new criss-cross of fallen trunks. And beyond that obstacle another, and still others—no end to those traps.

She had heard Mike speak of spruce hells. This forest was aptly named. He was having no easy time himself, denied the use of his hands. Once he came down; and toiling behind, Linn heard her father grunt and moan. But Mike had gone to his knees only. He heaved himself up, swearing, and attacked the thickets once more, the brush crackling, the soaked, pillow-deep moss absorbing his boots.

Another bar gave relief, but it was a short bar, and beyond, where it tapered to the river, the elastic green wall was waiting. Their journey went on like that. Sunlight was gone, a drizzling rain sifted through upon them, but Linn was not cold, although the first plunge into the wet undergrowth had drenched her. Exertion kept her warm; perspiration mingled with rain and the surplus of yesterday's rain and, she even believed now, the unabsorbed overflow from the rains of the centuries.

On the third bar, Mike allowed them a break. He scowled at Linn, his own deep scratches to show, a mule-stubborn man whom she again hated furiously.

"Look, duchess, the stroll in the park is over. Why can't you give me some help?" He was being dour and abrupt with her, crude and rude, and should he ever again try to kiss her she would bite him as she had that housekeeper, also Scottish. "Lead out next time," he growled at her. "Bust some brush for me, eh?"

She nodded, not trusting her voice. They crossed a branch creek. The river narrowed, its bars less frequent, voice deepening to a sullen roar. Where a boulder obtruded, the river struck and reared, so that each such obstacle flew a guidon of dirty spray and spun a whirlpool in its lee. She did not much like the look of this Maxada River, the girl decided, flinging wet hair from her eyes, glimpsing it through a breach in the forest wall.

"Shake it up," Mike's voice whipped at her. "Must you stand daydreaming?"

She turned hands into claws to guard her face and stormed the next barricade. This was a witchwood, straight out of a bad dream, its trees monsters, its undergrowth a crawling horror. Even that gray, thundering river would be better.

They broke through to an aborted bar. Across the stream and up a jungly slope a rock knob overlooked them. At its base was a square black hole, no natural cave. Through brush Linn could distinguish log walls of a roofless cabin.

Mike, beside her, was grumbling again.

"Oh, quit it!" she flared at him. "Do you think that makes things easier?"

He snapped back at her, "Yes! Ves gave me a bum steer, I've brought us down the wrong side."

"I can't believe it. I'd formed an impression your partner was Superman's cousin at least." She smeared rain from her face and frowned. "Anyway, that side's no better than this."

"There's stuff I need. Spikes, maybe steel wire. At the mine I might find it."

He hunched under her father's sagging weight, glowering and muttering. Finally with an air of resolve, he turned and plodded back to the edge of the woods. Unspeaking, he eased Halsted to the bar and motioned Linn to shed the packboard. He freed his ax from where it rode handle up between canvas and lashings, and set about cutting brush.

At least this check had given them a reprieve from the witchwood. Linn, watching him work, felt she had discovered a basic fact about forests. They were lovely to view from a plane in the air or a car on a highway. But for travel, give her open country, even a glacier.

"We'll be here awhile," Mike said between strokes. "I want you to rig a rain break for him. I'm crossing to the mine."

"Flying, no doubt."

"Shut up and get busy."

"Mike?"

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, what is it now?"

"Are we the first through those woods?"

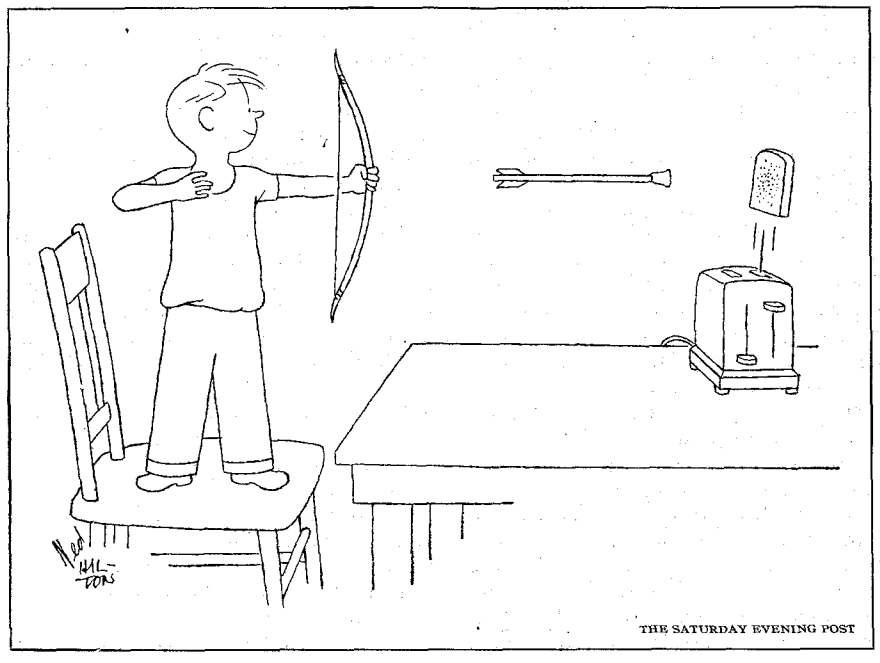
"D'you think anyone else would be fool enough?"

His mood was vile; he would make someone, not her, praise be, a rotten husband. Viciously he said to her, "I should have checked Ves closer about which side. But then I never thought I'd be wafting pilgrims down the Max!"

When he was like that he was best disregarded, as one would a petulant child. She found it a strong thought—that they three were the first, possibly, ever to force passage here. It brought a flicker of pride to lighten her sodden misery, a certain arrogance. She guessed how true explorers must have felt when all the land was wild.

She asked him, "Will we be the first to run the river?"

Well, if they made it they'd be the first. There were those gallant young Englishmen of forty years ago, loading their sacks of low-grade on a raft, shoving off with a "Yoicks!" and a "Tallyho, old boy!" for tidewater. Somewhere between this bar and the estuary the Max had taken those



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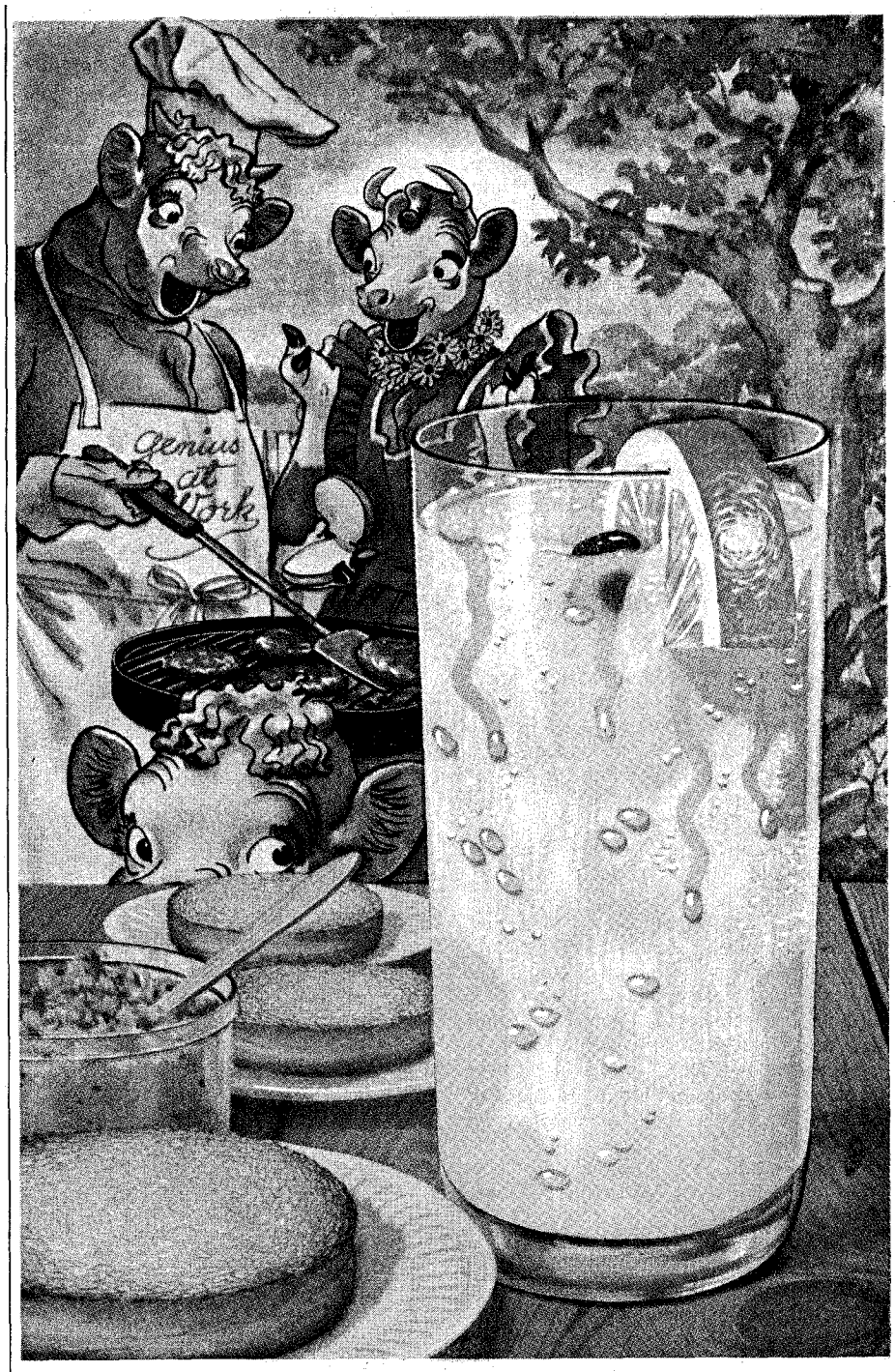

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two and drowned them or hammered them to death.

But no need to tell the girl about them, or to mention the other who had limped this way some few hours earlier. He had found sign—tracks in silt at the tail of a bar, prints which he had overtramped, scuffing them from sight as best he could. Once he had spotted cold droppings, streaked with blood. One at least of those twelve-gauge slugs had bitten deep; canary-patch, somewhere downriver ahead of them, was a sore and sorry bear.

And not necessarily ahead of them. He could be shacked up thirty feet away in the scrub, blood in his eye and murder in his heart. It was an unnerving thought, and Mike put it from him. Still, his soul hungered for his .270.

No use to fret. Life would stay chancy for them till the Maxada booted them through her gates. And for one of them, judging by the way Morgan Halsted looked this fine fair morning, the life-death balance might be a touchy equation for a good while after.

Mike stooped to peer in at the hurt man, now embowered in a rain break which was little more than a brush heap.

"Hello, you old lead swinger," he said by way of cheer. "You remind me of a great ugly ape squatting there. I wish your Optimists could see you now. They'd change their name in a hurry."

Halsted swam up from his miseries long enough to croak, "Hell with you, whiskers."

Linn asked, "Should I light a fire, Mike?" She stood small and patient and dripping, watching him, the frown between eyes grayed to slate.

Fool, his look jeered at her. *Pest*, it told her, and *How I do hate you!* But his heart was learning different words. "*Who is this*," it questioned, more than halfway sure of the answer, "*that cometh up from the wilderness?*"

"You could try," he said to her. "Though I think you'll find the sticks wet for rubbing."

"What should I do if that bear comes back? I saw those tracks too."

"Shoot him," he said, savagely sardonic. "Load my wee gun with a twenty-two hollow-point high-speed and hold for his eye. David slew Goliath with a pebble, did he not?"

He wound the packrope around his middle, gripped his ax close up to the head and clumped down the bar to the river.

No singing shallows here. He stepped knee deep in from the bar, and current piled into him, climbing against his upstream leg. Linn watched him edge out, inch by slow inch, not working downriver as she had expected him to, but quartering on an upstream diagonal. He moved thigh-deep now, holding the ax across his chest as if it were a balancing pole and he on a high wire. The force of that current scared her. It should have knocked him down; but the red head, rain- and spray-darkened, stayed incredibly in her sight still inch by inch progressing.

He was, she estimated, not quite halfway across. For at least a minute now, he had not moved. Water piled close to his shoulder. On the downstream side he was in deeper than his rope-bound waist. He stepped, lurched, and was down, gone, trampled under.

Linn watched in a desolation of fear, hand pressed to mouth, till his head showed forty feet down the current. He was swimming—floundering, rather—on a slant toward the brush that overhung the far bank. An arm flailed out, the hand locked on a bush. His body trailed like a fish on a line. Then he was up and clear, staggering into the tangles. Presently Linn saw bush tops quaking in line with the roofless cabin.

"Close!" Voice not too steady, she subsided in the mouth of the hut.

"Guess he wasn't born to drown," her father said in his roughened croak. "Saved his ax, too, and that's as well." He chuckled, peering. "I have a personal stake in that little old ax of his, honey. Today the foot comes off."

"Yes, dad." They had discussed that matter last night while her father slept—she against the desperate expedient, Mike doubtful, noncommittal. She opened their last pack of cigarettes, wiped wet fingers on soaked sweater, and freed a match from the metal case, her secret trove. Perhaps Mike Clendon could magic a fire here, but that was beyond her powers. A smoke would have to serve.

... ...

Fountains

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

Caged fountains through the starlit summer night
Have tender voices, like a mother's song,
Or like a passing flock of birds in flight,
While some the measure of a tune prolong
As though their waters held a lover's voice
That whispered of delights the moon could tell.
Fountains can grieve and can as well rejoice,
Sound threnodies or ring a marriage bell.
To one attuned to hear the silver flute
They have a message, resonant and clear;
Fountains are never silent, never mute;
They always answer to the listening ear.
Whatever in the heart deep-hidden dwells,
A starlit fountain truly, surely tells.

... ...

She lighted both cigarettes and passed one into the gorilla nest of brush.

"How are you doing, dad?" she said then. It had become their catchword, a shibboleth.

"A lot better'n you, Linny." A smoke ring wavered from the hutch. The fine rain seemed to cement it; there was no wind; it was slow to dissolve. "It's a long time since I interfered in your life. I didn't when you were mooning over your brush-cut muscle-man a couple years back or when you picked the counselor from under his mamma's wing and stuck him in your pocket. But I'm going to give you a piece of advice. If you want Mike, sister, just you toss the junior partner's ring in the river and go after him. You've got my blessing. If you don't, by the holy, some smarter girl will!"

"Morg, you don't know what you're saying!" She stared, eyes wide, feeling the hot tingle start in her cheeks.

"Don't I? Then tell me this: Who were you scared for when he went under? Us or him?"

"All three of us, dad." She answered him soberly. Her half-smoked cigarette was coming apart in the rain. The fingers that held it trembled.

Mike was a busy beaver over there. He showed, vanished, and reappeared at intervals. Sometimes they heard the sound of his ax, muted by the river's roar. Order began to emerge and a plan. He had swamped a tiny clearing at the water's edge. Twice he returned to it with plunder which he spilled from the canvas jacket that doubled for a packsack. Spikes, Linn decided. Again, he dragged a snaky red tangle from the thickets. It hung up and he set his heels and hauled—by the look of him, cursing.

They heard the ax again in a clear and steady ringing. That sound continued for a considerable time; then Mike began to drag squared timbers downslope from a cabin which had changed shape, tumbling in upon itself. His raft grew, the close-ranged log ends jutting out over the river. Linn counted nine logs. He was spiking crossbars now, pounding with the back of his ax. Fussy; the raft appeared to be finished, but Mike refused to hurry, he still worked on it. Now he was busy with the rusted red tangle, hauling and bending, occasionally severing with a clip of the ax. Linn gathered that he was supplementing his crosspieces with a wire lashing.

It struck her as an elaboration of a relatively simple project, and her impatience mounted. She had forgotten to wind her watch and lacked a sun to guide her. But it must be noon or past—if they were to clear the Maxada today, Mike had better stop his fussing and fiddling on the other side of the river.

Done at last. He jogged off to return with two poles. Still moving with his vexatious deliberation, he unwound the packrope and secured an end to the inshore crossbar. Boosting and straining, he tipped the raft into the river and jolted heels-first after it. Afloat but half smothered in current, their craft looked anything but reassuring. The smallest rug in the Oakland apartment—a haven Linn was none too sure of seeing again—would overlap it. She watched Mike tow it upstream under the overhang of brush, straining and staggering with the line across his shoulder. He disappeared; but this time the wait was brief. She heard him before she saw him, a crackling warwhoop, then he and the raft shot into view, Mike poling, raft lunging down and crossriver toward their bar.

She wanted to help, she scurried down from the hut, Mike's yell and his violently flagging pole disregarded. Knee-deep in the river her ankles buckled and a saber stroke of wild water clipped her feet from under her. She was down, wallowing, the bar racing past her. A log end swam into her bleared vision and she embraced it, strangling and blowing. Seconds later the raft grounded and she wobbled upright and out of the Maxada.

She was prepared for Mike to blast her, ready to fishwife him should he dare. But he only said amiably and with a naïve pride, "What do you think of her, Linny?"

"Not precisely the Queen Elizabeth," she answered him crossly, tailing onto the line behind him. They worked the raft along the bar to beach its snout with a heave and a haul. Mike tied the rope to a freshet-scoured root, and they squished their way together to Halsted's rain break.

"Hi, pop. How we doing?"

"I want a drink." They had stopped testing his wrists and forehead. Solicitude annoyed him; and the dry burning was an established state, unchanging.

Temperature around a hundred and four, Mike judged. He wasn't sure they should have changed that original sterile dressing from the aircraft's aid kit, and this was a poor place for a checkup. Better now, if the Lord vouchsafed them swift passage, to tide through till Doctor Russell at Kinross hospital could move in with saw and hatchet.

He was convinced Halsted would lose the foot at least; but he found himself hopeful, if not fully confident, the raft built and the river waiting.

"I need a drink," Halsted repeated in the querulous old man's voice that emerged more frequently. "Boat must be christened too. No luck if we don't, son."

"As you say, Morg." He left the drink to Linn. Wetness was their portion in life; still, no need to pack more water than need be. Mike sat to unlace his boots and wring out the heavy gray white-topped socks that his season had reduced to spats. Perhaps Ves Jones with his glove-fitting cruisers and greased feet had the right notion.

"Shall we name her for Angela?" he asked Halsted.

Linn said, "Angela's been honored sufficiently." She straightened away from their gear with mug and bottle. "I didn't put in for a mountain, Mike, but I do feel something is due me."

Smiling, she marched down to the beached raft. A quiet girl, Mike thought, except when the Irish inherited from her mother knocked sparks from the placid Swede. But still, not quite the sedate little creature who had talked the shock of a plane crash out of her system so gravely in a meadow an age ago. Detachedly, he noted that the made-over dress pants had lost their jaunty peak, the seat now hanging in a jowl or fold. They were plentifully ripped, and her moccasins were falling apart once more.

Linn tipped a sparing libation on the raft's nose.

"I christen thee Linnea A. Halsted," she pronounced loud and clear; and turned and started up to them over the skull-white stones with mug and bottle.

She had a way of shaking back her sandy-brown hair, a swift and graceful toss. She was small, and less sturdy-seeming than when the sports plane had dropped her, but by no means defeated. They were a tough breed, these Minnesota Swedes and Swenska-Irishers—they wore well, they grew on a man.

Hers was a dauntless, even a raffish air. The soaking had turned her woman again, given her thighs and breasts. Mike watched her, feeling his throat tighten and his pulse beat with a stroke that even Morgan Halsted, dull and enduring, must hear. He knew a lot too well who came up from the wilderness.

It had been a light love, that other. He knew how light, now. Savagely he told himself, *You're bushed, you're stakey, you've been in too long.*

But he knew, he knew. And this was stark misfortune, uncourted, utterly unwelcome. He had no intention of letting it become catastrophe.

"Modest, aren't we?" he mocked against that tightness in his throat. "What would the 'A' stand for? Is it Linnea Andrea?"

"Autumn." The changeable eyes smiled at him. She was a drowned rat of a girl, but even with all make-up washed away, not plain. Her mouth, he thought, had a lovely shape. "My mother's name. I like it and I wish people would call me by it."

"A nice name," Mike agreed. He had in this world six hundred dollars in free gold, an eight-claim nickel-platinum spread of doubtful value over by Mara, and the prospect, also shaky, of a five-hundred-dollar college scholarship. Even if another man's ring weren't on Linnea Autumn Halsted's finger, this girl was not for him. "Very nice," he said with the ache in his throat, "but we're late to change horses, Linny."

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THE VERY
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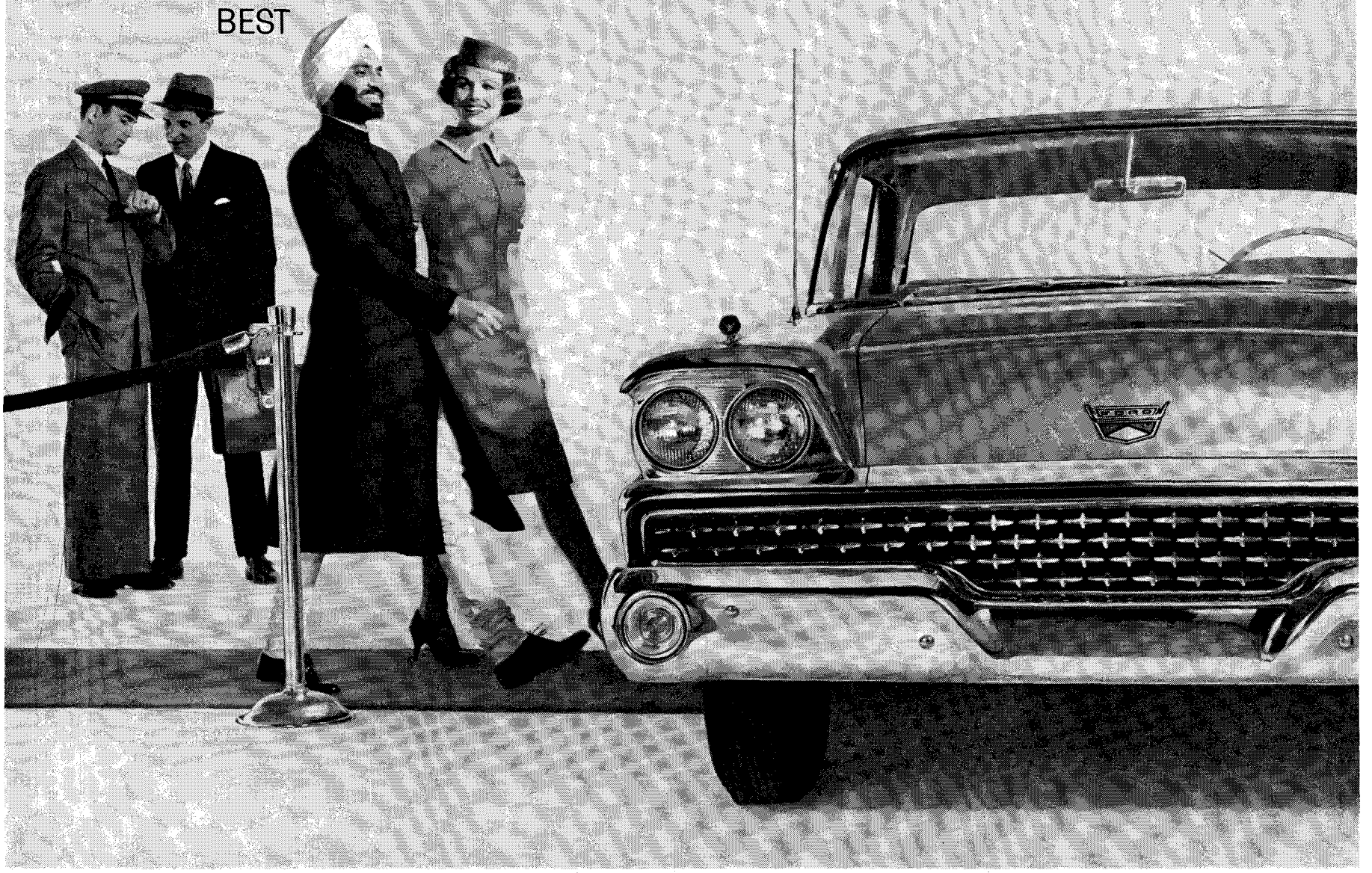

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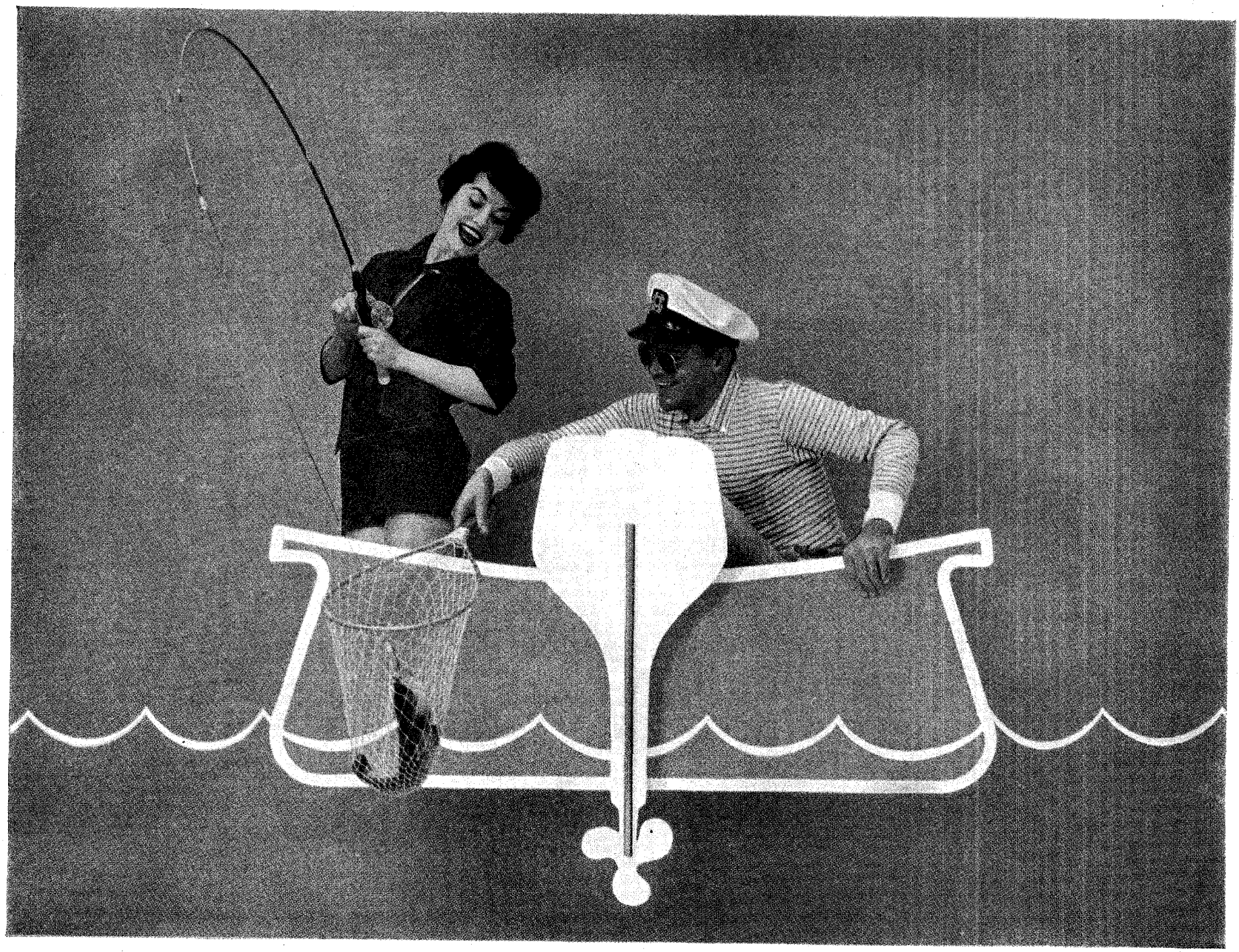

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Crazy—over five million Americans are just crazy about outboard motors. Even Arizona, land of the cactus, is buying about three thousand a year.

It's spectacular, this boating boom—power boating once for millionaires is now for the millions. Today's outboard motors range from about 3½ horsepower to over 50! They're fast. They're quiet. Gas or diesel. With or without power steering. Wonderfully dependable and—to "old-timers" who remember the rope-pulling act of only ten years ago—they're unbelievably easy to operate.

Republic Steel furnishes cold finished bars of carbon or alloy or stainless steels for the whirling innards of these newest tamers of Neptune.

A social change, such as this nationwide enjoyment of boating, sweeps over us Americans and we tend to plunge into it heartily but without much question as to why we of all peoples have this privilege. The businessmen who manage outboard motor companies make this new pleasure possible. The industry required financing to be built up—in advance, at a risk. The products had to be brought down in price and public appetite awakened to the new pleasure. Probably not many people think of businessmen as awakeners of new appetites for fun, but here's certainly a wonderful example.

REPUBLIC STEEL

Cleveland 1, Ohio

World's Widest Range of Standard Steels and Steel Products

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Trail Trap (Continued from Page 31)

From the night outside, they could hear his horse in a frenzied gallop.

They took Shelby's father back into a storeroom and laid him on a cot. The storekeeper dressed the wound. He was an old friend, and his fingers were deft and gentle. "Well, Stearns," he said at last. "You're going to be bedfast for about two weeks."

"We're moving three thousand cows," said Shelby's father. "Up in Kansas they might come to upward of sixty thousand dollars. And I'm the trail boss."

"You was the trail boss," said the storekeeper. "Now you're just a sorry ole checker player."

"Charley," said Shelby's father. Mr. Fales stepped forward.

He was a small man, middle-aged, stern and decisive. Shelby's ranch was the big owner in the drive, owning about a third of the herd. Mr. Fales' cows were few, but magnificent. The great bulk of the herd was owned by a hodgepodge of neighbors and kin, small ranchers. Mr. Fales, a neighbor, was the only other owner along on the drive.

"Ride back to camp and get Picketwire and Yaqui," said Shelby's father, closing his eyes. These were the most reliable and mature men among the crew. Mr. Fales nodded and left.

"Well, son," said the storekeeper affectionately. "Looks like you're suddenly a trail boss. Can you handle it?"

"Yes, sir," said Shelby softly. "I can handle it."

An hour later Mr. Fales returned with Yaqui and Picketwire. Smoldering and silent, they gathered about the cot.

Shelby's father, his face drawn with pain, took from his blouse a wallet knotted with beeswaxed string. This wallet, Shelby knew, contained the miscellany of papers which legalized the drive: bills of sale, powers of attorney, assignments of interest.

He handed the wallet to Mr. Fales. "Boys," he said, "Charley Fales is your new boss. I'd like to give you Shelby, but I daren't. Shelby's a good man, and we all know it, but he just isn't trail-seasoned. Too many folks at home, poor folks, are depending on us. The worst is yet to come, and those cows got to be delivered."

"They'll be delivered," said Mr. Fales grimly.

"One thing more, Charley," said Shelby's father. "You've been drawing hand's wage, thirty dollars. Now you draw boss wages, one hundred dollars."

"Not me," rasped Mr. Fales. "I ain't no money grabber. But thank you kindly."

As they left the room, Shelby said, "Good-by, dad."

His father smiled. "Just do what Mr. Fales says, and everything will be all right."

The herd crept northward. The crew flinched a little beneath their new boss, but accepted him. He was a hard driver, hard on others, hard on himself. In the choking dust of the prairie he seemed a man alone, dedicated, tireless, obsessed. One day, riding with Picketwire, Shelby said, "He'll get the herd through all right, and in good shape."

"But will he get me through, and in good shape?" said Picketwire. "I ain't worth no twenty dollars at the chutes, and I think he knows it."

Working, always mercilessly working, they crossed the Red, passed through Comanche country, through the shadowy menace of white renegades. The parched miles unrolled behind them; Mr. Fales grew harsher, more decisive, more efficient. Then it came, the first sign of disaster.

At sunset one evening a man in a buckboard drove into camp. He was withered and garbed in the clothes of a small rancher headed for town. He was bound for the Santa Fe Railway just as they were, it turned out, and he was excited and happy. He was going to the railroad to buy a starter herd.

"My wife's brother has an office job in the stockyards in Chicago," he said. "There's a panic setting in, he writes, and it's going to be worse than the panic of 'Seventy-three. The cattle market is already beginning to collapse, and she's due to really bust come any day. Nothing can stop her. Cows will be piling up at the steel, and nobody wanting them. A fellow can pick up a top-grade starter herd for the price of their hides. I'm sorry for folks like you all, naturally, but these things happen."

Mr. Fales looked faintly amused.

When their visitor had departed, Yaqui said, "Whoof!"

"The things a man will believe," said Mr. Fales scornfully.

Then, three days later, they ran into the speculator.

The herd was still two rough weeks south of the railroad. Just ahead, about twenty miles, was the first real town, a notorious hellhole named Tuckerville. Shelby was working swing, and Mr. Fales was with him, when the speculator rode out of a cedar brake and joined them. He danced his horse to a stop, introduced himself as Mr. Rhodes and stated his business.

He was gaunt, travel-worn and heavily armed. It would be his custom to go heavily armed, Shelby knew, because at times he would carry large sums in gold. His money at the moment, though, would probably be in a saloon or bank in Tuckerville. These speculators, Shelby had heard, fanned down from the railroad, sometimes at great distances, and tried to buy trail herds for cash. They gambled on their knowledge of the markets, and were experts in finance. "I'm selling these cows at the railroad," said Mr. Fales arrogantly. "And at the railroad only."

"Then I won't waste your time," said Mr. Rhodes. "I'll just get along to Tuckerville."

"What kind of a price did you have in mind?" said Shelby curiously. "If you don't object to saying?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Rhodes. "The going price at the railroad, the last I heard, was seven dollars a head. But these look to be special fine, and I'm willing to take a chance, so I'll offer ten."

Shelby was stunned. A speculator would cheat you, but he wouldn't lie to you. The railroad's price, seven, came to twenty-one thousand. Mr. Rhodes' came to a little more, thirty thousand. But where had that hoped-for twenty dollars a head—that sixty thousand dollars—gone?

Mr. Fales looked numb and shocked. From a man of stone he crumbled to a man of sand. "We heard there was a panic," he mumbled. "We heard it, but we didn't believe it."

"It's no panic," said Mr. Rhodes. "Money is my business, and if there was a panic, I'd know about it. And I certainly wouldn't be buying. It's just a fluctuation. A bad one, I grant you, but it'll straighten out."

"How soon?" asked Shelby.

"Longer than you can afford to wait, I'm afraid," said Mr. Rhodes. He nodded formally, wheeled his mount and loped away.

"You heard him," said Mr. Fales, moistening his lips. "Who knows the most about the market, him or that suet-headed rancher in the buckboard? It's going to straighten itself out. We'll speed up, and we'll make it. We got nothing to worry about."

This sounded so muddled to Shelby, he didn't bother to answer.

That was what Mr. Fales had said then. Next morning he had something different to say. Red-eyed, looking like he'd had a sleepless night, he made an announcement. "Shelby and Picketwire are riding into Tuckerville with me. Yaqui, you hold the herd right here for a couple of days."

After a moment of silence Shelby said, "You're selling to Mr. Rhodes."

"I'm doing the best as I see it," said Mr. Fales. "I don't expect no thanks, but I ain't in no condition for no argument either."

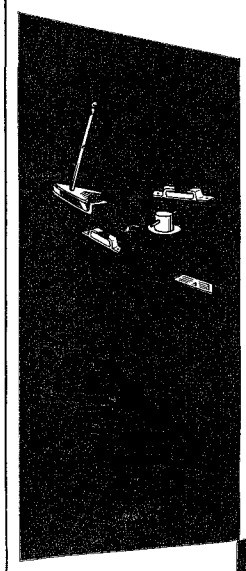
Shelby had scarcely been in Tuckerville ten minutes when he met the girl.

"Oh, good heavens, no!—these belonged to my first husband."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AND LOTS MORE FOR WATER FUN

from Republic Steel



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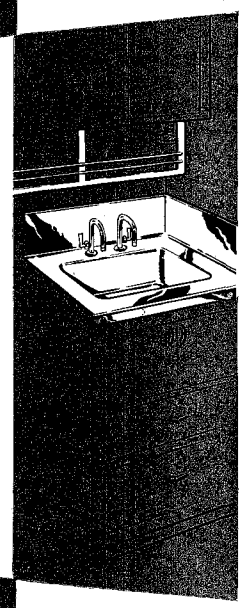
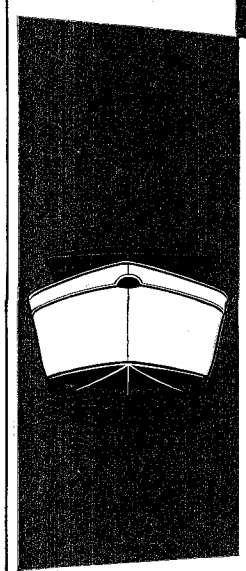
Republic doesn't make the fittings, but does make corrosion-resisting titanium and stainless steel available in many forms for those who produce carefree fittings that laugh off the attacks of salt water.

STAINLESS STEEL FOR GALLEYS

Some of the glistening galleys of today's cruisers, even on relatively small boats, are enough to make any housewife drool. Unless, of course, she's been smart enough to install a stainless sink and other stainless, carefree, easiest-to-clean appliances in her home.





HIGH STRENGTH STEEL FOR HULLS

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She looked beautiful to him; of course, she would look beautiful to anybody, but he was so tired and worried he hardly paid her any heed.

The three of them—Mr. Fales, Picketwire and Shelby—reached town about nine that night. Sooty shadows swathed the sheet-iron shanties and false-fronted stores of Main Street, and watery lamplight from grimy windows mottled their wiry mounts. The place looked as mean as its reputation. There was a feeling about it, a feeling of utter lawlessness. Picketwire took the horses to the livery stable, Mr. Fales set out to inquire for Mr. Rhodes, and Shelby looked up a hotel for lodgings.

Midway down the first block, tilted letters on a blank door said, HOTEL. He entered, climbed dark steps and came out in a dim cubbyhole. A girl sat by a desk, doing sums with slate and slate pencil. She was about his age, and there was a cloud of loveliness about her. Clearing his throat, he said, "Is this a hotel lobby?"

She bridled, gave him a hard look, and said, "In my opinion, yes."

"I got a couple of friends coming along later," he said politely. "I'd like to hire three beds."

He noticed her shoes; they were frayed. Patches of tin had been tacked to the floor, to keep out rats. There was a feeling of poverty about the place, of stubbornness and courage and struggle.

"Three rooms will be three dollars," she said, and took a key from a board. He paid her. Clumsily he signed a register.

They went down a narrow hall. A door was open and the room lighted, and as they passed, he glanced in. He saw a little room like a horse stall, an iron bed, a washstand with a pair of gloves on it and a shuck-bottomed chair. She said disapprovingly, "Number Five is down on Main Street somewhere, having supper. He was drunk when he left, but that is no excuse to leave a lamp burning. Burning lamps are dangerous."

"And expensive," said Shelby, trying to be sympathetic.

She bridled again and gave him another hard look.

His room was Number Nine. She entered, lighted a lamp, and he followed her inside. It was exactly like Number Five.

Standing there by her side, idly remembering Number Five, he suddenly went ice cold. In his mind's eye he saw the washstand, and something he had scarcely noticed at the moment—the gloves. They were gauntlets, and their cuffs were ornamented in nailheads in a pattern of interlacing diamonds. They were the gauntlets of the gunman who had shot down his father in Chapman's Store. It was an instant before he could speak.

"Who is the man in Number Five?" he asked.

"I don't know. He's been too ugly and drunk to sign the register."

"Does he wear a cameo pin on his hatband?"

"Yes."

"Could you let me know when he comes in? If it isn't too much trouble? I've got a little private business with him."

Then smoothly, because she was too interested, he changed the subject. He learned that her uncle was the proprietor, but that he was out in the country with a sick kinsman. He learned her name was Cynthia Sperry.

She had been gone for some time, and he was sitting on the edge of his bed, thinking of his wounded father, when Mr. Fales and Picketwire came into the room.

"I found Rhodes, all right," said Mr. Fales. "He was watching faro in a skunky little saloon called The Shamrock. We got our deal set up. He tried to whip me down to twenty-five thousand, but I held him to his thirty. He keeps his money in The Shamrock safe. We meet there tomorrow at ten, in the back room, and pass money and papers."

"I didn't hear nothing about any panic," said Picketwire. "The market is a little unsteady, but they say it gits that way sometimes. I asked some keerful questions."

"Of who did you ask 'em?" said Mr. Fales.

"Of fellers I met on the street, loafers and such. Who else?"

"You're doing the wrong thing, Mr. Fales," said Shelby.

"There comes times," said Mr. Fales calmly, "when a man don't have nothing in the world to fall back on but his judgment. If my judgment said run those cows into a gulch and dynamite them, I'd do it. It tells me to sell them for thirty thousand, and quick."

Then, in his velvet voice, Shelby told them about the gauntlets in Room Five. There was a moment of appalled silence.

"What are we going to do about it?" asked Picketwire.

"You're not going to do anything," said Shelby. "I'm going to. I'm going to face him. He can't go around shooting down decent people no-show, like he did in Chapman's Store."

"You saw him in action," said Mr. Fales tonelessly. "But you ain't old enough or been around enough to know what you really saw. They ain't many better."

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"That can't be helped," said Shelby.

"Back in Texas," said Mr. Fales, "your nearest neighbor is a old widow named Mrs. Hackett. She sent along twenty-two cows. Last winter the only sugar she had in her house was some molasses she boiled down from pumpkins. You know that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ordinarily, I'd say if you wanted to get yourself killed, that was your affair. But I won't have no trouble with the law, nor anybody else, until I get those cows sold. What was the last thing your daddy told you?"

"To do as you say."

"Then simmer down."

There was a knock on the door. Shelby opened it. Miss Sperry was standing on the threshold.

"Did you see the man in Room Five?" she asked.

"No," said Shelby. "When?"

"About a half an hour ago. He came in and I told him you wanted to see him. He looked in the register, to get your name straight, then came back here, down the hall. I just noticed his saddlebags and things are gone from his room, though. It looks like he's gone without telling me. Is everything all right?"

"You bet everything's all right," said Picketwire. "That's the best news I've heard for a long time. Thank you, ma'am."

When she had left, Mr. Fales said, "By now he's really long gone. But it wasn't you he was afraid of, boy, it was of our whole crew. Maybe our luck is changing. Let's go to bed."

Next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Fales explained his plan. Usually a cattle sale was just a cattle sale, money and papers being exchanged, but now—with the big moment at hand—he was as nervous as a cat. Mr. Rhodes, it seemed, had dropped a word of warning; a casual warning that might mean nothing at all, or might mean last-minute disaster. No matter how hard you tried, Mr. Rhodes had told Mr. Fales, you weren't going to keep the sale quiet. The money was coming out of The Shamrock safe, and the proprietor would have to open the safe himself, and there it was out. He might tell anybody, and Tuckerville was crawling with human wolves just slavering for such information. It was one thing getting the money in your hands, said Mr. Fales to Shelby and Picketwire, and another getting out of town with it. So he had worked out a foolproof plan to baffle any robbers.

It was a pretty good plan at that, Shelby and Picketwire decided. This was the way they would work it. Mr. Fales, of course, as trail boss, would be the marked man. He would buy a new valise, and enter The Shamrock through the front door. Shelby and Picketwire would be in the alley behind The Shamrock, waiting. In the back room, Mr. Fales would receive the money from Mr. Rhodes; he would put it not in the valise but in a grain bag he would be carrying under his coat. He would take the grain bag to the back door and hand it to Shelby; Shelby and Picketwire would then ride like hell for camp.

In the meantime, Mr. Fales would just sit there in the back room of the saloon and hold Mr. Rhodes in idle conversation. For a half hour, say. Mr. Rhodes seemed perfectly trustworthy, but you couldn't afford to take a chance, and this would keep Mr. Rhodes himself from any mischief. When Mr. Fales left the Shamrock, he would leave by the front door, and from then on anyone who wanted that empty valise could have it.

Up until now, Shelby had thought that ranching itself was just about the roughest punishment that mortal man could take—sleet, plague, rustlers, drought; the business of bringing a calf to good beef. But now this new world, the world of the trail, almost had him reeling—gunmen, speculators, panics, robbers. Now, as they sat in Mr. Fales' room in the hotel, he said as much.

"We've had our troubles," said Mr. Fales, sweating a little, showing signs of strain. "But we'll handle 'em like I used to handle corn when I was a boy back in Illinois. We just shucked one ear at a time."

He got up and left the room, and Picketwire, a little later, followed. Shelby waited about ten minutes, according to the plan, and also left.

Miss Cynthia Sperry was at her desk in the lobby, sorting buttons. The little cubbyhole was windowless and dim, and she worked in a wisp of candlelight. *She spends most of her life here, shut up in this little box*, Shelby thought. *Once, just once, she should see the swales and sage bowls and rich bottomlands of my father's ranch.* As he passed her he smiled gravely, and she smiled as gravely in return.

Impulsively, apropos of nothing, he said, "Do you like calves?"

"We've never kept one," she said. "But I'm attracted to their general appearance."

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About the hardest thing for elderly people to raise in a garden is themselves.

AL SPONG

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"Is that so?" he said warmly. "Well, so am I, and always have been. To feed a sick calf, you get it warm and break a raw egg in its mouth. You want to know something? I've wondered and wondered why that wouldn't work on babies?"

"No," she said firmly. "I don't think it would work on babies."

He went down the stairs and out onto Main Street. He was embarrassed and wondered what had come over him, talking to a perfect stranger about such personal things.

A half block down Main Street he turned into an alley. Behind him, at a rack before a store, were the horses, his sorrel and Picketwire's black, saddled and ready to go. His big nickel watch on its leather thong said one minute to ten. After a dozen yards, he turned once more, left, into a narrow passage, and came out into a weedy courtyard. All about him were the backs of shops and offices, ramshackle and sun-scorched, making a little quadrangle. Picketwire stood just within the passage mouth, and joined him silently as he passed.

On the far side of the court was a drab two-storied building with a rickety outside staircase angling upward across it. Beneath the staircase were two doors, one of raw pine, one spick-and-span with glossy green paint. The pine door, they knew, led into an empty storeroom; the green door was the back door of The Shamrock, and this was their station. They took up their position under the overhang of the staircase and waited. Shelby watched the door, and Picketwire watched the passage mouth.

Ten minutes went by, then ten more. There was nothing but the searing sun, and the swarming flies, and the tinkle of a distant anvil.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Fales appeared, smiling. Under his breath he said, "He's one hard trader. He tried to belt me down, but I held him to his offer. Tell the boys at camp he'll be sending out his own crew tomorrow to take over."

He thrust the bulky grain bag into Shelby's hand. "Now git!" He withdrew, and the door closed.

Almost instantly the pine door swung inward, and a man stood in the opening, with a Colt forty-five in his fist.

He was a withered man, and they recognized him instantly. The man back on the trail, the man in the buckboard. He'd looked excited and foolish then; but he didn't look that way now, he looked vicious and professional.

"I kill when I have to," he said tonelessly. "Now unbuckle them gunbelts and toss them yonder. . . . Right. Now hand me that bag. . . . Right. Now turn around."

They faced about, with their backs to him. They heard the door shut, and a bolt being slammed. Shelby vaulted for his weapon. Picketwire threw himself against the pine panel, but it was like iron.

"By now he's on Main Street, and on his way," said Shelby, panting.

Picketwire said, "I'm gettin' to loathe and despise that man."

That night, about eleven o'clock, Mr. Fales, Shelby and Picketwire sat in Mr. Fales' room at the hotel. It had been a terrible twelve hours. All day Main Street had been a hive of rumors, and all day posses had pushed out from town like wagon spokes, but nothing whatever had been accomplished. Mr. Fales looked like a man in a nightmare.

"First the herd, and now the money," said Picketwire.

"We'll get it back," said Mr. Fales hoarsely. "There's a law against stealing."

They averted their eyes from him.

"I'm bone tired," said Mr. Fales. "I ain't had a good night's sleep in three weeks, though I figger it makes no difference to nobody."

"Not to me, anyways," said Picketwire. "Let's go, Shelby."

"I ain't blaming you boys for handing it over," said Mr. Fales. "But you didn't even put up a little tussle."

"I didn't want to take no advantage of him," said Picketwire. "It wouldn't have been fair, him weighted down that way with such a big pistol."

With Shelby at his elbow, he left the room. As they walked down the dark hall, Shelby said, "Hold up a minute," and knocked softly on a door. This room, he knew, was Miss Sperry's bedroom. There were rustlings from within, a hinge squeaked, and they could feel her presence in the blackness before them. "It's me," said Shelby. "The buckaroo from Texas. We're going out for a while."

"Did you get your money back?" she asked.

"No," said Picketwire. "But it's only stole, so we ain't worrying."

"What I want to ask you is this," said Shelby. "Could he be staying here, right in this very hotel? I mean Mr. Rhodes."

"Mr. Rhodes, the speculator?"

"You know him?"

"I had him pointed out to me on the street today. No, he's not here. They say he's staying at The Shamrock."

"That's a new one on me," said Shelby. "Bedding in a saloon. I don't think I'd care for that."

"Not *in* the saloon—*above* it. There's a little upstairs room they sometimes rent. You get to it through the alley."

"I hope we didn't wake you up," said Shelby. "Good night, ma'am."

"You sound mighty soft talking and dangerous," she said. "I don't want you to go out and get yourself hurt. This is a bad town. Take care of him, Picketrope."

"Yes, ma'am," said Picketwire. "By setting him a good example."

They went through the lobby, down the stairs and out onto the boardwalk. The town was deserted and mostly dark. They stood for a moment in the black shadows, letting the night coolness touch their cheeks.

"I just got a idee," said Picketwire. "I won't say I got it before you did, but I will say I got it. It's this. Maybe we was took by a swindle—worked by Mr. Rhodes himself and the feller in the buckboard. The feller hits us back on the trail, baits us with a scare of panic and shoos us right into Mr. Rhodes' arms. Then Mr. Rhodes makes us just the right kind of a smart proposition to convince us. We was never supposed to keep the money. It was to be took from us right after, which was did. Did you have something like that in mind?"

"Yes," said Shelby. "And it's my guess, too, that Mr. Rhodes isn't even a genuine speculator. I'm a slow thinker, and it only came to me about eight minutes ago."

"Then that would explain how the robber got away," said Picketwire. "He just waited inside until we were gone, then come out again and went up them outside stairs to Mr. Rhodes' room. He's been there all day. He's there now!"

"Let's hope so," said Shelby. "If we catch them together, they're finished. And if we're right on the rest, they'll be together, they have to be."

They turned down the alley, down the passage and came into the court. The darkness here was utter; it was like being in a well of ink. "I'll get us inside," Shelby said. "Inside, use your own judgment. It's likely to be rough."

They crossed the court, located the staircase and ascended silently to the landing. Their weapons were in their hands. The keyhole threw a pencil of light on Shelby's cartridge belt; from within came the sound of muffled voices. "Now," said Shelby softly, and knocked.

He knocked loud and excitedly. The wood of the door clamored and rattled beneath his knuckles.

The conversation beyond the door stopped instantly. After a pause, Mr. Rhodes called out, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Henry Lawrence," said Shelby. Henry Lawrence was the stableman at the livery barn. "That bay o' your'n is having a monstrous fit, frothing and foaming and smashing her stall. But we don't want to exterminate her without your say-so."

The door swung open.

For an instant things moved with lightning rapidity. The man who opened the door held a pistol at the half-ready, but he was unsuspecting and light blinded, and almost before he could blink, Shelby's gun muzzle was in the hollow of his throat, pressing him inward. He dropped his pistol and splayed his fingers in frantic surrender. Picketwire came past them in a rush and slewed to a stop in the middle of the room, his rusty gun barrel level and eager.

Mr. Rhodes sat on a chair by a kitchen table; the hold-up man sat on the edge of the bed. Neither was armed; both were stupefied. Now, in the lamplight, Shelby got his first good look at the man he had captured. It was the man with the cameo on his hatband, the gunman who had shot down his father.

For a moment the silence was tomblike. In a corner of the room was the grain bag.

Mr. Rhodes' gaunt face was a mask of terror. When he spoke, however, his voice was reasonably steady. He said, "What do you aim to do?"

"I don't know," said Shelby.

From a pocket of his dusty frock coat Mr. Rhodes took the wallet which belonged to Shelby's father, and handed it to Shelby.

Shelby laid it on the table by the lamp, spread out its papers and checked them. He checked them slowly, meticulously, expressionlessly. "The bill of sale, from Mr. Fales to you," he said.

Mr. Rhodes produced a final paper. "That's all," he said. "Now what are you going to do?"

Shelby seemed in a trance. "I'm thinking about my father," he said at last. "I'm wondering if he has gangrene."

When no one spoke, he said to the gunman with the cameo. "This is going to make me sick to my stummick, you unarmed and all, but I got to shoot you in the leg to even it up."

"No," said the gunman, flinching. "No."

To Mr. Rhodes, Picketwire said, "Give me fifty cents."

Mr. Rhodes dug into his trousers and complied.

"Now, Shelby," said Picketwire, when he had stowed the coin in his pocket. "After what we been through, that won't even up nothing. We'll shoot 'em all in the leg, or better yet, both legs."

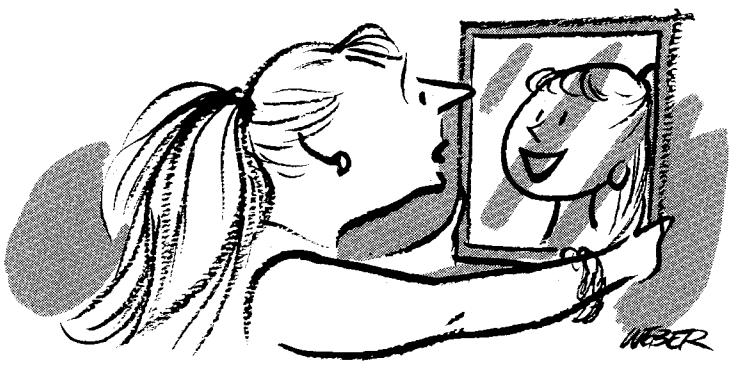
"Boys," said Mr. Rhodes. "Hold steady."

Even the hard-bitten man in the canvas vest showed stark fear.

"We got what we wanted," said Shelby. "I guess we better go."

When they were on Main Street, heading for the hotel, Picketwire said, "Well, we're just back where we started."

(*Continued on Page 78*)



The Perfect Squelch

Middle-aged Mildred constantly yearned to be reassured that she looked young, and her patient husband always obliged. When she suggested that she was getting wrinkles, he soothingly banished her fears. "You look wonderful, dear," he'd say. "You haven't a line in your face." When she worried aloud about other signs of age, he was just as helpful.

Once, when she was to meet her husband at a party, Mildred suddenly decided to wear her hair in a pony tail. Arriving at the gathering before her husband, she kept plaintively hoping that the pony tail didn't make her look too young. "I hope you like it," she kept saying to whoever was near. "Do you think it makes me look too childish?"

Then, spotting her husband, Mildred rushed over, twirled to show her hairdo, and said, "Is it all right? I don't want to look too young. I don't want to look sixteen from the back and forty from the front."

"Don't worry, dear," her husband said automatically, "you don't look sixteen from the back."

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(*Continued from Page 76*) "No," said Shelby. "We're considerably ahead. I bet we make our sixty thousand yet."

After a bit he said, "Trouble with you, Picketwire, is that when you spin a tale you really run hog wild. Shooting three men in six legs."

"They believed it, didn't they?"

"They would have believed anything."

"Truth is, I half believed it myself. Why do you think I hit Mr. Rhodes for that fifty cents? Because if it really come to such a waste of ammunition, I was durned if I was going to pay for my own cartridges."

Shelby shot him an uneasy glance. They climbed the stairs and crossed the lobby. As they went down the hall, Shelby said, "We got our cows back, which was the main thing. This is outlaw country, new country, and we're the strangers here, not them. It would have been long, discouraging, and probably impossible to jail them."

"Unless we'd brought along our own jail, which was shorely an oversight," said Picketwire. "But we aged 'em ten years, and that's about what they'd have got from a judge."

Mr. Fales had been asleep. He was in his drawers. He let them in, lighted a lamp and blinked at them, red-eyed.

"We went to Mr. Rhodes' room and got the wallet back," said Shelby, taking it from his blouse. "It was all a swindle. Mr. Rhodes was there, and the man who shot my father, and the man who robbed us. They didn't give us any argument whatever."

For a moment Mr. Fales looked dazed. Then he smiled slowly, smugly. "I been saying everything would come out all right," he said. He reached for the wallet.

"No," said Shelby. "And furthermore, you're fired."

"Fired?" said Mr. Fales. "A hand can't fire his boss."

"I'm the new boss," said Shelby. "Cut your mangy cows out of the rest of the stuff by noon tomorrow, or send somebody to do it."

Picketwire gaped.

Mr. Fales said tonelessly, "You think I was in on it?"

"I know you was in on it. I think you was the head of it. Here's the way you worked it. You got my father shot, well knowing he'd make you boss. Then come the man in the buckboard to yell panic, Mr. Rhodes to make you an offer and the imitation robbery. The panic part, by the way, was mighty clever. It was to give you an excuse to sell to Mr. Rhodes. It didn't have to be a sensible excuse, just an excuse. When you got back home you could say, 'I might have made a mistake, but I did my best.' You'd look foolish, but not criminal."

"I'll tell you one thing," said Picketwire. "He shore fooled me with Widow Hackett and her pumpkin molasses, and all that homey talk about how to shuck corn."

Mr. Fales said nothing.

"The man with the cameo," said Shelby. "He saw my name in the hotel register and left. But he wasn't supposed to know my name. When he shot my father in Chapman's Store, it was supposed to be a mistake."

After a pause, Mr. Fales said, "Anything else give you the idea I was in on it?"

"The grain bag," said Shelby. "The grain bag proved it. It was there in the corner of the room, still tied. If it had had thirty thousand dollars in it—money that was supposed to be counted in your presence—don't you think the money would have been removed? Picketwire and I were robbed of a dummy package."

"I don't think the law will touch me," sneered Mr. Fales.

"If I was in your place, I wouldn't be worrying about the law," said Shelby. "You own a fine little ranch in Texas. You either got to sell it at sacrifice prices, or live among people who will know you have betrayed them. I'd rather be dead, myself."

Next morning, as Shelby and Picketwire came into the lobby with their saddlebags, Miss Sperry was at her desk. Shelby stared at her. He had never seen anything so lovely. He had a nervous sort of feeling that he had dreamed about her all night, but he couldn't quite remember. Her eyes were misty and miserable, and she said, "In a hotel people always go. The bad ones and the nice ones."

"If you're talking about Mr. Fales," said Shelby, "he looked nice, but he was really one of the bad ones."

"They claim you got your money back or something," she said. "But mostly I'm glad you didn't get hurt. You're more important than money."

They touched their hats in farewell and went down the stairs.

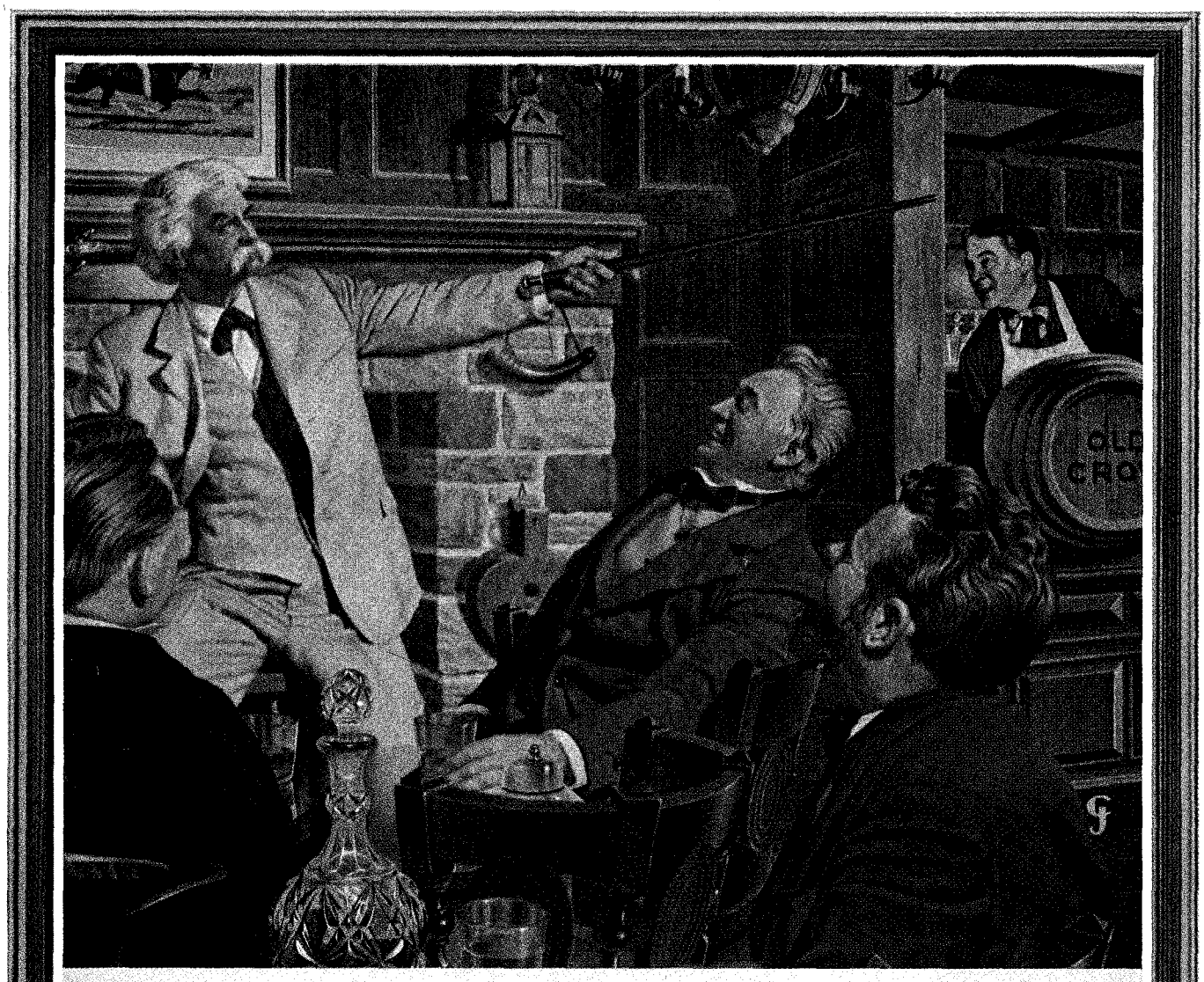
Outside, on the boardwalk, Shelby said suddenly, "Me, more important than money. Now what did she mean by that?"

"Being of a contrary opinion, I haven't no idee," said Picketwire.

"Maybe I'd better find out," said Shelby.

He turned and raced back up the steps.

THE END



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How Often Do You Insult Your Child?

(Continued from Page 27)

children's spirit" allowed them to behave in a way that was humiliating to everyone. ***Overindulgence is, in fact, the ultimate insult, for when you "spoil" a child you are practically saying, "I know you aren't capable of being civilized and considerate and contributing, and I won't expect it of you."***

I don't think children want to be indulged, as a rule. Most of them want very much indeed to be responsible and contributing as fast as they can. We shouldn't force it on them, but each time we fail to respect their efforts we are making it harder for them to grow strong and independent. The human spirit is obviously fairly difficult to break, or none of us would be here at all. But just because the human animal has often survived real and terrible degradation doesn't mean that small consistent doses of it are ever good for anyone. Most of us muddle through, but should we have to spend so much time and energy fighting our fears of inadequacy? How do we know how much human potential is damaged every time a child is unnecessarily insulted or ridiculed? I don't for a minute think life should be easier; quite the contrary. Life gets more difficult every year, and we have got to find ways to make it easier, or at least more possible, for our children to meet those difficult demands.

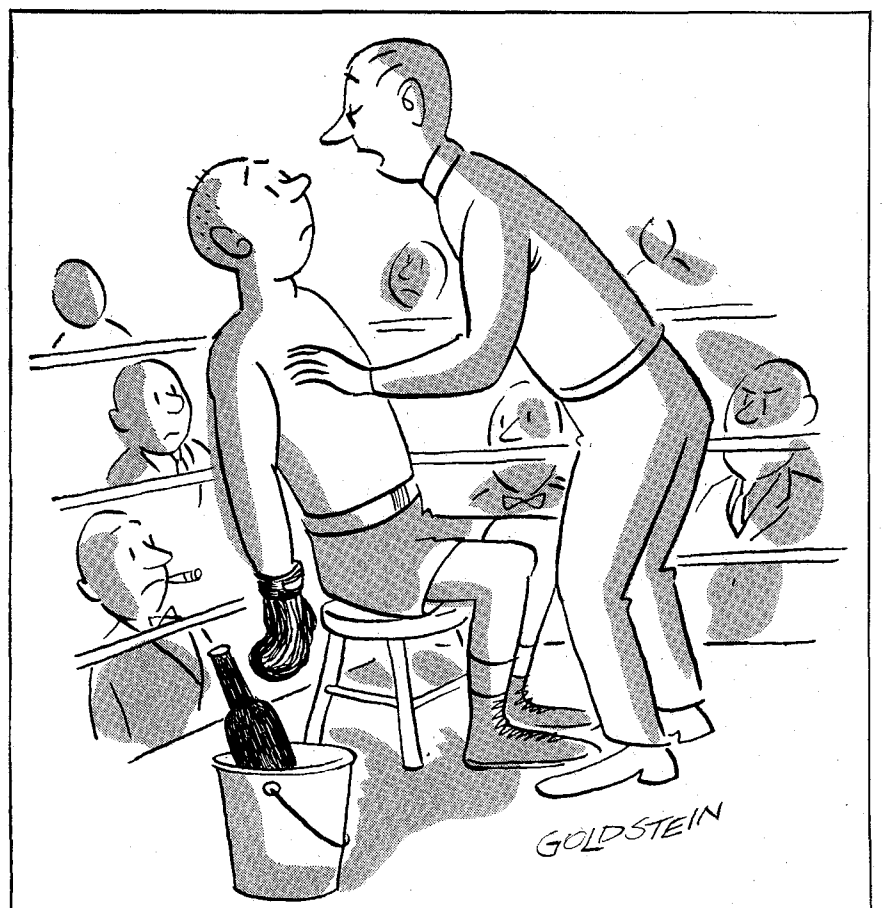
What adult has not stored away somewhere the painful memory of early humiliation at the hands of someone old enough to know better? And what did it ever teach us except not to stick our necks out in a world that needs people with the guts to stick their necks out, and needs them in the worst way.

I still remember with black rage the times an uncle used to pretend to teach me tongue twisters as a "mental exercise," and then roar with laughter when my tongue got twisted as it always inevitably did. Maybe this has nothing to do with the fact that even now my mind occasionally goes blank right in the midst of saying something important—but maybe it has too.

We still know so little about our minds that no one can possibly assess the extent or effect of miserable childhood experience. But a psychiatrist has told me of the childhood memories which haunt two women who cracked up in their forties. One of them cannot forget the time she made a big beautiful tissue-paper bow with loving care and presented it to her mother—who received it with peals of laughter and told all her friends about it, because the bow had been made of toilet paper. The other woman had been something of a beauty, and her mother, an intellectual type who no doubt was proud of her candor, used to say at every pause in the conversation, ***"It's a good thing Eloise is pretty because she is incredibly stupid."*** When Eloise began to lose her beauty, what had she left?

A friend of ours remembers the atmosphere of scorn around his home, when he was only seven or eight, because his grades were not so hot. Finally after a month of agonizing effort he came home with an A in arithmetic. His father said, "How much did your mother help you?" From then on, he says, it just didn't seem worth trying.

Another man who was born when the rest of his brothers and sisters were in their teens was always called the afterthought—affectionately no doubt, but it certainly didn't feel that way to him. Diminished by this, he was further diminished by the insult of overindulgence. He was the "baby," and everyone always rushed to help him with whatever he tried to do. He grew up, he says, convinced that everyone was more capable than he, and though he has great ability and has used it reasonably well, every decision is still agony because he never feels quite capable of making it without help.



"Just fifteen rounds and you can start convalescing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The word "respect" is apt to ring rather coldly on most ears today, because we have been told almost *ad nauseam* that love is the key to growth and happiness. Give a child enough love and he'll grow up a great guy; conversely, if he doesn't, it is because he didn't get enough love. Love is undoubtedly the most essential vitamin—straight, honest love, that is—but love is a broad, fuzzy word, easy to distort. Love is perpetually being used as a cover for demand and possessiveness and fear and indulgence.

When mothers say, "I love my child so much I can't let him out of my sight," or, "I love my little girl too much ever to let her get dirty," . . . "ever to let her pick up vulgar language from those children"; when mothers say, "I can't refuse my child anything because I love him so much," or even, "I love my baby, I don't want him ever to grow up"— what kind of love are they talking about? No mother who had any respect for her child as a human being would be caught dead making any of those remarks.

There is to me a real possibility that juvenile delinquents have been warped far more by lack of respect than by lack of love. What seems clearly missing in juvenile delinquents is pride in their capacity to be contributing members of society. Sure, they say they don't *want* to be, but isn't it because no one has ever given them a chance to feel they could be? Much of the vandalism and violence among teen-agers, the frightening disregard of other people and other people's property, must be simple revenge against a world which ever since they were born has insulted, made mock of and disregarded them. And this can be equally true in any income-tax bracket.

At the opposite end of the human scale from juvenile delinquents is another group of human beings who are just as great a loss to the world even though they don't cause as much trouble—the millions of passive, timid human beings who are simply reacting to what psychiatrists call "the destruction of their ego strength" by retreating. I don't believe many human beings are born timid and passive. I think life does it to them, usually very, very early. A good deal of what social scientists call the domination and emasculation of American men by American women may simply grow out of the fact that little boys are terribly vulnerable in their pride, but not nearly so much their pride in being men as their pride in learning to be capable human beings. And their mothers are the source of their frustration and humiliation not because they try to tame them as men but because they don't think of a small child just learning to walk or talk as someone with a sense of dignity which should be respected.

This raises the question, then, of why we are so much more apt to talk about what life does to men than about what life does to women. I asked a rather eminent woman psychiatrist if she thought little boys were really much more vulnerable than little girls.

"Not a bit," she said wryly; "it just shows more in men. A woman may be a complete failure as a human being, but as long as she can cook and keep the house clean, people think she's doing fine. She may be too timid to have an opinion on anything, too undeveloped to give her husband and children any sort of love and strength, and get a terrific reputation for being modest and unassuming. People may even call her splendidly domestic and feminine. It is ironic that the very qualities which are looked down on in men are generally considered virtues in

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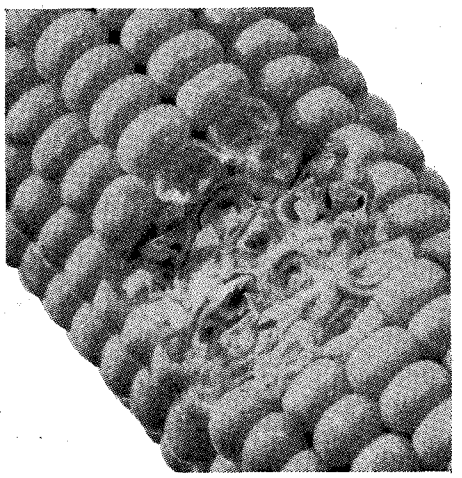

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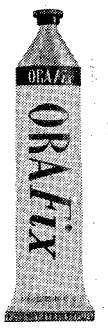

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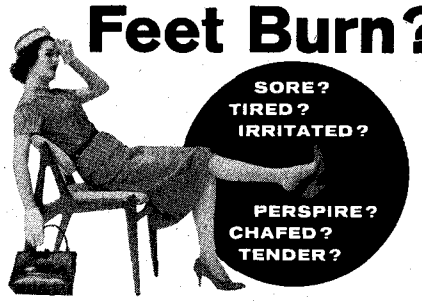

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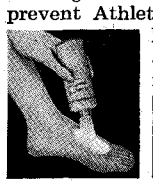

Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

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women—submissiveness, timidity, an excessive urge to conform. But the sort of woman who makes a man happy and rears valuable children is certainly not the timid drudge. She is a woman who has grown up with a lot of pride in being a woman and an awareness of all she has to give and how to give it. A lot of sons are emasculated by mothers who were too humiliated and disregarded in their youth ever to become loving women, but just as many daughters are defeminized—dehumanized is what it is—that way."

How far can we carry this idea, those of us who have small children? Does a baby really notice and mind, for instance, as many psychiatrists seriously say, if its mother has a look of disgust on her face when she changes its diaper? Most adults would consider the idea absurd. But if you look at it from the baby's point of view, could there be a much worse blow than to have the one important person in your life constantly saying, by the expression on her face, "***You are disgusting, you smell.***" I have always been sure that many babies feel insulted when we talk baby talk to them, and my conviction has been reinforced more than once by hearing older children say they can't stand some grownup or other because he or she "is always talking down to us."

Excessive praise can be equally insulting, as a young mother told me she found. She went into raptures when her young son learned to play My Country, 'Tis of Thee on a mouth organ. He looked at her coldly when she had run out of hyperbole and said, "You sound as if you never thought I could do it."

Fathers are a good deal more likely to insult their children by default when they come home too tired to be bothered with them. Obviously fathers have rights. They need rest and relaxation and have earned it. But again, looking at it from the viewpoint of a small boy of two or three or four, it must be a humiliating blow not even to be noticed by this great, splendid person he calls father. It must be still worse to hear father groan, "***Get him out of my way. I've got to have a little peace and quiet,***" especially if—here comes that analogy again—father is petting the dog while he says it, and he often is. Little girls are luckier if they happen to be pretty. Fathers are seldom too tired to make a fuss over their pretty little daughters, but all the little girls who are ugly ducklings not yet grown into swans have it just as rough as the little boys. It must be shriveling for a small girl to hear her father—and hero—say to her mother—and rival—right before her face, "***Can't you do something about that child's hair?***" or "***Can't anything be done to make her look less of a mess?***"

Yet the way to create this atmosphere of pride and respect is certainly not to handle our children with kid gloves. It would be absurd to say, "Never laugh at a child," "Never scold a child," or even "Never spank a child." I am not actually suggesting any radical change at all in the rearing of children—just an important and subtle change in our way of thinking about them. If we think of them from the day they are born as individuals who deserve and need respect, it is bound to rub off on everything we do or say, and the results can show up years later in unexpected places.

Only the most nearly perfect parents will always be sensitive enough to know when they are being insulting, but children usually let us know—if we are sensitive enough to pick it up.

The children—a four- and a five-year-old—of a couple of our friends appeared at their door early one morning and said in hushed voices, "There was a fire in our room, but it's out now." The parents leaped out of bed and back to the children's room. There on the floor was a large charred spot and a blanket with a still-smoking hole.

"Why didn't you call us?" said the parents.

"We did come up when it started, but you were asleep, so we went back and put it out."

Horrified as much by the children's easy assumption that a fire was something they could handle as by the near tragedy, the parents gave their young an unusually severe walloping and made a number of harsh remarks about their lack of judgment in starting the fire. But, as the day wore on, all that remained was pride in their kids' resourcefulness, and when some friends dropped in the mother began to tell about the incident. Their little boy immediately left the room, but she didn't notice it until the little girl sidled up to her.

"Mommy, don't," she whispered urgently.

"Don't what?" she asked.

"Don't, *please* don't tell about that awful time this morning." There was real pain in her voice, and her mother had sense enough to change the subject fast.

"But how stupid can you be?" she said later. "Here we'd walloped them to convince them they weren't as smart as they thought and had really done something dreadful; then I make a good story of it."

I often think of the last spanking our son—now a man—ever got. There never were many because my husband didn't believe in them and neither did I, in theory, but I couldn't always follow my theories. When our son was about five, he had been rather tangibly trying to suppress his small sister by putting a large copper pot on top of her—one we used as a wastebasket—and sitting on it. Hearing her screams, I rushed in, released her and then in a protective rage seized him and began to lay upon him. But fury hampered my co-ordination, and my first blow on his small rear end landed thumb first and gave me a bad sprain. I was uncomfortably aware of it for several swollen weeks afterward, and whenever I was particularly clumsy I thought I detected a slightly smug expression on our son's face. Life is inevitably something of a contest between parents and children, I'm afraid, and it is probably important for the parents to lose occasionally. I suspect that sprain did our son a lot more good than the spanking.

Probably most of the battles with our children don't really have to be fought at all, however. Much of the trouble arises simply because our children are so important to us and such a basic part of our lives. And this paradoxically is why they are often harder to handle understandingly than dogs or cats. We can go out and buy a pet, and if it is too much of a nuisance or life gets too complicated we can sell or give it away. We often do. But we can't buy and sell our children. There they are to cope with until they grow up and leave us. There they are whether we are frustrated or exhausted or angry or depressed, which makes them handy and often inevitable recipients of our frustrations and irritations. No doubt the young mother in the subway was brooding about a dress she couldn't afford or worried about how much she had had to spend for a new coat for the youngster.

Another paradox is that we are less likely to be considerate of a child than of a dog because we expect more of the child. A child is an extension of ourselves. What the world thinks of him often seems the same thing as what the world thinks of us. And it is easy to get so confused that we are more concerned

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about what the world thinks than about how our child feels.

A friend of mine was living in the west during the war while her husband was in the Pacific. Some ten miles out of town there was quite a famous camp for small children run by a large, smiling Swiss woman, and my friend decided that a couple of weeks there would do her seven-year-old son a world of good. She will always wonder, she says, what the camp was really like, though it did emerge later that most parents sent their children there to get rid of them. To her son, at any rate, it appeared to have all the worst features of a concentration camp.

She entered him in camp one day at noon. At eleven the next morning she heard a sound at the door of the house she had rented. There was her seven-year-old, barefoot, in nothing but a pair of jeans, with his toothbrush in his back pocket.

"I ran away," he said in a small voice. "That old woman was too darn mean. She said she'd spank me if I cried for you."

"How did you manage it?" she asked.

"Well, I just walked up the road and hitched a ride back to town."

"In what?"

"Oh, a vegetable truck."

"Didn't they ask you what you were doing out there all alone?"

"I guess they thought I was older," he said, and there was pride in his voice.

Now here came the dilemma which parents so often resolve the wrong way. The mother could see that big breezy Swiss saying American boys just couldn't take discipline. She could see herself labeled a typical lax mother who let her son run out on a situation. "You'll have to go back, of course," she said firmly.

"I won't," said her son.

"I'll take you back right after lunch," she said. Without a word the boy turned and disappeared into his room.

"There! What's so hard about clearing a table?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At lunchtime she went in and found him lying on his bed, his face turned to the wall, a monument of passive resistance. She undoubtedly could have forced him somehow to go back, she says, but she simply couldn't bear to. Feeling deeply ashamed, she called up the camp mistress and said her son had come home and she guessed she'd let him stay. The woman's scorn was all she'd expected, but made her happier about her decision.

When we talked about it recently, I asked if the question of dignity and humiliation had crossed her mind at the time.

"No," she said, "but it really was something for a kid that age to have managed what he did. It took courage and resourcefulness, and secretly I was extremely proud of him. It would have turned victory to defeat to have dragged him back, wouldn't it?"

It would be very bad for children, of course, if they always won. They have to lose sometimes—in fact, often—for this is life, but a defeat can involve mutual respect.

This same friend, a few years later, had to go spend a couple of weeks with an ailing relative, leaving her husband and son to keep bachelor hall, with a day worker to pick up the pieces.

The first thing the boy—by then a large ten—said when she came back was, "Pop threw me downstairs while you were away."

His tone was an odd mixture of boast and accusation, and she looked at him in disbelief, for her husband was a fairly nonviolent man and a strong respecter of children's rights.

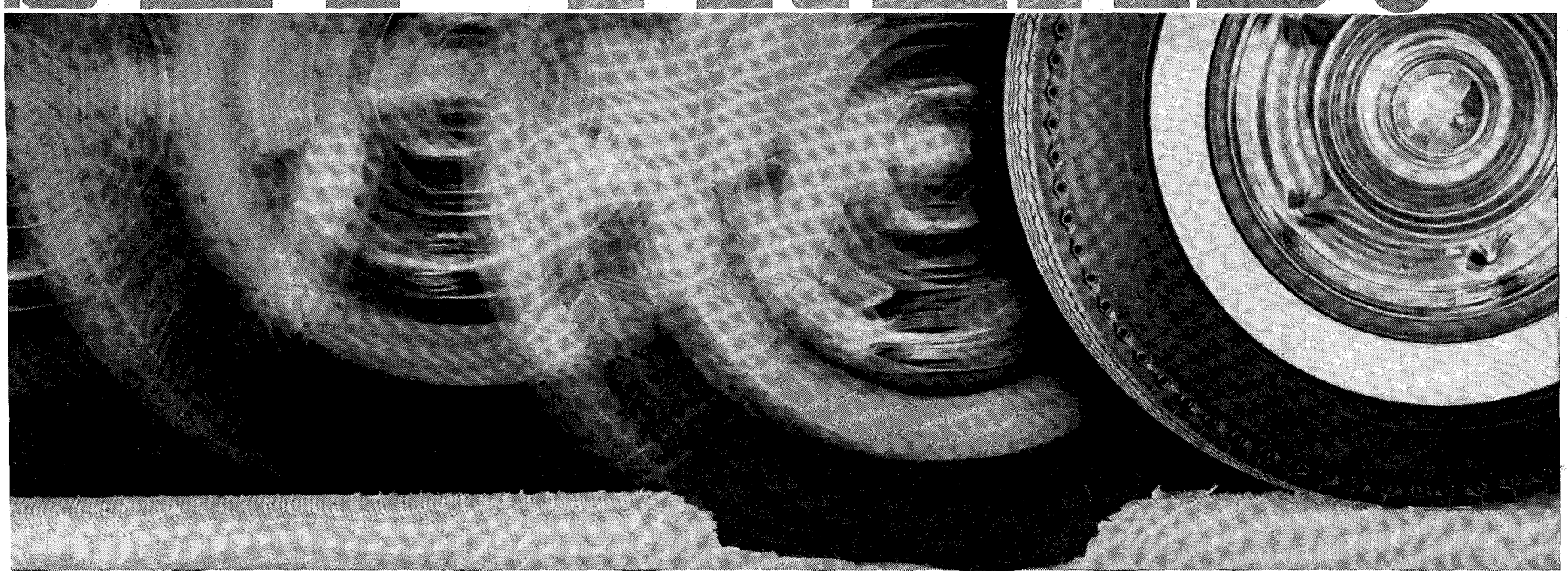
"Whatever happened?" she asked her husband, who was looking a little nervous.

"Well, he was raising a row up in our room—I guess we both were homesick for you—and I told him to get out and go raise the row in his own room. He said, 'Make me.' What else could I do? But 'pushed' is probably more accurate than 'threw.' His room is only four steps down, you know."

No insult there. The kid, trying his father out, obviously felt bested in honorable combat by a man bigger, stronger and more determined than he was. That battle between adult and child had to be fought and won by the adult, and that child, incidentally, who may have sounded like something of a brat, has turned into a remarkably contributing adult.

If the human race is ever going to manage its affairs any better, it is our children who will have to see to it. They are bound to have to cope with plenty of defeat and humiliation in their daily lives after they are grown. We are increasingly aware in this country of what it takes to be an effective adult. There has been something of a campaign lately to help wives, for instance, learn to feed their husbands' egos so they'll feel strong and confident in facing the work of the world. There are even sporadic campaigns to urge husbands to feed their poor wives' faltering egos. But people aren't likely to need all that build-up unless they've been torn down to begin with. Why wait till human beings are grown to give them a break? THE END

JET TREAD!



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The Gashouse Gang and I

(Continued from Page 29)

I was bursting with my own ideas. I longed to try them out, but not with these freewheeling Cardinals.

Furthermore, Mr. Breadon demanded too much from his managers. In the past seven seasons the Cardinals had won four pennants and two world's championships, yet he had fired five managers over that period.

"Thanks just the same," I said. "Maybe in another year ——"

"My dear young man," interrupted Branch Rickey, jabbing a cigar at me. Forty minutes later he was still lecturing me. "O.K.," I weakly agreed and signed on the dotted line.

We played .580 ball the rest of the season, but finished in fifth place. It wasn't until the following year that we made our name as the Gashouse Gang, the team they'll never forget. The saga of the gang has become baseball folklore—part fact, part fiction. Imaginative reporters have added spice to our juicier anecdotes. We have concocted a few ourselves.

Not long ago Leo Durocher, the Gashouse Gang's dandy little shortstop and its sharpest dresser, claimed that he had helped me "break Dizzy Dean's strike during spring training at Daytona Beach" by getting me to ask Mr. Breadon to raise Paul Dean's salary in 1934.

Dizzy's "strike," if any, occurred in June, not March. I had no authority in salary matters, although I did mention Dizzy's demand to Mr. Breadon. We trained in Bradenton, not Daytona Beach. Otherwise the yarn is true.

At the training-camp stage that year many experts were picking us to finish no better than fourth. I disagreed. On the squad were several potential .300 hitters. Our fielding was snappy; our catching was solid. I had four veteran starting pitchers, plus young Dizzy Dean, a twenty-game winner the year before. Apparently the experts' predictions were based on our reputation for being a bunch of hotheads, show-offs and pranksters.

I could do nothing about the hotheads—I was one myself. I didn't mind the show-offs—it was encouraging to me to hear Dizzy Dean boast, "Me 'n' Paul will win fifty games this year. That kid brother of mine's a better pitcher'n me."

I foresaw no possibility, though, of controlling the pranksters. Their leader was Pepper Martin, the Wild Horse of the Osage, who had come out of Oklahoma in store clothes and a cowboy hat, and with the biggest bag of tricks since Thurston the magician.

Pepper organized the famous Mud Cat Band of humpty-dumpty musicians who serenaded fans before exhibition games. He strolled along St. Louis streets wearing a sign, KICK ME HARD! He carried sneeze powder in his pocket. He excelled in the art of giving the hotfoot. He forged the name of the latest Public Enemy No. 1 on hotel registers. When lobby sitting bored him, he would stage a fake brawl with a teammate, who would pretend to smack him in the face. Popcorn would fall out of Pepper's mouth like dislodged teeth; catchup would drip from his lips like blood. Ladies fainted; Pepper was happy.

"We bought it from a junkyard to play a joke on George—now watch."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Dizzy Dean was Pepper's equal at horseplay. Like Martin, he would stop strangers on the street and ask them where the ball park was. Then he would introduce himself as, "The Great Dean, the most fastest pitcher since David hurled the slingshot." His brag was almost true. He had speed to burn, and a variety of hooks and slants. He won thirty games that season, and there's no telling how many more he might have won without a chip on his shoulder.

The chip concerned his brother Paul, who had rolled up twenty-two victories at Columbus in the American Association in 1933. When I watched Paul fire bullets the following March at Bradenton, I was convinced that he was capable of giving us the extra help we needed to topple Bill Terry's world-champion Giants.

"Paul's sure worth more than that three thousand those misers in the front office are payin' him," Dizzy said to me. "How about gettin' him a raise, Frank?"

"Mr. Rickey's the boss on salaries," I replied. "He's over at the hotel right now. Why don't you talk to him yourself?"

Dizzy talked to bellboys, taxi drivers, cops and reporters, but not to Mr. Rickey. Paul's pay became the topic of the day in camp and in the press. Other Cardinals who had been hand-picked from the Rickey farm system began to grumble over their salaries.

To me the grumbling meant the sort of dissatisfaction that could lead to a losing season. Yet gate receipts had been falling off sharply in St. Louis. Few players had received raises. Paul Dean's pay was that of the average untried rookie in those days. I discussed with Mr. Breadon the question of giving him a raise. "I'll think about it," the owner said.

I ordered two long workouts a day. By sundown the grumblers were too tired to wag their tongues. They were in top

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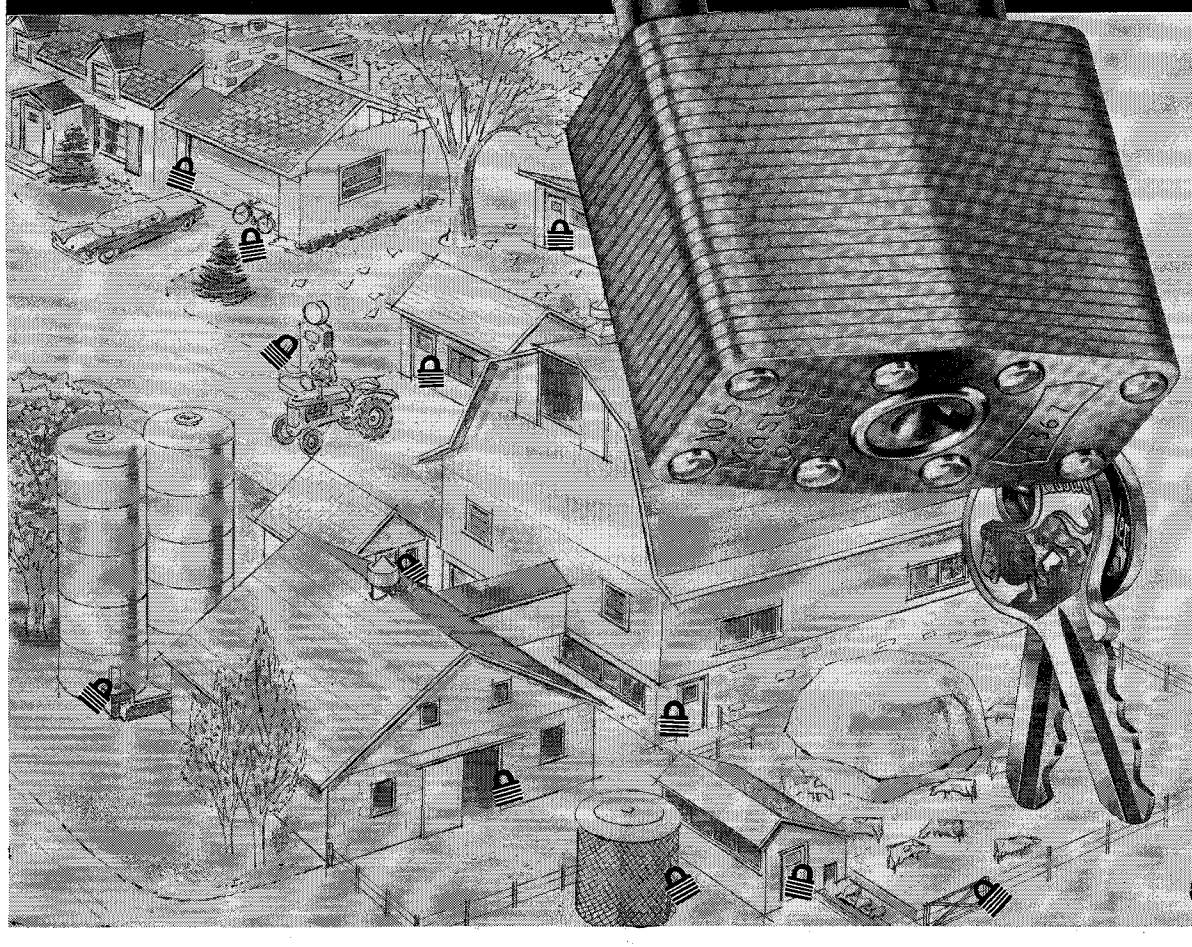

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physical condition when the training season ended. Dizzy held the Pittsburgh Pirates to six hits in the opening game, winning 7–1. Then the roof caved in. We lost five straight.

I called meetings before each game. I delivered Knute Rockne-style pep talks, plus oaths. Pepper and Dizzy interrupted me with wisecracks. I changed my tactics. I talked about World Series checks. I had calm father-and-son chats with individuals.

Suddenly we began to win. By mid-May we were in the first division. Everyone was pounding the ball. Martin was taking extra bases on ordinary singles to the outfield. Dizzy was tossing low-hit games. The others had jelled into a smooth, aggressive team—my kind of team.

My only worry was Paul Dean, who had won but one game, and that in relief. The twenty-year-old boy obviously was overawed by his big brother. He was imitating Dizzy's style on the mound, but he lacked Dizzy's colossal self-confidence.

I asked Paul to share a double porterhouse with me in the dining car of our train after our first eastern tour. "We open with the Giants at home," I told him. "I'm starting you in the third game. They're tough, but smart pitching can lick 'em. Let's analyze their batting form."

I was an infielder, not a pitcher, but I gave a good imitation of a pitching coach during that two-hour dinner. Dizzy's name was never mentioned. Paul listened. As I paid the check, he spoke his only words, "Thanks, Mr. Frisch."

In the first game of the series Dizzy blanked the Giants, 4–0. Our hitting won the second game behind rookie Jim Mooney, 11–2. Then Paul faced Carl Hubbell, master of the screwball, and outlasted King Carl in ten tense innings, 3–2.

I patted myself on the back for being a master psychologist as Paul ripped off three more victories that month. Except for Dizzy, I would have been wildly happy. Morning, noon and night he would ask, "Have you talked to the bosses about poor Paul's pay, Frank?" And morning, noon and night I'd reply, "Phone Mr. Rickey yourself, Diz. Don't be too demanding. Just say what's on your mind."

On May thirtieth we captured first place as Dizzy relieved Paul in a 9–6 win over Cincinnati. Paul received credit for his fifth straight victory; Dizzy had won six in a row. Both boys deserved a rest, and on June first, our next playing date, I told them to take the day off.

The following morning I was astonished by black headlines announcing that the Deans had gone on strike. Dizzy, it was reported, had walked out in sympathy for underpaid Paul, who had walked out in sympathy for Diz.

The truth was that they had taken off their uniforms the preceding afternoon following batting practice—in line with my offer of a holiday—and had sat for a while in the stands. To inquiring newspapermen Dizzy had said, "Me'n Paul are through workin' for that Breadon. He's the straw boss of a chain gang."

Among those who helped disseminate Diz's off-the-cuff remark was James Anthony Collins, otherwise known as the Ripper. He was my first baseman, and he rivaled Mel Ott in the National League home-run derby. He was also the voice of the gang. Rip wanted to be a radio sports commentator or, failing that, a sports columnist.

He was Dizzy's volunteer press agent in the much overrated "strike." Actually, Dizzy reported as usual on June second, started and won his seventh straight. On June fifth Paul took his regular turn, licking the Cubs.

At a clubhouse meeting in New York later that month, I noticed that Dizzy lay on a cot in the trainer's quarters, his arm swathed in hot towels. Trainer Doc Weaver, whose side line was trying to put "the whammy," or jinx, on the opposition for us, had something more important to talk to me about this time. "Diz says he can't start today," he whispered. "He says his arm aches awful."

I announced that Jim Mooney would start, and then after the meeting I called Jess Haines aside. Jess was one of our less colorful players whose names seldom appear in anecdotes of the Gashouse Gang. "You've been pitching for the Cardinals since 1920," I said. "And I know you're a loyal team man. Take Dizzy aside. Tell him he's hurting no one but himself. Talk up the dough he can earn if we finish in the money."

Jess nodded. During batting practice I saw Jess and Dizzy come down the steps of the Polo Grounds clubhouse in center field, Jess' arm about Dizzy's shoulder. They talked earnestly as they slowly crossed the field.

Not long after that Dizzy said to me on the bench, "The arm feels great now, Frank. I'm ready to start today." He started, thanks to Jess Haines, and won.

Then there was Joe Medwick, my muscular left fielder, the best bad-ball hitter in baseball. Joe was adept at slashing unfieldable drives along either foul line, and also at slashing out with bare fists against anyone who rode him. One day, with lean Tex Carleton pitching, Joe muffed a fly ball, and three runs scored. They had words on the bench. They squared off later in the clubhouse, but were separated by teammates.

I didn't see this incipient brawl, nor the wrestling matches between Dizzy and Pepper, who claimed that he was the strongest man in the world. Much later I learned that Pepper had wrenched Dizzy's pitching arm and cut his own cheek in a free-style bout. That day Dizzy won with the aid of Pepper's three-run homer.

However, the team hit a spell of indifferent performance. By July we had slipped to third place behind the Giants and Cubs. My temper grew short. I moaned, cursed and roared.

I was not only the manager—I was also my own second baseman. I was thirty-five, a step slower than in the years when I'd led the league three times in base stealing. I could still hit over .300 and make occasional fancy plays in the field. But my mind was rarely on my own playing. I was too busy flashing signs from the bench to our batters, and from second base to my catchers, who relayed them to pitchers. Sometimes they took the signs, sometimes they didn't.

But in August the ball started to bounce right. We snarled at our opponents—and began to win.

One Saturday a terrific thunderstorm burst upon us at Boston's Braves Field. When play resumed we plunged into mud for sinking liners and slid into bases on our bellies. Our uniforms were caked with goo as the game ended in victory.

In one hour we had to leave for New York, where laundries were closed for the weekend. Butch Yatkeman, our clubhouse attendant, did his best to tidy up the uniforms, but they were still a mess when we strutted onto the field at the Polo Grounds before 55,000 Sunday fans.

Someone in the press box shouted, "The Gashouse Gang! Here they come!" The name appeared on sports pages for the first time the next morning. It has endured through the years. But it isn't really an accurate description of the gang. We were not hoodlums. We were law-abiding citizens who drank nothing stronger than beer, and even helped old ladies across busy streets. Sure, we played it rough on the diamond, but ballplayers were he-men in 1934, and not today's puffballs in Ivy League suits.

On Sunday, August twelfth, we were seven games behind the front-running Giants. We had a double-header with the second-place Cubs, and could go ahead of them by winning it. I led with my aces, the Deans. Paul dropped the opener, 7–2; Dizzy blew the nightcap, 5–3.

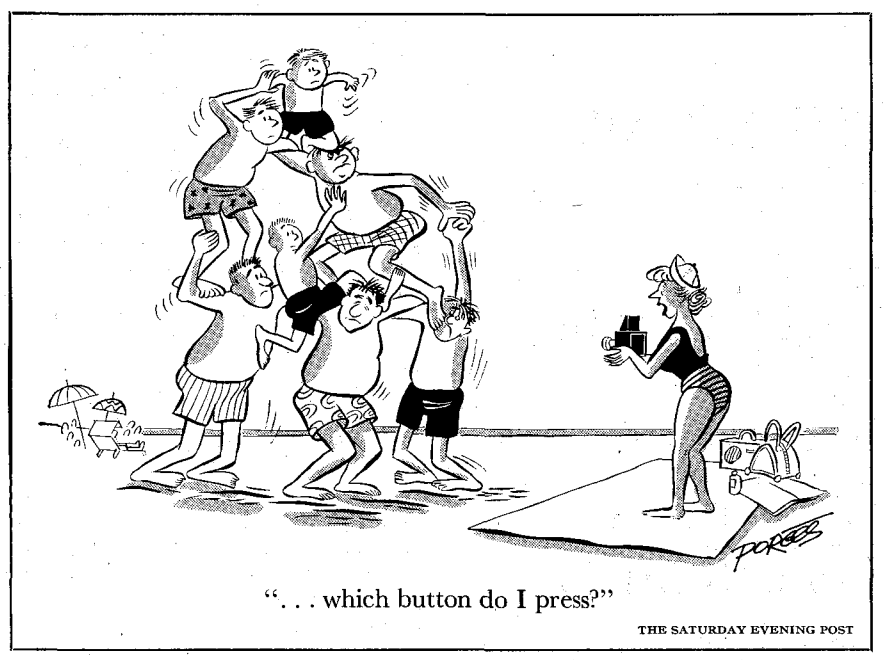
I was in a black mood that evening as I sat on our train going to Detroit, where we were to play a Monday exhibition with the Tigers. Clarence Lloyd opened my compartment door. "The Deans are A.W.O.L.," he said.

I was a tired ballplayer. I was also the manager—and it was time for me to assert my authority over the gang. "Suspend them!" I snapped. "Fine Diz a hundred and Paul fifty. Diz has probably got Paul under lock and key."

Today, as Dizzy Dean entertains fans on TV sports broadcasts, he is partly a humorist, partly a sage baseball man. We are intimate friends, drawn together by common experiences and memories. But that week we were bitter enemies.

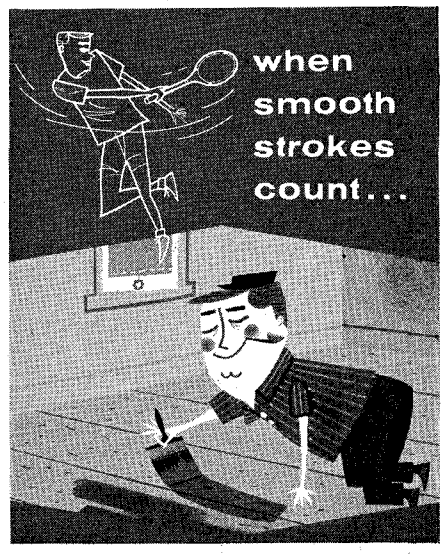
Diz reported at Sportsman's Park on Tuesday, went into a temper and ripped his uniform and that of another player. "Me'n Paul are goin' on a fishin' trip," he told reporters. "That is, if we got any dough left after payin' those fines."

On Wednesday he collected his pay check. It was short thirty-six dollars, the cost of the torn uniforms. "Heck, they could of been mended," he said. "Old Rickey's handy with the needle, ain't he?"



"... which button do I press?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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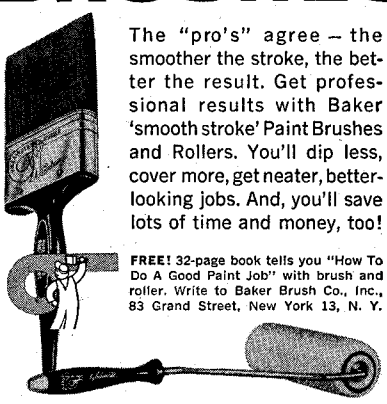

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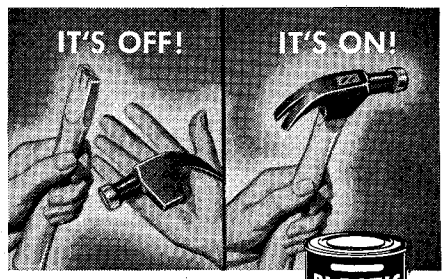

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On Thursday Diz offered to pay Paul's fine. Paul said no. He was in the midst of a sensational rookie season and wanted to pitch. Paul apologized, and I reinstated him, omitting the fine. That afternoon he relieved Dazzy Vance in the second inning and won.

This victory was the Deans' sole contribution to a week which brought us six wins against one loss. Tex Carleton, Wild Bill Hallahan and Bill Walker came through with well-pitched games.

Meanwhile Dizzy had filed an angry protest over his suspension with Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis. On Monday, August twentieth, the former Federal judge presided over the most disorderly hearing of his career. Dizzy spoke of a sinister conspiracy to ruin him and his entire family. He claimed that his brother Elmer had been lured to St. Louis by the promise of a promotional job and had been reduced to hawking peanuts in the grandstand. He said that the Messrs. Breadon and Rickey were skinflints who had charged him $100 for a season's rental of a room in a club official's home when he was a rookie in Houston. As for me, I had forced him to pitch shutouts with an aching arm. The fact that I had already reinstated Paul was proof that I was prejudiced against Dizzy.

Mr. Breadon then enumerated Dizzy's many breaches of discipline. To each, Dean replied, "He lies, judge. The man lies."

For five hours we wrangled. At last the judge handed down his decision, lifting the suspension after ten days, but ruling that it was justified because of Dizzy's missing the train and the general cantankerousness of his behavior.

Dizzy sat stunned for ten minutes. Then he thought of a face-saving statement and hurried to the waiting reporters. "I got what I wanted," he said. "I'm back on the payroll."

I got what I wanted too. Dizzy Dean was under my control at last. I was no longer a tolerant old pal. I was his manager, and the manager of the entire team.

In the days that followed I held my temper when we lost, and crowed louder than anybody when we won. Personal antagonisms vanished. The team was no longer split into cliques. On September first we were in second place, five and a half games behind the Giants.

Two days later Paul Dean was routed in an eight-run Pirate inning in the first game of a double-header, and Dizzy was edged out in the second, 6–5. They took the double beating manfully, Dizzy bounced back with a 2–1 masterpiece over Brooklyn two days later, and the big drive was on.

It was a team effort crowned by the Deans' tireless pitching, but it is only fair to concede that we had our share of luck. For example, before a capacity Polo Grounds crowd on September twelfth I came to bat with the bases full, two out and the Cardinals trailing, 3–2. I still have a clipping which reads:

Frankie Frisch, eyes bright with determination, toed the plate. The Flash slammed a wicked drive to right, scoring two runs and putting his Cards ahead, 4–3.

Applesauce! My eyes ached as I "toed the plate." When I swung, I almost missed the ball. It struck the end of my bat and blooped into short right-center, a lucky hit. But it was enough to win for us.

The second game that day was another thriller between Paul Dean and Carl Hubbell. They battled for eleven innings, pitch for pitch. Night was falling. Finally Pepper Martin, who could hardly see the ball, sliced one over the short right-field wall to give us a 3–1 victory.

In the closing week we finally overhauled the Giants. On the last day we were one game ahead with one to play. We were winding up against the last-place Cincinnati Reds, while the Giants were meeting Brooklyn. The Dodgers had been giving the Giants a lot of trouble, with manager Casey Stengel whipping them into a fighting mood over a quip by New York's Bill Terry, "Is Brooklyn still in the league?"

Dizzy Dean, my reformed bad boy, who had been pitching every other day down the stretch, went to the box for the finale. We made it easy for him to get his thirtieth victory, crashing hits to all parts of Sportsman's Park, while the Giants lost to the Dodgers again at Ebbets Field.

In the clubhouse I was jostled, stepped on, hugged and pummeled. The world reeled. I'd done it! I'd managed the Gashouse Gang to a pennant!

I sank onto a stool before my locker. Dizzy Dean grasped my hand. "Thanks for everything, Frank," he said. "Do I pitch the opener?"

Suddenly I realized that I must lead the gang in a World Series. I had just climbed Mount Everest; now I had to shoot for the moon.

It would be my eighth Series as a player, but my first as a manager. I had as bad a case of stage fright as little Tillie Zilch in her first public-school play. Mickey Cochrane's Detroit Tigers had won the American League pennant in a romp. They'd play the first two games at home. They were relaxed and confident.

We were worn to a frazzle. But we were the Gashouse Gang, as I told the boys before the first game. "Don't start figuring the losers' share," I warned. "We get the big check, or they'll laugh us out of baseball!"

We won, 8–3, that day, although Dizzy Dean was not in the best of form. The terrible Tigers simplified matters for us by committing five errors in the first three innings, giving us three unearned runs.

The great Schoolboy Rowe outpointed Wild Bill Hallahan, 3–2, the next day, so we were all even when the Series moved to St. Louis. Paul Dean was invincible in the third game, but we were routed in the fourth, 10–4. In the early stages of that game I let Dizzy persuade me to use him as a pinch runner, and darned if he didn't get knocked cold by a thrown ball.

Dizzy came out of it with not even a headache. He pitched the very next day, and pitched well, but we failed to solve Tommy Bridges' curve and lost, 3–1.

Back in Detroit for the sixth game we were jeered and hooted. We took it silently, all but Leo Durocher. Leo needled us and stung the Tigers with verbal shafts. He also slammed two singles and a long double, scoring twice himself. He was Paul Dean's margin of victory in a 4–3 squeaker that evened the Series.

That night thousands of Detroiters milled about outside our hotel. They tooted horns, blew whistles, beat drums and shrieked, "Hold 'em, Tigers!" in a deliberate attempt to keep us awake until dawn before the deciding game.

The effect of this all-night demonstration and the incessant partisan roar from the stands the next afternoon was to arouse the Gashouse Gang to a fury. I know how I reacted. I'd lost sixteen pounds since the Series opened, but I felt as young and strong out there as on the day in 1919 when I subwayed from Fordham University to the Polo Grounds to play my first game with the New York Giants.

Dizzy Dean started, of course, and with only one day's rest. It was a scoreless game as the third inning began. Suddenly we had the bases full with none out. This time I did toe the plate, eyes bright with determination. This time I did not bloop a scratchy hit. I met the ball on the fat of my bat and jolted it to the fence. I raced around first and stopped at second to watch three of my gang cross the plate.

In the sixth, with the score 9–0, Joe Medwick rocketed one of his patented triples. Third baseman Marvin Owen leaped high for the relay throw just as Joe slid into the bag. There was no play on Joe, but as Owen came down, their legs became entangled. Owen freed a foot and then brought it down on Joe's leg. Joe, sitting on the ground, kicked out with both feet, then sprang up, fists clenched. That's how it looked to me, anyway, although in the Detroit view, Owen was an innocent victim.

No blows were struck, for umpires and players rushed to the scene. But when the inning ended and Medwick went out to left field, the fans exploded in a rage. For seventeen minutes a shower of pop bottles, fruit, vegetables and eggs, as well as one monkey wrench, rained down from the bleachers in left field.

Judge Landis sat in his field box appalled. Owen, Joe and I were summoned to an impromptu hearing before him.

"Mr. Medwick, did you kick Owen?" he asked.

"You're damned right I did!" Joe confessed.

"Then you're out of the game!"

"Why? Why? Why?" I demanded.

"Do you want this fine young man to be killed, Frisch?"

For once in my life I meekly accepted what I was convinced was an unjust decision.

We won the game, 11–0, and the world championship. I paid off the mortgage on my New Rochelle home with my Series check. Forever after I was to be remembered as the leader of the Gashouse Gang.

Today the old gang is mostly mild, middle-aged and prosperous. It has never disbanded. During the past year I have received letters from every surviving player. From time to time we meet at ball parks or old-timers' reunions—fifteen of us were honored at a special night last month before a Cardinals' game—and we swap tall tales of that glorious 1934 campaign. We repeat the tales to fans old and young, always reminding them that once upon a time baseball was played to the hilt.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

THE ROCKEFELLER NOBODY KNOWS

A Revealing Portrait of the New York Governor

By Stewart Alsop

TONY CURTIS AND HIS STRUGGLE TO STARDOM

ARE YOU A DISTANCE DUMMY?

By H. Allen Smith

IN COLOR:

MY FRIEND JESSE STUART

A Kentucky Mountain Boy's Remarkable Rise to Fame

MOTORCYCLE HILL CLIMB

THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA

THE TEAMSTERS' BOSS CONFOUNDS HIS ENEMIES

By John Bartlow Martin

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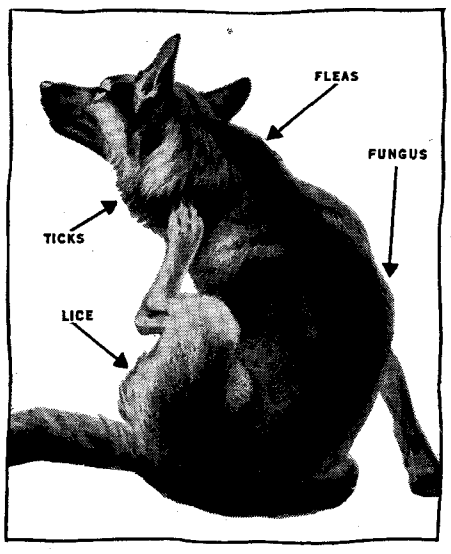

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The Plunging Piper

(Continued from Page 34)

An opening at last to put the question. "How did she seem?" he asked with a croak.

"She seemed to be talking to the law," said Lady Jean, and she went up the big-house steps and turned at the top and looked down at him. "Go to it, Jock," she said. "Don't be a softie. Use shock tactics."

The piper should have been happy to be home, and was, and yet a dark bewitching cloud, no bigger than a woman's slender hand, closed off the beauty of the sun, the day, from Jock McVitie. He made for his father's cottage in the woods. *It's queer,* he thought without modesty, *that every lassie a chap should meet, in Scotland, England, Germany, Japan, that every one of the soft daft craters. . . . Except just one, the only one.* She had not answered his letters for a year, and then she wrote: "Dear Jock, I'm going steady with Constable McKillop. Yours truly, Bella." She did not even write that she hoped they could still be good friends.

The piper growled as he followed the woodland path for home. There, he got a great welcome from dad and mum. Such a welcome was his due: an only son, a prodigal at times, it could not be denied, a son thrice champion in the highland arts. He changed from his uniform, and did full justice to his supper.

Then he said, "I'll take a wee dander to myself."

"The laddie looks fine," his father said. "And his weight'll be up to twenty stone, I'll bet. Not too cheery, though, Maggie, eh?"

"It's yon Bella, Jim. Here's her not worth a hair of our Jock's braw head, and hoity-toity, taken up wi' yon stuck-up policeman. A skelping's what she needs, yon lassie."

The piper's wee dander to himself was in fact a dander to seek yon lassie. He was nervous. He exchanged a few strained words with Mary Beaton, who looked at him with soft daft eyes, and said, "You look just grand, but you don't seem like yourself. What's up then, Jock? You've lost your pep."

The pepless piper went his way, which was to approach unseen a whitewashed cottage by the road. He wanted to have a quiet look at that enchanted place where Bella lived with her father, the shepherd. He would watch a while from snowberry bushes and then he would slip back and go down to the road and march to his destiny. *Shock tactics,* said Lady Jean. The piper sweated in his lair. He waited now. If he could catch one glimpse of his angel first ——

It was then that the piper spied a man's cycle propped against the fence. Whose would that be? Whose so-called duties took him —— The suspicion was soon confirmed, and from the shadows among rhododendrons. First, voices—a deep one, a light one, a ticklish giggle. Then two people. They moved to stand in a sheltered nook, hidden from all except the piper, and the piper was not thirty yards away.

"I'll need to be going about my rounds," said the big policeman, with the raven-haired armful in his arms.

He kissed her and she kissed him back, and, tall girl though she was, she tucked her head below the tall policeman's chin and pressed herself close to him, saying frankly, "I like fine to feel your braw policeman's buttons all against me up and down." She moved away and said, "Ta-ta for now. I've to give the hens a last wee bite."

"At the brig," the monster rumbled, "at gloaming time tomorrow, Bella eh?"

"Och, ay," she said. "Mind you win the caber, Lachy."

"I'll win," he said, straightening his tunic and patting his chest, six-foot-three if he stood an inch. "There's only wee fellas up against me."

"Man, you're braw," she said.

Constable Lachlan McKillop mounted and rode ponderously up the glen. Bella McLean went humming to the house. The piper, light-footed as only a dancer can be, sprang from his hiding place and ran. He took station in the lee of the hen-house. The piper seethed. For three long years he had dreamed of her. For three long years every soft daft lassie had been a poor stopgap imitation Bella.

She came. He sprang. She screamed a muffled scream and dropped her pail. The piper had taken her from behind, his arms below hers, his hands a mask for her eyes and mouth. She struggled, but the piper held her with his mighty strength and, standing on tiptoe in his brogues, he kissed the hollow of her neck. Once he got started, he could not stop. It was like a nice bad habit, kissing that soft place with his faithless angel in his arms reversed.

"Guess who?" squeaked the piper in a put-on voice. His fears had vanished. The piper felt just grand. He moved his palms to allow her to speak.

"Mur-rderer! Beast! Let me go!" she panted.

"It's no mur-rder's in my mind the now," he squeaked, kissing that place; oh, kissing that place. *Not good enough,* he thought. *I'll need to turn her round.* But he awaited an answer in the guessing game.

"I'll report ye! I'll go to the police."

"He's away up the glen where he belongs," the piper squeaked. "Guess who?"

"It's a wee man, I can tell," she said. "It's a wee Tom Thumb." Then her bosom ceased its captive storm against his arms, and she murmured as quietly and gently as the pigeon cooes in the ancient tree, "You dirty wee Jock McVitie. You take your stinking hands off me."

The piper's hands were clean, and his good clean heart was smitten by this murmured hate. He dropped his hands from her. Then, fast as a highland dancer spins, she spun on him and boxed his ears.

He did not nurse his flaming face. He stared at her and she glared at him, her brown eyes black with wrath. She was so beautiful, and she was taller than the piper by an inch, or barely two. He stared up at her, engulfed by all love's pain and sadness. She had always been taller, even ten years ago when first he kissed her, and he thought that he would soon top Bella, but he never did. He grew and grew, but it was sideways.

And now the piper filled his mighty piper's lungs, and let the bellows out. It was a mammoth sigh. "What for did you do that?" he asked her humbly. "It wasn't any harm I meant." Those angry eyes, that heaving blouse, that tiny waist. *She's like the bonniest egg-timer in the world,* he thought, and would have liked to pay the compliment, but did not dare. And then the piper cast down his eyes upon her slimly falling, falling, falling limbs, so different from his own girt main-masts.

"Slim as the roe deer's hocks," the pote piper muttered to himself about her legs. "What for?" he asked again about her furious assault on him.

"What for?" And: "It wasn't any harm you meant. Scarin' my wits clean out, rapin' me like a Sabine wumman."

A Sabine wumman? What would that be, in the good Lord's name? He did not know. There was so much he did not know that Bella, with such cleverness and scholarship, had at her finger tips. But rape he knew. The piper was offended.

"I saw you," he accused her. "I heard ye say about yon dopey bobby's buttons. A lassie who says the like of that to a human elephant like that—it's rape she should be after getting."

Her bonny cheeks, so pink, grew crimson as the peony rose. *Oh, what have I said?* the piper thought. His slow-mounting temper plummeted to remorse. "I ——" he began to apologize.

"He's not a dopey bobby," Bella cried. "He's not a human elephant. He's a decent soul and steady, is Constable McKillop. He doesn't get drunk and fight and ——"

Bella McLean was lost for words, but not for meaning. She referred to the piper's small mistake three years ago when he and the boys had a celebration, and one thing led to a number of things, and they led to a quarrel with his Bella. There are easier loves than to love a policeman who longs to lay charges in country places; and yet, while on duty, the hypocrite, he stops to embrace the shepherd's daughter.

"What was that you said?"

"There go my gardening privileges."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I said he's to be my man," said Bella. The fateful words, she said them softly.

"You're daft," the piper growled. "Ask anybody in the glen."

"It's not anybody in the glen I'm asking. It's me, and I'm the one that Lachy asked,"

"Yon stuck-up lump!" The piper's ears, already hot, were burning. A reddish glow, he saw his lassie through.

"And as for you, you drunken, muscle-bound, wee, lustful bull," she sobbed, and ran from him, her hens forgotten.

The piper stumbled homeward in the gloaming. *I'll teach her to call me drunken, muscle-bound, wee, lustful and a bull. I'll beat him*, he thought. *I'll sweep the board.*

Sure enough, next day the piper swept the board at Glenculver Games. He piped the winning pibroch and the winning march. It was a miracle to hear his music. He danced the winning sword dance and the winning *shiun triubbhas*. It was a miracle to see the lightness of that square-girt man. And then the caber, a great tree trunk that all competitors, including Constable McKillop, had failed to toss. It was the piper's turn.

"Come away then, Jock," the good folk cried; for Jock McVitie, the piper, the dancer, the caber tosser, was as well loved as that officious trouble-seeking constable was heartily disliked by the good folk of the glen.

He spread his stalwart pins. He stooped. He grasped the caber and he heaved. Twenty stone, two hundred and eighty pounds of bone and muscle in a man who did not quite touch five-foot-seven. He did not have too far to raise it, and he raised it: *Too big. I'll never toss it.*

"Come away then, Jock!" the good folk cried.

"You drunken, muscle-bound, wee, lustful bull," she had cried to him.

"I'll show you," the piper grunted now, and he took one pace, another, faster, faster, judge it, toss it; up, over, and down the other end, a moment when a man could not be sure, and then the caber toppled and it fell straight on away from him, and all the good folk gasped, and then they cheered the hero of the glen.

Five times a winner, sweep the board. Yet how hollow were these victories, for Bella only tossed her raven locks beneath her green tammie bonnet and turned her back on him. *If I can't beat him*, thought the piper bitterly, *I'll teach him.*

Later, in the gloaming when the blush was fading on the hills, when it was not quite lighting-up time, Corporal Piper Jock McVitie lurked beside the brig. He saw her come. She coasted down the hill, and she was singing to an old, old Charley-is-my-Darling tune. She sang: "Oh, Lachy is my darling, my darling, my darling. Oh, Lachy is my darling, my own dear bobby dear."

The piper let her pass. Then, quick as a hunting cat, he crossed the road and took one turn around the tree and waited. There was not murder in his heart. It was a little less than death he planned for Constable McKillop at the very angle of the bridge. The muckle lump came trundling down the hill. He never saw that snare, that thin, strong fence wire stretched across the road from tree to tree to catch the middle of his wheel.

The constable took flight, not unlike a well-tossed caber. Both man and mount flew up and over and into the best salmon pool, the brig pool of the River Culver. Amid the screams of Bella, amid the grampus puffs and splashes, the piper removed evidence and himself.

He ran half a mile upstream, and stopped to listen, hardly out of breath. There was no sound. He laughed, but only the oyster catchers flying, crying down the river, heard him laugh. He walked again and laughed no more, another hollow victory within defeat.

She would take her hankie and she'd dry the something's stupid face, he thought. *Or mebbe she would take his wet blue tunic and the rest and wring them out. I'd like fine to kill that something something*, thought the piper, *and then I'll take Bella and I'll turn her up and put her on my knee and skelp her bonny bottom till she squeals for mercy.* This mental picture pleased the piper's less-nice side, but soon it faded. It left the lonely piper with his jealousy beside the river.

Here now was Piper's Rock, a crag, a needled pinnacle above the black, deep torrent. It stood alone. It was a challenge to the piper in the darkness of his mood.

Among his many skills, he was a graduate of Mountain Warfare School. Now, as night was falling, he did a thing that no one else in all the glen could do, unroped, in daylight. The piper shinned up Piper's Rock by toehold, eyelid, finger cranny, to sit alone, to brood upon the old sad legend of that rock. Once long ago a piper loved a lass, and she was faithless, and the brokenhearted piper climbed that rock, pipes slung about his back, and played a last lament, and then he plunged down fifty feet to death by drowning in the Piper's Gorge.

Our piper had no suicidal thoughts. He wanted Bella passionately. Death did not fit that program. How to get her? He saw now, with belated wisdom, that schoolboy pranks, such as projecting his rival into salmon pools, were not a way to win Bella's favor. They were a sure way of forcing fiery Bella closer than ever up against a wet policeman's buttons.

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What was that? It was a light beside the river on the path the piper had just followed. A deep bass voice, a musical contralto. "Here, Lachy! Here's a wee man's footmark."

Wee, wee, wee! Could he never forget that he was shorter by an inch or two than Bella McLean, the piper's dream, now special constable? And well the piper knew that Bella tripled—nay, quadrupled—the detective powers of that slow-witted copper. Another thing the piper knew was that not even Bella would guess the piper's present whereabouts. Still as a yogi, quiet as a mouse, the piper waited up aloft and listened.

"The wire-mark round yon trees, a wee man's shoe in mud—it isn't evidence enough."

"Confront him, Lachy, then. Say: Account for your movements last night in the gloaming."

"The truth's not in him. He's a liar through and through."

"Ay, he's a liar from his heid down through his thick wee neck right to his sporran. He has a dirty hot temper, Lachy, though. You could provoke him."

The light went bobbing down the river, and the voices faded. The jealous piper climbed down from his perch, and he went home to toss and turn all night.

"Yon stuck-up policeman is at the door to see you, Jock."

"Fine warm mornin', officer," he said. "A grand day for a swim." He watched the notebook and the pencil poised. *For two pins,* thought the piper. *No, for one, I'd take my good right fist and hit you in the belly just about the notebook.*

"Account for your movements last night between the hours of nine and twelve, McVitie."

"Corporal to you," the piper said, and linked his twitching hands behind him.

"I'm waiting," Constable McKillop said.

"Were you on duty then yourself?" the piper asked.

"I was. Answer my question and mind your business."

"It's my business that I'm minding," said the piper. "It's the business of every law-abiding man what the law does cuddlin' in the hedges and the ditches when the law's on duty. Ask the chief constable."

A dark flush suffused McKillop's face. His lantern jaw hung down. "I'm warning you," he said, and went away.

The piper had won again within defeat. The fair month of July went limping through. The piper lost appetite and thirty pounds that he could ill afford, for all his barrel frame was bone and muscle. He tried to buttonhole her many times, but his sloe-eyed dream flashed fire at him, and tipped her nose that tilted up so saucily. She used to be a laughing girl. Long long ago, in pre-policeman days, they used to laugh and chuckle on the heather hill while honey bees buzzed drowsy things. But now she scowled at him and fled from him into the shepherd's house.

Tomorrow he must catch the bus, and catch the train to London Town, and catch the plane to West Berlin, where Ilse, Gretel and Maria were pale substitutes. Just now, just once again he had tried to speak to her, had knocked, knowing dad the shepherd to be on the hill; and when the piper, desperate, had wedged his foot inside the door, she had poked his shin most painfully with the handle of her broom. The broom.

And now the piper strode by ancient beeches to the Culver Arms. "O.K.," he muttered. "Well, O.K., I'll show you." He had been teetotal all this month, that virtue might win back his Bella's love.

"To hell wi' it," he growled beneath the ancient trees, and had not seen that Lady Jean approached.

"You go tomorrow?" barked that lady.

"Ay," he said.

"I told you, Jock," she said. "I told you shock tactics were the only hope. But all you do is moan and mope and groan 'to hell wi' it,' you great big softie. Where are your guts, boy?"

She was a rude and forthright body, but a good sort, mother of his boyhood pal and company commander. She provoked the piper, but at least she did not call him wee.

He had two double drams with Angus at the Culver Arms, made another purchase and went home. On the way he had an inspiration. He stopped at Glenculver House.

"If Lady Jean would chance to take a dander to herself at gloaming time from Piper's Rock down to the brig. They're meeting at the brig the nicht, I heard them say it." The piper dropped his voice. . . .

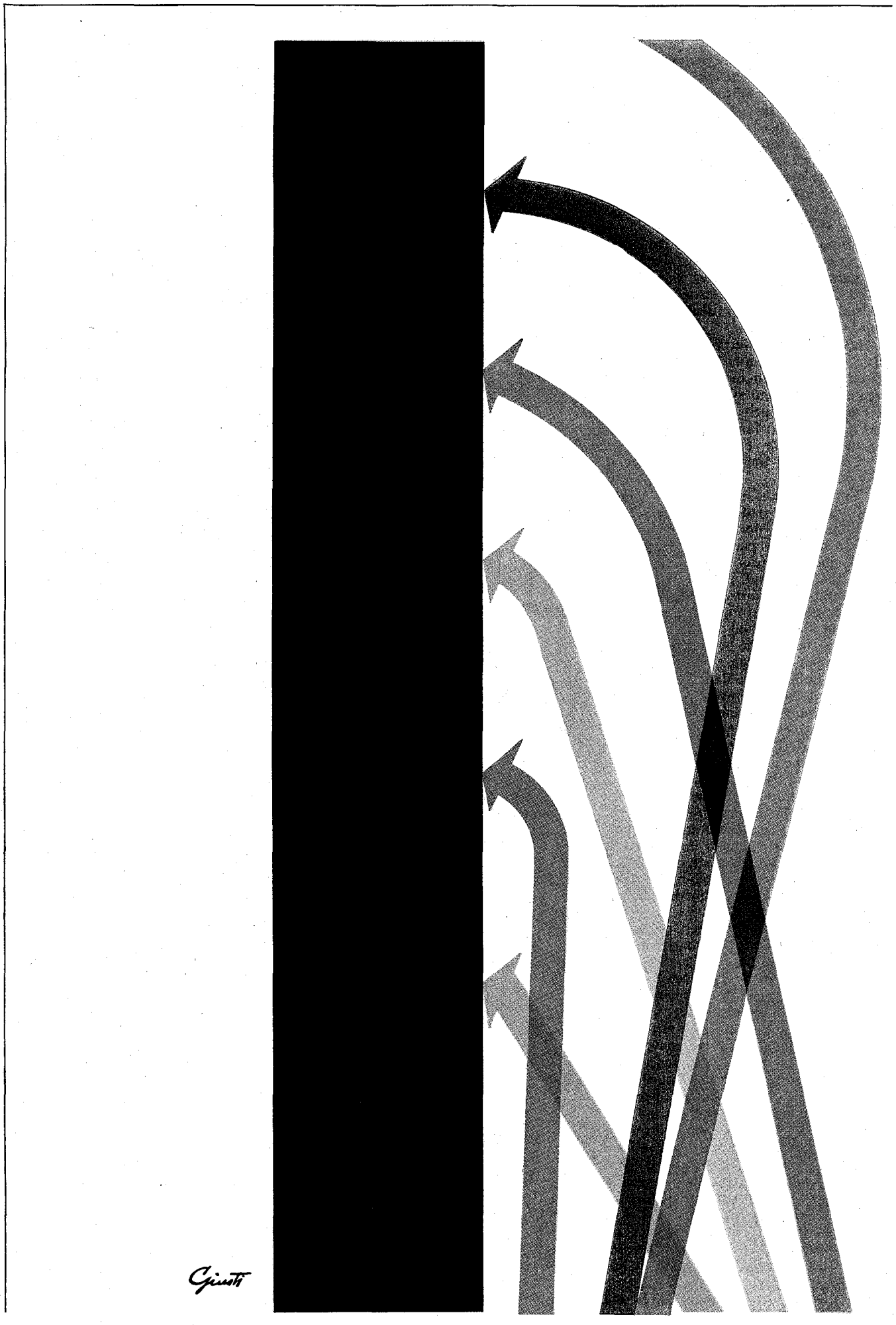
First she laughed her hearty laugh, and then she said: "Jock, do be careful."

The sun was setting as he took a shortcut across the moor. The gaunt lines of Piper's Rock were silhouetted in the west. Time was short, and the piper went to work at a kind of work most reprehensible.

"Oh!" she said, arriving. "So you did jig one, you devil, Jock. What would your father say to that?"

"Plenty," he said.

His father, the keeper, would be outraged. It was a serious offense, even if the old laird's wife was in cahoots with him to jig her salmon. Ten pounds, he judged,



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and knocked the salmon on the head and laid it, still quivering, upon the grassy bank beside the path, half covering it with reeds.

"You will be careful, won't you, Jock?"

"Ay," he said shortly.

He watched her go downriver; then he put an item in his sporran pocket, suitably capacious; then he slung another bundle on his back; then he scaled the pinnacle, sure-footed. What the piper lacked in reach, was made up to him as a climber by his herculean strength. He rested at the top. It would have been unwise to fortify his body for the perils of the climb. He now felt it necessary to fortify his spirits for the stress and strain ahead. The level dropped in the bottle. The level of the piper's spirits rose. He watched the sunset with a poet's kindled eye. He heard the plod of heavy boots; a light-shod skimper-scamper too.

"Poacher, poacher," the constable was muttering.

"Saw a man beside the rock," she said.

He cast like a clumsy hound about for poaching evidence.

"Here, Lachy, are you blind?" The special constable detective's voice. She had found the fish. In a moment now, she also found the tool, a specially constructed gaff.

"Too late. Ay, too late, the same old story. What for would he leave the salmon, though?" Glenculver's giant sleuth was baffled.

"We surprised him's why, you silly man."

She sounded vexed, and the piper thought if the dull-witted constable won Bella McLean to be his bride that the bride would be the one to wear the trews. It was a strong firm hand she was needing.

The piper took another slug and put the half bottle in his sporran pocket, blew mightily to fill his bag. He spanked it once, and then, the drones in perfect tune, he played that old lament, the very one another brokenhearted piper played long ago before he killed himself. The piper played his pibroch through. The sad wild echoes died about the hills. He sipped another sup, unseen. He listened.

"The phantom piper!" Such music in that tone of awe, the highland voice that floated up. "I never heard him, never ever in my life until the now. You, Lachy?"

The policeman did not speak. The supernatural would have him speechless, and no wonder, for the legend of the phantom piper was that if two lovers heard him play his last lament, their love was doomed.

That thought must have struck poor Bella too. "Och, dearie me," the piper heard her moan. "Och, mercy on us!" The piper was staking all upon one last despairing throw. He sipped another sup. The blood coursed strongly in his viens. He no longer feared his fiery faithless Bella. *You wait till I get my hands on you*, he thought, and sipped a sup. The bottle clinked against the rock.

"What's that?"

"Just me," he said. "It's Phantom Piper Jock McVitie."

There was hush, no sound but the muted torrent in the Piper's Gorge, and then the law spoke up. "Come you away down out of that, McVitie."

"Come you away up and get me," said the piper, and he laughed. He mocked the big policeman, too clumsy in his outsize boots to climb a tree, far less the Piper's Rock. The piper moved to watch them far below.

And now McKillop had the notebook out. ". . . warn you that anything you say. . . . Did you take this fish?"

"Ay," the piper said.

"Three counts so far, then," said the constable. "One, poaching, to wit . . . Two, employing illegal means, to wit . . . Three, obstructing an officer in the execution of his duty, to wit . . ."

"Pipe down, you meddlesome Goliath."

"That's four, employing abusive language, to wit . . . Come down, McVitie."

The piper sipped the last sup from his middling bottle—just enough, on top of his earlier drams with Angus, to wet a piper's throstle. The piper lobbed it now at Constable McKillop.

"Don't, Jock!" she cried, her first comment, and too late.

The policeman saw it coming, and he turned. It struck him somewhere in the rear. He gave a piping yelp, ridiculous in so large a man. "Five," he recovered. "Drunk and disorderly, to wit . . . Six, offering violence, to wit . . . Climb down, McVitie. I arrest you in the name ——"

"Don't make him, Lachy. He's in no fit state. He'll fall and kill himself."

"A damned good riddance that would be," the sorely tried policeman said, permitting himself a rare expression of his personal dislike.

"I'll come, on just the one condition," said the piper. "And if you think I can't climb down from here, Miss Bella, then you're far mistaken. One condition, though."

"An officer of the law is not empowered to accept conditions."

"I'm not asking you," the piper said. How strong he felt. How sure he felt. "I'm asking Bella. There's a braw lassie, Bella now. Just say it after me, and then I'll come. Say: 'I love you, Jock McVitie, and I'll be your bride.'"

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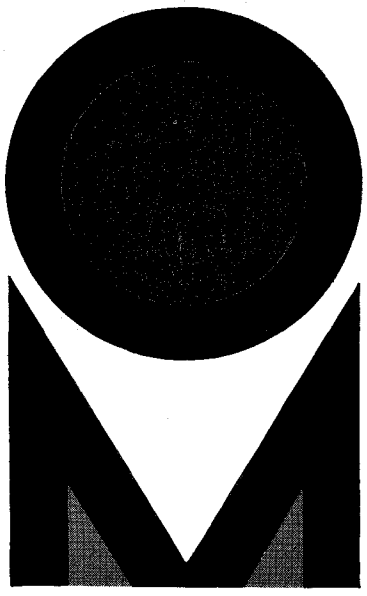

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"I'll say no such thing. How can I be your bride? I hate you, Jock McVitie. Yes, I hate you!"

The piper stood now on that pinnacle. He swayed a little, but not much. Fifty feet below him was the blackly racing cleft, the Piper's Gorge. He filled his bag and spanked his bag and played the last part of that last lament again. He stopped. The air sighed out.

"She hates me," said the piper. Gone now, the mocking ribaldry. The piper's voice was deadly sober. "If she hates me, then there's nowt that I can do but go the way the other piper went."

"Don't, Jock!" she wailed. "Oh, Jock, you mustn't, Jock. Please don't."

He filled his piper's lungs completely to their ultimate capacity, and then the piper jumped with pipes and all, and as he fell he heard the wild scream of his faithless Bella. The cool air rushing up, his kilt a minor parachute, he fell for an eternity that might have been two seconds more or less. Then the waters took him.

It was not suicide. He had made a study of this place. His study told him that there were no obstacles under water, that the other piper must have drowned for lack of breath, that all a piper had to do was hold his breath right through the gorge. He had even timed a stick—it took one minute from below the rock to reach the calmness of the Piper's Pool. What was a minute's holding breath to him?

Tossed, buffeted and pounded cruelly, the piper made that journey, and he floated in the pool inert. He still clutched his beloved pipes.

"Are you dead, Jock? Are you drownded, Jocky mine?"

"I'm fine," he panted, all in one piece, but feeling something less than fine. He swam ashore.

"You're a bad, bad laddie," Bella said. How softly did she speak to him, as she had spoken in the good old days.

"Give us a hand," he said, and so she helped him from the Piper's Pool, and then, wet as an otter as he was, he took Bella in his arms. Without a by-your-leave, he kissed his raven-headed armful and his dream. She kissed him back.

Thunder of clodhoppers. "Will you come quietly? Or will I put the handcuffs on you?"

"He won't come at all, and you get off your marks, you Constable McKillop. And if you lay a single charge against my Jock, I'll —— Yes, I will!"

"I wouldn't try it, officer," the piper said. "I wouldn't. Not if I was you."

The policeman and the piper eyed each other with the girl between them. "I'll see you in the morning," said the poor policeman.

Was ever a bobby jilted in more cruel fashion? Constable McKillop picked up gaff and fish, his evidence, and went away.

"Oh, Jock, you're shivering. You'll catch your death of cold."

"It's no the cold and wet that makes me shiver," said the piper.

"Here!" she said. "Take off your shirt. I'll wring the worst of the wetness out."

He took off his shirt and she wrung it out and she looked at him, her eyes dark pools of passion in the gloaming. "My," she said, returning his shirt to him, "you're braw. You're just the brawest wee cockaleekie of a man."

"Don't you say wee again to me," he said. "I've had enough of wee. Don't say it." He put on his shirt.

"I'll say what I've a mind to say." Those eyes flashed fire.

"Is that a fact?" the piper said. He took his Bella by her shoulders and he shook her. He shook a chatter to her teeth, a tousle to her raven hair, a quiver to her bonny self all through and through. "From now on, I'm the boss," he said. "No wife of mine is going to wear the trews, the trousers or the kilt. That settled?"

Bella nodded and she bit her lip, and then her lips were parted. "My goodness gracious, you're a strong wee —— You're a grand strong laddie."

The piper tucked his pipes below one arm, and put his other arm round Bella's waist. "You're a grand shape too," the piper said. "Like the bonniest egg-timer lassie in the whole wide world."

She laughed. She laughed and laughed at him, or with him—did it matter which? "I like fine to hear you laugh again," he said.

"I can laugh the now," she said. "It's you I've loved the whole time through."

"That's fine," he said. What man could hope to understand the soft daft craters? "I'll get a week's extension to my leave. So we'll have time to have a real right marriage; then Berlin. O.K.?"

"Yes, Jock," she said. They dallied in the gloaming, which was almost spent. They dallied until northern lights were playing in the sky. "It isn't tallness makes a man," she said. "Not my man, onyway."

"That's right," he said. "Forbye," he said, "a chap can't aye be wanting to be on his feet."

They went on home, and one day soon the glen made merry at the marriage of the piper to his dream. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Herb always makes a big to-do over my cooking."

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The Expanding Mental Universe

(Continued from Page 24)

larger than the earth. Poseidonius, who was Cicero's tutor, made the best estimate of the sun's distance that was made in antiquity. His estimate was about half of the right value. Ancient astronomers after his time were farther from the mark than he was, but all of them remained aware that, in comparison with the solar system, the size of the earth is insignificant.

In the Middle Ages there was an intellectual recession, and much knowledge that had been possessed by the Greeks was forgotten. The best imaginative picture of the universe, as conceived in the Middle Ages, is in Dante's Paradiso. In this picture there are a number of concentric spheres containing the moon, the sun, the various planets, the fixed stars, and the Empyrean. Dante, guided by Beatrice, traverses all of them in twenty-four hours. His cosmos, to a modern mind, is unbelievably small and tidy. Its relation to the universe with which we have to live is like that of a painted Dutch interior to a raging ocean in storm. His physical world contains no mysteries, no abysses, no unimaginable accumulation of uncatalogued worlds. It is comfortable and cozy and human and warm; but, to those who have lived with modern astronomy, it seems claustrophobic and with an orderliness which is more like that of a prison than that of the free air of heaven.

Ever since the early seventeenth century our conception of the universe has grown in space and time, and, until quite recent years, there has not seemed to be any limit to this growth. The distance of the sun was found to be much greater than any Greek had supposed and some of the planets were found to be very much more distant than the sun. The fixed stars, even the nearest, turned out to be vastly farther off than the sun. The light of the sun takes about eight minutes to reach us, but the light of the nearest fixed star takes about four years. The stars that we can see separately with the naked eye are our immediate neighbors in a vast assemblage called "The Galaxy," or, in more popular parlance, "The Milky Way." This is one assemblage of stars which contains almost all that we can see with the naked eye, but it is only one of many millions of such assemblages. We do not know how many there may be.

A few figures may help the imagination. The distance of the nearest fixed star is about twenty-five million million miles. The Milky Way, which is, so to speak, our parish, contains about three hundred thousand million stars. There are many million assemblages similar to The Milky Way, and the distance from one such assemblage to the next takes about two million years for light to traverse. There is considerable amount of matter in the universe. The sun weighs about two billion billion billion tons. The Milky Way weighs about a hundred and sixty thousand million times as much as the sun, and there are many million assemblages comparable to The Milky Way. But, although there is so much matter, the immensely larger part of the universe is empty, or very nearly empty.

In regard to time, a similar stretching of our thoughts is necessary. This necessity was first shown by geology and paleontology. Fossils, sedimentary rocks and igneous rocks gave a backward history of the earth which was, of necessity, very long. Then came theories of the origin of the solar system and of the nebulae. Now, with the most powerful existing telescopes, we can see objects so distant that the light from them has taken about five hundred million years to reach us, so that what we see is not what is happening now, but what was happening in that immensely distant past.

What I have been saying concerns the expansion of our mental universe in the sphere of thought. I come now to the effects this expansion has, and should have, in the realms of will and feeling.

To those who have lived entirely amid terrestrial events and who have given little thought to what is distant in space and time, there is at first something bewildering and oppressive, and perhaps even paralyzing, in the realization of the minuteness of man and all his concerns in comparison with astronomical abysses. But this effect is not rational and should not be lasting. There is no reason to worship mere size. We do not necessarily respect a fat man more than a thin man. Sir Isaac Newton was very much smaller than a hippopotamus, but we do not on that account value him less than the larger beast. The size of a man's mind—if such a phrase is permissible—is not to be measured by the size of a man's body. It is to be measured, in so far as it can be measured, by the size and complexity of the universe that he grasps in thought and imagination. The mind of the astronomer can grow, and should grow, step by step with the universe of which he is aware. And when I say that his mind should grow, I mean his total mind, not only its intellectual aspect. Will and feeling should keep pace with thought if man is to grow as his knowledge grows. If this cannot be achieved—if, while knowledge becomes cosmic, will and feeling remain parochial—there will be a lack of harmony producing a kind of madness of which the effects must be disastrous.

We have considered knowledge, but I wish now to consider wisdom, which is a harmony of knowledge, will and feeling, and by no means necessarily grows with the growth of knowledge.

Let us begin with will. There are things that a man can achieve and other things that he cannot achieve. The story of Canute's forbidding the tide to rise was intended to show the absurdity of willing something that is beyond human power. In the past, the things that men could do were very limited. Bad men, even with the worst intentions, could do only a very finite amount of harm. Good men, with the best intentions, could do only a very limited amount of good. But with every increase in knowledge, there has been an increase in what men could achieve. In our scientific world, and presumably still more in the more scientific world of the not distant future, bad men can do more harm, and good men can do more good, than had seemed possible to our ancestors even in their wildest dreams.

Until the end of the Middle Ages, it was thought that there were only four kinds of matter, the so-called elements of earth, water, air and fire. As the inadequacy of this theory became increasingly evident the number of elements admitted by men of science increased until it was estimated at ninety-two. The modern study of the atom has made it possible to manufacture new elements which do not occur in nature. It is a regrettable fact that all these new elements are deleterious and that quite moderate quantities of them can kill large numbers of people. In this respect recent science has not been beneficent. *Per contra*, science has achieved what might almost seem like miracles in the way of combating diseases and prolonging human life.

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These increases of human power remain terrestrial: we have become able, as never before, to mold life on earth, or to put an end to it if the whim should seize us. But, unless by some such whim we put an end to man, we are on the threshold of a vast extension of human power. We could now, if the expenditure were thought worth while, send a projectile to the moon, and there are those who hold that we could in time make the moon capable of supporting human life. There is no reason to suppose that Mars and Venus will long remain unconquered. Meanwhile, as Senator Johnson told the Senate, scientific power could have astonishing effects upon our own planet. It could, to quote his own words, "have the power to control the earth's weather, to cause drought and flood, to change the tides and raise the levels of the sea, to divert the Gulf Stream and change temperate climates to frigid."

When we have acquired these immense powers, to what end shall we use them? Man has survived, hitherto, by virtue of ignorance and inefficiency. He is a ferocious animal, and there have always been powerful men who did all the harm they could. But their activities were limited by the limitations of their technique. Now, these limitations are fading away. If, with our increased cleverness, we continue to pursue aims no more lofty than those pursued by tyrants in the past, we shall doom ourselves to destruction and shall vanish as the dinosaurs vanished. They, too, were once the lords of creation. They developed innumerable horns to give them victory in the contests of their day. But, though no other dinosaur could conquer them, they became extinct and left the world to smaller creatures such as rats and mice.

We shall court a similar fate if we develop cleverness without wisdom. I foresee rival projectiles landing simultaneously on the moon, each equipped with H-bombs and each successfully engaged in exterminating the other. But until we have set our own house in order, I think that we had better leave the moon in peace. As yet, our follies have been only terrestrial; it would seem a doubtful victory to make them cosmic.

If the increased power which science has conferred upon human volitions is to be a boon and not a curse, the ends to which those volitions are directed must grow commensurately with the growth of power to carry them out. Hitherto, although we have been told on Sundays to love our neighbor, we have been told on weekdays to hate him, and there are six times as many weekdays as Sundays. Hitherto, the harm that we could do to our neighbor by hating him was limited by our incompetence, but in the new world upon which we are entering there will be no such limit, and the indulgence of hatred can lead only to disaster.

These considerations bring us to the sphere of feeling. It is feeling that determines the ends we shall pursue. It is feeling that decides what use we shall make of the enormous increases in human power. Feeling, like the rest of our mental capacities, has been gradually developed in the struggle for existence. From a very early time, human beings have been divided into groups which have gradually grown larger, passing, in the course of ages, from families to tribes, from tribes to nations, and from nations to federations. Throughout this process, biological needs have generated two opposite systems of morality: one for dealings with our own social group; the other for dealings with outsiders. The Decalogue tells us not to murder or steal, but outside our own group this prohibition is subject to many limitations. Many of the men who are most famous in history derive their fame from skill in helping their own group to kill people of other groups and steal from them. To this day, aristocratic families in England are proud if they can prove that their ancestors were Norman and were cleverer at killing Saxons than Saxons were at killing them.

Our emotional life is conditioned to a degree which has now become biologically disadvantageous by this opposition between one's own tribe and the alien tribes against which it collectively competes. In the new world created by modern technique, economic prosperity is to be secured by means quite different from those that were formerly advocated. A savage tribe, if it can exterminate a rival tribe, not only eats its enemies but appropriates their lands and lives more comfortably than it did before. To a continually diminishing degree these advantages of conquest survived until recent times.

But now the opposite is the case. Two nations which co-operate are more likely to achieve economic prosperity than either can achieve if they compete. Competition continues because our feelings are not yet adapted to our technique. It continues because we cannot make our emotions grow at the same rate as our skills.

Increase of skill without a corresponding enlargement in feeling produces a technical integration which fails of success for lack of an integration of purpose. In a technically developed world, what is done in one region may have enormous effects in a quite different region. So long as, in our feeling, we take account only of our own region, the machine as a whole fails to work smoothly. The process is one which, in varying forms, has persisted throughout evolution. A sponge, while it is living in the sea, is like a block of flats, a common abode of a number of separate little animals each almost entirely independent of the others and in no way obliged to concern itself with their interests. In the body of a more developed animal, each cell remains in some degree a separate creature, but it cannot prosper except through the prosperity of the whole. In cancer, a group of cells engages in a career of imperialism, but, in bringing the rest of the body to death, it decrees also its own extinction. A human body is a unit from the point of view of self-interest. One cannot set the interest of the great toe in opposition to that of the little finger. If any part of the body is to prosper, there must be co-operation to the common ends of the body as a whole.

The same sort of unification is taking place, though as yet very imperfectly, in human society, which is gradually approximating to the kind of unity that belongs to a single human body. When you eat, if you are in health, the nourishment profits every part of your body, but you do not think how kind and unselfish your mouth is to take all this trouble for something else. It is this kind of unification and expansion of self-interest that will have to take place if a scientific society is to prove capable of survival. This enlargement in the sphere of feeling is being rendered necessary by the new interdependence of different parts of the world.

Let us take an illustration from a quite probable future. Suppose some country in the southern hemisphere sets to work to make the Antarctic continent habitable. The first step will be to melt the ice—a feat which future science is likely to find possible. The melting of the ice will raise the level of the sea everywhere and will submerge most of Holland and Louisiana as well as many other low-lying lands. Clearly the inhabitants of such countries will object to projects that would drown them. I have chosen a somewhat fantastic illustration as I am anxious to avoid those

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that might excite existing political passions. The point is that close interdependence necessitates common purposes if disaster is to be avoided, and that common purposes will not prevail unless there is some community of feeling. The proverbial Kilkenny cats fought each other until nothing was left but the tips of their tails: if they had felt kindly toward each other, both might have lived happily.

Religion has long taught that it is our duty to love our neighbor and to desire the happiness of others rather than their misery. Unfortunately, active men have paid little attention to this teaching. But in the new world, the kindly feeling toward others which religion has advocated will be not only a moral duty but an indispensable condition of survival. A human body could not long continue to live if the hands were in conflict with the feet, and the stomach were at war with the liver. Human society as a whole is becoming, in this respect, more and more like a single human body; and if we are to continue to exist, we shall have to acquire feelings directed toward the welfare of the whole in the same sort of way in which our feelings of individual welfare concern the whole body and not only this or that portion of it. At any time such a way of feeling would have been admirable, but now, for the first time in human history, it is becoming necessary if any human being is to be able to achieve anything of what he would wish to enjoy.

Seers and poets have long had visions of the kind of expansion of the ego which I am trying to adumbrate. They have taught that men are capable of something which is called wisdom, something which does not consist of knowledge alone, or of will alone, or of feeling alone, but is a synthesis and intimate union of all three.

Some of the Greeks, and notably Socrates, thought that knowledge alone would suffice to produce the perfect man. According to Socrates, no one sins willingly, and, if we all had enough knowledge, we should all behave perfectly. I do not think that this is true. One could imagine a satanic being with immense knowledge and equally immense malevolence—and, alas, approximations to such a being have actually occurred in human history. It is not enough to seek knowledge rather than error. It is necessary, also, to feel benevolence rather than its opposite. But, although knowledge alone is not enough, it is a very essential ingredient of wisdom.

The world of a newborn infant is confined to his immediate environment. It is a tiny world bounded by what is immediately apparent to the senses. It is shut up within the walls of the here-and-now. Gradually, as knowledge grows, these walls recede. Memory and experience make what is past and what is distant gradually more vivid in the life of the growing child. If a child develops into a man of science, his world comes to embrace those very distant portions of space and time of which I spoke earlier. If he is to achieve wisdom, his feelings must grow as his knowledge grows. Theologians tell us that God views the universe as one vast whole, without any here-and-now, without that partiality of sense and feeling to which we are, in a greater or less degree, inevitably condemned. We cannot achieve this complete impartiality, and we could not survive if we did, but we can, and should, move as far toward it as our human limitations permit.

We are beset in our daily lives by fret and worry and frustrations. We find ourselves too readily pinned down to thoughts of what seems obstructive in our immediate environment. But it is possible, and authentic wise men have proved that it is possible, to live in so large a world that the vexations of daily life come to feel trivial and that the purposes which stir our deeper emotions take on something of the immensity of our cosmic contemplations. Some can achieve this in a greater degree, some only in a lesser, but all who care to do so can achieve this in some degree and, in so far as they succeed in this, they will win a kind of peace which will leave activity unimpeded but not turbulent.

The state of mind which I have been trying to describe is what I mean by wisdom, and it is undoubtedly more precious than rubies. The world needs this kind of wisdom as it has never needed it before. If mankind can acquire it, our new powers over nature offer a prospect of happiness and well-being such as men have never experienced and could scarcely even imagine. If mankind cannot, every increase in cleverness will bring us only nearer to irretrievable disaster. Men have done many good things and many bad ones. Some of the good things have been very good. All those who care for these good things must hope, with what confidence they can command, that in this moment of decision the wise choice will be made. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Mark of Treachery (Continued from Page 38)

you for the time it takes to show them. You've got to sell the sponsors on your station. . . . And that's where HARP-TV falls on its face."

"How?"

"It can't guarantee the viewers. It's a wicked circle. You can't get the sponsors because you can't get the viewers, and you can't get the viewers because the sponsors won't pay you to show them good programs."

"But how," asked Avery, "do the sponsors know how many viewers we have?"

"There are two rating services. A.R.B. and Telepulse. They have scientific methods of estimating how many viewers a station has. From that the advertising agencies can figure how much the half hour costs them per thousand viewers. The more viewers the bigger the bargain. Our rate-card charge is, say five hundred dollars for an hour. There are a hundred and seventy-five thousand sets in this area. You average two-point-o-four viewers per set. Right? So if you can deliver 100,000 viewers the cost per viewer is a half cent apiece. But if you've got only fifty thousand viewers it goes up to a cent. Get the idea?"

"I do," Avery answered. "So we're going to keep on losing money until we devise some way of attracting more viewers."

"You have it in a nutshell," O'Brien answered.

The svelte receptionist appeared in the door. She seemed startled, or impressed. "Judge Morningstar to see you, Mr. Truslow."

O'Brien whistled softly. "Oh! Oh! What gives? Justice of our Supreme Court. Biggest spoke in Van Buren's wheel. Speak him softly, friend. Speak him softly."

He made a hasty exit through the secretary's office. Avery directed the receptionist to show in the caller. The judge was a spare, dignified gentleman in his sixties. Avery rose from his chair and came around his desk to greet the visitor.

"Judge Morningstar," he said a bit nervously, for he wondered what a call from a person of such eminence could bode.

"Mr. Truslow," said the judge, extending his hand, "I have been remiss. I should have called before, but the calendar has been crowded. Your mother and my wife were classmates at Smith. Lucy—Mrs. Morningstar—had a letter from your mother telling her you were about to take a position with this station."

Oh! Oh! thought Avery ruefully. *Mother would spill the beans. She'd make sure I was sponsored socially!* But aloud he said courteously, "It is gracious of you to call, sir. Won't you sit down?"

"I've but a moment. I only bear my wife's invitation. I'm directed to bid you to dinner tomorrow night, an invitation which I heartily second."

"Of course, I shall be delighted, sir. But, judge, I wonder if I might ask a favor."

"Certainly, Mr. Truslow. How can I serve you?"

"Well," Avery answered, "when I came here to take this job I hoped I could suppress the fact that I'm Avery Truslow III. I'm here in a sort of test and I hoped I might not be ——" He was about to say "hampered," but he realized that was hardly the word for it.

The judge smiled and nodded. "I understand. You hoped to stand on your own feet unaided by family influence."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm afraid it was a vain hope." The judge's smile was almost a roguish grin. "I'm afraid you're an event. I fear my wife already has chattered. We're a quiet and uneventful little city. Not much happens to give sparkle to our monotony. So you must, I fear, be resigned. The arrival in our midst of Avery Truslow III will cause a notable clucking and flapping."

Avery hunched his shoulders. "If that's the way it is, sir," he said.

"We'll expect you, then, at seven." The judge extended his hand again and departed. Before Judge Morningstar reached the street Deke O'Brien made an entrance, tiptoeing with pretended awe.

"So what?" he asked. "What's the thunderbolt from Olympus?"

"The thunderbolt is just a dud," Avery answered. "Nothing but a friendly call and an invitation to dinner."

"Hold everything, friend. Do my flapping ears deceive me or did you say you are invited to dinner at the mansion of Judge Morningstar?"

"Sit down and quit clowning."

"Not clowning. Awed," O'Brien said. "In this man's town being invited to sit at the judge's table is the equivalent of being made a Knight of the Garter in England. What are you under your sheep's clothing?"

He plumped himself down in the big leather chair and narrowed his eyes. "A light breaks," he said in a moment, and, turning, he snatched a thick red book from the shelf behind him. "I hold in my pale, slender hand a volume known as Who's Who. I turn to the name Truslow. I find listed therein an Avery Truslow II. President of the Peninsula Bank and Trust Company. Director in a gaggle of big corporations. Erstwhile Ambassador to the Republic of France. Member of Reparations Commission. Trustee of The American Museum of Natural History. Thingumbob of Yale University. Member of every blasted highbrow and exclusive club in New York. And so forth, et cetera!"

The lanky, lantern-jawed, pleasingly homely young man got up from his chair and genuflected.

Avery slapped his blotter. "That," he said, "will be a copious abundance of that malarky. Now my silly incognito has blown up in my face, how'll it affect the import price of putty? Will it make things tougher here?"

"Young, virile, handsome, the social equal of a duke and the son of billions," O'Brien said. "All our little secretarial chickadees will twitter and hope you'll notice their legs. But it will, I fear, give new ammunition to the anti-you conspiracy. Papa's little boy. Nepotism. Papa's millions shove you down our throats. I fear, I really fear, Mr. Avery Truslow III, it isn't going to be so good."

Later in the afternoon O'Brien skidded a newspaper across Avery's desk. It was opened to the society page and an item was blue-penciled. Avery read it gloomily. "Judge and Mrs. Morningstar are entertaining at a dinner on Wednesday, June 24, in honor of Mr. Avery Truslow III. Mr. Truslow has recently taken up his residence in Van Buren where he has formed a business connection with Station HARP-TV. He is the only son of Avery Truslow II, president of the Peninsula National Bank and Trust Company of New York, former Ambassador to France and prominent in the social life of New York, Washington, Paris and London."

"That," Avery said, "rips a large hole in our brand-new suit of overalls."

"The Morningstars have a very tasty daughter," O'Brien said. "Oh, very. The boys would whistle when she passes if it

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weren't for the pains and penalties of *lèse majesté*. Er—would Mrs. Morningstar have her begemmed fingers on the rope that rings the wedding chimes?"

"You," said Avery, "have a foul mind, and probably it will lose you your job."

"Five will get you ten, Mr. Truslow III, that I stick it out longer than you."

The telephone rang and Miss Silver signified that it was for Avery. He lifted the receiver and an irate voice spluttered in his ear.

"What kind of an outfit are you running? Eh! Always breaking down in the middle of something. Twice in two weeks our favorite program goes haywire. Lockstep. Right in the most exciting part the screen gets all full of flashes and wiggles and then it says, 'Cable trouble, stand by.' Twice in two weeks. Well, mister, just once more and we never turn on your crummy station again."

Avery apologized and promised amendment to no purpose. He replaced the receiver on its cradle.

"Thus," he said, "do we make friends for the station and influence people."

"What was the beef?"

"Cable trouble interrupted Lockstep two weeks in a row."

"Probably our most popular show," O'Brien said. "But there's an odd thing about it. Lockstep doesn't come over the cable. It comes out of a can. It's film."

"Meaning what?" Avery asked.

"Meaning," O'Brien said harshly, "that maybe we got us a Fifth Column."

Avery, looking every inch a Truslow in his beautifully tailored dinner jacket, presented himself at the Morningstar residence promptly at seven o'clock. He was ushered into a large, but very pleasant and homey living room about which there was nothing modern. On the floor was a huge, aged Aubusson rug in soft, delightful colors. The furniture was fine, old, and somehow you knew it had long been in the family and not bought in an antique shop. There were eight persons in the room as Avery came into it. Mrs. Morningstar, tall, spare, with a pleasant angular face, advanced to meet him and extended a thin, veined hand. She used his given name as if she had known him for years.

"Welcome to Van Buren," she said. "And how is your dear mother? It is so many years since I have seen her."

"Thank you, Mrs. Morningstar. And mother is very well indeed."

"It was so pleasant to have her letter telling me you were coming to our little city. . . . My husband, of course, you know." She introduced the other guests and her daughter, Phryne. "Where is Felicia?" she asked, and Phryne answered that Felicia was on her way down.

Which was indeed the case, for at that instant a vision entered the room—a vision with auburn hair and a figure that would have sent a convention of sculptors into raptures. The vision had a nose, and the nose tilted slightly upward at the tip; it had two violet eyes which also tilted at the corners in a sort of Egyptian way. Avery was a well-mannered young man who never had whistled at a passing girl, no matter how attractive. But now he pursed his lips in a silent whistle.

"Our house guest, Miss Sewell," said Mrs. Morningstar, "whom you are to take in to dinner."

They filed into the dining room, where Avery was placed at the right of the hostess with Miss Sewell at his right. Avery found himself distrait. He almost missed responding correctly to Mrs. Morningstar's observation that he favored his mother. She also found occasion to mention his father's name. Something tugged at his memory and made him uneasy. Presently, when the table had been sufficiently made aware that Avery was a Truslow of The Truslows, dinner was served. It was not altogether a snobbish proceeding, this calling attention to him as one of the elect. Somehow it was simple and in no way objectionable, but rather like a child excited over a new toy.

It was some minutes before Avery was able to steal a glance at Miss Felicia Sewell. He glimpsed her exquisite face and then his eyes moved to her hands. Her hands fascinated him. They were so deft and so graceful as she handled her spoon. There was something about their deftness! Something about the way she carried the consommé to her mouth!

> The folks who get up in the world today are the ones who drove very carefully last night.
>
> MILDRED GRENIER

"When I speak to you," Miss Felicia said in a small voice, "must I call you Mr. Truslow III? I'm always confused by such things. If I meet some hyphenated person whose name is Ponceforte-Eaglestone I never know whether to use all of it, including the hyphen or what." She was demure. Her eyes did not rise from the dish before her.

"The III is silent, as in children should be seen but not heard," he answered. And now, frankly, he studied her face.

"First," she said, still demurely, "you stare at my hands. And now you stare at my face. Is that standard Long Island practice?"

"I plead guilty," Avery said, "but offer extenuating circumstances. Only once have I seen a girl who used her hands with such grace and perfection. But she did not have your face nor your hair nor your—er—*tout ensemble*."

"I'm told," she said, "that hands are a surer means of identification than even ears."

"The other hands," he said, "were incongruous. They grew on a pitiful sort of young person of the slavey type. But, even in a roadside diner, sitting on a stool at a counter, she ate like a princess in a fairy tale. She thumbed a ride with me all the way from Long Island to Van Buren."

"She got," said Miss Felicia in a changed, not cultured voice, "where she wanted to git."

He uttered a sound. It was the sort of sound he might have uttered if someone had punched him suddenly in the stomach. Before he could recover, Miss Felicia spoke again. "Maybe I see you again sometime. Maybe the Truslows is snooty. But you ain't."

"If," he said, "I hadn't seen the metamorphosis at the gas station, I wouldn't believe it. But even then I didn't see your face."

She turned to him and placed those long, slender, tapering fingers on his sleeve. Her voice was low and urgent. "I dared not risk your recognizing me by chance, all of a sudden, when you would betray yourself," she said. "So I deliberately gave myself away to you."

"But for your hands ——" he started to say.

"But," she said urgently, "Mr. Truslow, you must not mention that ride again—ever."

"As you wish, of course. But am I to die wondering?"

"I hope you live to a ripe old age. As a reward," she said. "You won't die of

7-17

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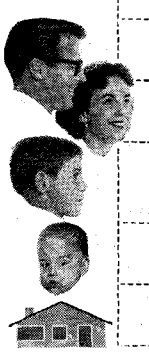

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curiosity. But if you should happen to blurt, I myself might be cut off in the flower of my youth."

"Those were facetious words," he said, "but did they mask a fact?"

"They did," she asserted, and then grinned an elfin grin, "or a fate worse than death."

"You," he said, lowering his voice to make sure what he said could be heard by no neighbor, "abandoned a briefcase in my car."

"Did I so?" she asked with raised brows. "Was there an enclosed note?"

"There was."

"Did it more or less request you to hold the bag until called for?"

"It did, indeed."

"Has it been called for?"

"You know it hasn't."

"Then the request must remain valid," she said.

"Especially the last sentence?"

"To *cave canem.* To beware an outsized person with undersized dogs. By dogs I mean canine dogs and not the argot for feet." She bobbed her head imperatively. "Eschew that man. He has all the endearing attributes of a rat carrying bubonic plague. But also, Mr. Truslow III, the incredibly alluring charm of Lucifer before the fall."

"You have," he said, "a vocabulary."

"I try," she answered, "to express myself so I shall be understood."

It was impossible longer to carry on a conversation for two. The talk, managed by Mrs. Morningstar, became general. At the end of the dinner the ladies withdrew, leaving the gentlemen to coffee, cigars and liqueurs. This was a formality observed very seldom in these times, but somehow it seemed natural at the table of Judge Morningstar. They moved down so they were grouped about the judge.

"By the way, Avery—I may call you Avery, may I not?—were you acquainted with Hubert Aldrich? A neighbor of yours, I understand, on Long Island?" It was the judge who asked the question.

"Hubert Aldrich? I believe he lived in Old Brookville. I knew of him, of course. I may even have met him. Why do you ask, sir?"

"He was found dead in his library some days ago. At first there seemed to be doubt if it was suicide or murder. The circumstances were bizarre. I believe murder has been definitely established."

"When did this happen, sir?" Avery asked.

The judge named the day and date. It stirred a memory. "Why, that was the morning I left home, Judge Morningstar. I remember hearing the sirens of police cars as I drove along. It was early in the morning."

"The library, it seems," said the judge, "was a rather small, circular room. Aldrich's car was standing close by. A small, flexible hose had been attached to its exhaust and extended to the room, introducing carbon-monoxide gas. It seems the room had been tightly closed. It was a quirk of Aldrich's to fear drafts. A servant found the body, noticed the hose and ran from the room. The car was still running outside."

"Such an elaborate plan," Avery observed, "would seem to indicate suicide. Mr. Aldrich certainly would not have sat idly by while such arrangements were made."

"That was the first supposition, but the autopsy overturned it. There was present in the stomach what the newspapers quaintly called 'knock-out drops.' Indicating that Aldrich had been rendered unconscious, thus making it possible to arrange the murder device."

"Needlessly elaborate, I would say," Avery observed.

"There were other elaborations," the judge went on. "Which is why I used the word 'bizarre.' First, a wall safe, which had been concealed behind a picture, was open and empty. Save for an object that must have been placed there by Mr. Aldrich—if a suicide—or by the individual who rifled the safe—if it was murder. There was, on a pedestal, an amazingly well-executed ivory statuette of a perfectly formed nude woman. Possibly intended to represent Venus. And in a Ming vase on the desk was a sprig of an evergreen shrub, subsequently identified as *ros marinus*, translatable as dew of the sea. More familiar to us as rosemary."

"Rosemary for remembrance," Avery said.

"So some police officer with imagination read it," said the judge. "A strange, inexplicable affair!"

The company speculated upon the mystery until cigars were smoked and brandy quaffed. Then the judge, with formality, said, "Shall we rejoin the ladies?" And they went into the spacious parlor.

There, Avery found himself seated beside Phryne Morningstar. Phryne came up in all respects to Deke O'Brien's description of her. She was tiny, dainty, with classically beautiful features, jet-black hair, and eyes that crinkled delightfully when she smiled. She was the picture of aristocratic dignity and Avery wondered how best to deal with such a personage. He still was wondering at the end of the evening. Her first remark was out of key with aristocracy and dignity.

"Blimey," she said in a cockney accent, "if you don't come up to yer advance notices."

He blinked at the impact, shook his head to clear it, and did the best he could on the spur of the moment. "May I quote?" he asked. "Quote: 'The Morningstars have a very tasty daughter. The boys would whistle when she passes if it weren't for the pains and penalties of *lèse-majesté*.' End quote."

"That sounds like a lantern-jawed character by the name of O'Brien. Who, if he's a pint short in any commodity, it's gumption. Now take me, if there's a thing I dote on it's a spot of *lèse-majesté* skillfully administered."

"Shall I tell him?" Avery asked. "How did he swim into your orbit?"

"I hear tell a cat can look at a king. Wa-al, pardner, why can't we reverse it? A queen can look at a cat. Even an Irish tomcat."

"Deke O'Brien is a seemly and opportune lad," Avery said.

"Mister," retorted Phryne, "I'll do my own appraising. Now the personally conducted tour will continue. It will come to a halt before the living, breathing, spittin' image of Felicia Sewell. What am I bid?"

"No bid," Avery said. "There has been no opportunity to examine the merchandise."

"Do you need a lens? Most gentlemen would go pretty high on personal appearance alone."

"Men," misquoted Avery, "look upon the outward appearance, but Truslows look upon the heart."

"I can assure you ——" Phryne started to say, but Avery stopped her.

"Like you," he said, "I prefer to do my own appraising."

She looked up at him sharply. "You're suspicious of her," she said. "Why?"

"In my equation," Avery said, "Miss Sewell is X."

"Young man, do you pack a punch?"

"Not to oversell myself," he grinned, "but I've a couple of medals."

"I shall now be disgustingly common. Have you essential guts?"

"Why, Miss Morningstar! They said of Napoleon that he had no manners until he got to where he needed none. I suppose the Morningstars have an equal right to be prettily crude."

"You bet," she said. "But have you?"

"They have never been tested."

"I'm betraying no confidence. I'm hazarding a guess. Felicia Sewell is in some sort of a jam."

"That could very well be."

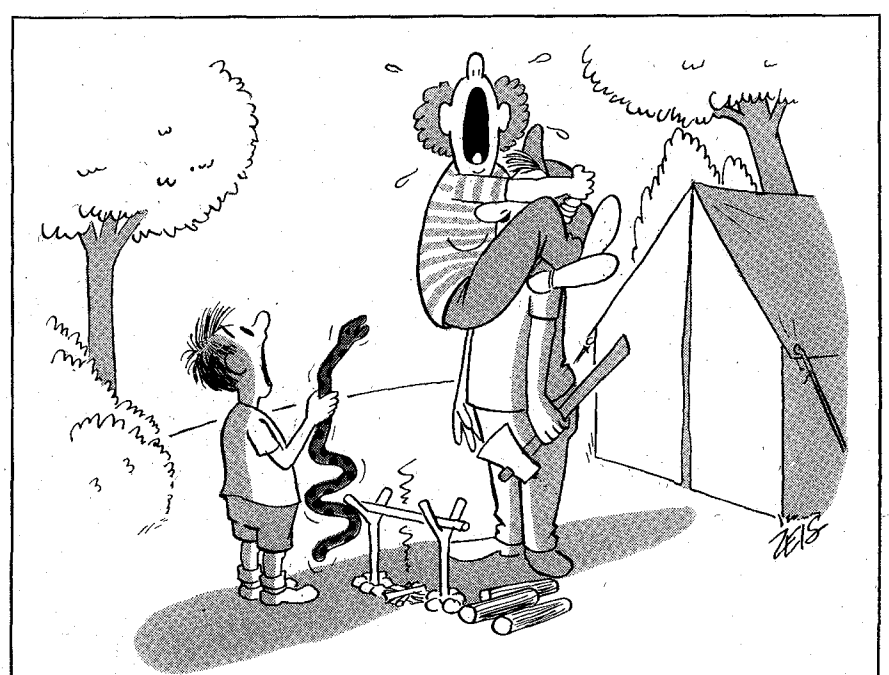
"Do you believe in fate or kismet, or what is more commonly known as coincidence?"

"Devoutly," he answered.

"And I have second sight," Phryne said soberly.

"What does it show you, O sibyl?"

"It shows me," she said, and she was more than sober now. She was impressively grave. "It shows me, me lad, that you're into something up to your neck. What, I don't know. But it bites. And there are going to be rough times till you get out of it—with Felicia draped over your shoulder in a fireman's carry. So don't come running to me with bruised fingers. I'm just an innocent bystander." She paused and became the image of reserved aristocracy. "Go and chat with Felicia. You might ask if you may call. If you give that child the Chinese runaround, I'll have your eyeteeth."



"I don't suppose I can keep him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He crossed the room to Felicia's side and was given a welcoming smile. For a quarter of an hour they chatted inconsequently. At the end he asked if he might call, and she replied pertly, "If Avery Truslow III dares risk his social status—you may."

He took leave of his host and hostess and went back to his hotel. Light showed under his door. He could not remember having left a light burning. He unlocked and opened the door and halted suddenly on the threshold. For there, nonchalantly occupying the most comfortable chair, was a very behemoth of a man. On each of this Gargantuan individual's massive knees perched a minuscule dog. Two infinitesimal Chihuahuas.

The huge man gave off a smile of rare charm. "Come in, Mr. Truslow," he invited graciously as if he, indeed, were rightfully the host. "Come in and meet Dan and Beersheba."

Here, undoubtedly, dogs and all, was the outsize individual against whom Felicia Sewell had warned him so graphically. Avery paused just inside his door and scrutinized the man. The word that came into his mind as he stared at the intruder was urbanity. He sat there with massive legs uncrossed and a tiny dog upon each knee as if he were sure of a welcome; certainly as if his presence there would not be resented. In spite of the warning, in spite of this unauthorized invasion of privacy, Avery found his initial hostility abating. The obese creature exuded charm.

"Nevertheless," said Avery, as if some conversation had gone before, "one wonders how you got into my room."

The big man chose to ignore this bit of justified curiosity.

"The name," he said genially, "is Nebo—Parsifal Nebo. And I resent being called either Jumbo or Tiny." He extended a ham of a hand which Avery found not to be flabby, but extraordinarily solid and muscular. The two tiny dogs sat up on their haunches, pricked up their sharp ears and regarded Avery with beady intelligence.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Truslow?" Mr. Nebo said. "It is an honor. I may say that the first individual upon whom I called after my arrival in Van Buren was yourself."

"And to what," Avery asked, "do I owe the distinction?"

"Young sir," Mr. Nebo said, "it *is* a distinction. I do not scatter social favors indiscriminately. I am choosy, sir. I select my acquaintances with care. I may say that I am partial to younger men whose careers stretch before them, rather than older men who already have achieved. And, above all, I esteem young gentlemen of family and background whose integrity compels them to forgo hereditary influence and nepotism and venture upon uncharted seas. As you, sir, have done."

Very faintly a tocsin sounded in some mental recess. For a wary instant Avery thought of Ulysses and how that hero escaped the lure of Circe upon her island. But Mr. Nebo was a sufficiently bizarre Circe.

"You do not," he said, "look to be an impulsive man."

"Far from it, Mr. Truslow. Far, far from it. Phlegmatic is the term. And circumspect. I look before I leap. I calculate and draw inferences."

"Therefore," Avery said amiably, "you did not make your way into my room, and, so to speak, lie in wait for me on the spur of the moment. Not without calculation and set purpose."

"I like you, young sir. Every instant my regard for you increases. I am pleased by the manner in which you did not evince surprise to find me here. I am delighted at your

(*Continued on Page 98*)

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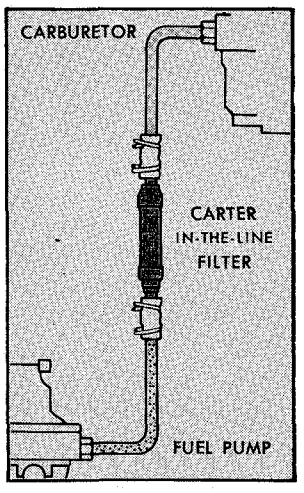

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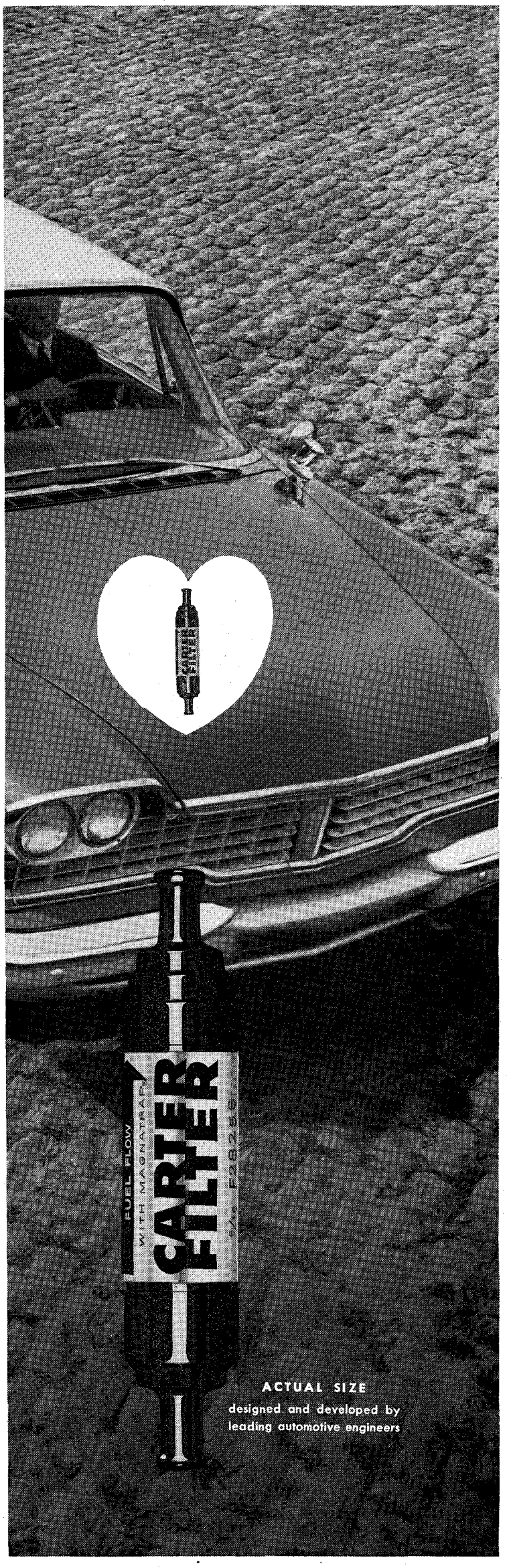

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(*Continued from Page 96*) acceptance of the fact without pettishness. I am charmed by your parts of speech and by a certain Spencerian synthesis which I find present—a reasoning from data to conclusion. I did not, indeed, draw your name out of a hat."

"Shall we, then," Avery said, "come to the point?"

"Why not, indeed! The immediate crux, if I may use that word, is cross-country motoring, and in a somewhat shabby car. When you might have driven your own expensive sports car."

"You refer to my drive from Long Island to Van Buren?"

"Precisely. Leaving your ancestral home at an unconscionably early hour and driving by the most direct route to New York City. Your matutinal taking-off coincided with another event. If, indeed, it were coincidental and not by previous arrangement."

"What event would that be, Mr. Nebo?"

"A tragedy in your neighborhood, Mr. Truslow."

"A tragedy?"

"The untimely and stealthily procured demise of one Hubert Aldrich—a not-distant neighbor."

Avery shook his head. "Not exactly a neighbor. I had not the gentleman's acquaintance. My knowledge of the matter is limited to what was contained in a few lines in the Van Buren newspaper. So brief as to give little information." He paused and regarded Mr. Nebo with the look of one who remembers something with surprise. "As I drove along the road," he said, "I do remember hearing the shrieking of sirens. Which may have been the police hurrying to the scene."

"Doubtless," said Mr. Nebo with some irony. "You did not stop to investigate?"

"I was not inquisitive," Avery said.

"Were many persons abroad, Mr. Truslow? Walking, driving, loitering?"

"As I recall, there were very few."

"No one standing beside the road with eloquent thumb soliciting a ride?"

This was, indeed, coming to the point. Avery summoned up his reserves of wariness.

"No one tried to thumb a ride."

"Man or woman or—red-haired vixen?"

"No person whatever," Avery answered.

"Diligent inquiries have been made as to persons traveling away from that vicinity at that hour," Mr. Nebo said.

"By the police?"

"Oh, certainly by the police. Also by myself. The police became aware of you, but, being a Truslow—actually Avery Truslow the Third—you were above suspicion. I, being immune to shibboleths and caste lines, was not so easily contented."

"That requires amplification, does it not?"

"I amplify," Mr. Nebo acceded. "You, my investigations reveal, were the only individual traveling that road at exactly the right time."

"But not," Avery said, with a broad smile, "stopping along the way. Certainly not at the house of Mr. Aldrich."

"Oh, naturally not. Not a participant. Quite unthinkable. But, not so unthinkable, an accessory after the fact."

"Which in the law," Avery said, still amused, "shares the guilt equally with the principal. In what manner do you—do your investigators—reason that I am *particeps criminis?*"

"We grasp at straws. We cling to possibilities. We regard you only as a possibility. And so I am here. At least, in part, that is my reason for being here. It was not difficult to discover your destination. Logic gave us the route you would follow. A regrettable lapse of time ensued before your trail could be picked up. Unfortunately, human memories of fleeting events are fallible. Also, you drove with alacrity. But, sir, two individuals in gas stations or eating resorts believed they recalled you and your not-new car." He paused. "And a companion. Of the servant-girl type. Quite unappetizing. With hair of blazing red. Were these unreliable witnesses by any chance correct for once?"

"Quite absurd," Avery said. "Would you venture to assume that I ——" For the first time in his life Avery made snobbish reference to his family. "—— that I, Avery Truslow the Third, would be likely to demean myself by picking up a red-headed servant girl and giving her a cross-country ride?"

Mr. Nebo opened his large blue eyes wide and stared at Avery with approval. "A gambit! Well played, young sir. Well played indeed. Truslows do not demean themselves. Truslows wear their snobbery like a diadem which must not be tarnished. But suppose, my young friend, that this servant girl, this slavey, dressed in such execrable taste, and so unappetizing, were, in fact, no menial at all? And were actually, properly accoutered, a young lady with pretensions to beauty? What then, Mr. Truslow?"

"Such circumstances might alter the case," Avery admitted.

"But they did not alter it?"

"The supposition is absurd."

"A maid answering to my description was missing from the mansion of Mr. Hubert Aldrich," confided Mr. Nebo.

"Who," said Avery, "seems not to have been shielded by shibboleths or caste barriers."

"Indeed not." He smiled benignly. "I am a tenacious man, Mr. Truslow, and far from credulous. And a student of laws and constitutions. Personally, I always have maintained that it is more efficient to commit perjury than to plead the Fifth Amendment. Mind, young sir, I do not accuse you of committing perjury, for you are not under oath. But, on the other hand, there is no clause in the Constitution, nor statute on the law books, which compels a citizen to believe any statement not supported by firm and positive evidence. Therefore, Mr. Truslow, I leave the subject with mental reservations."

"Quite so, Mr. Nebo."

"And if, in the outcome, it should eventuate that you have, shall we say, practiced to deceive, then, Mr. Truslow, you cannot go far enough, or fast enough so that I would not overtake you and, to put it euphemistically, amuse myself at your expense."

"Mr. Nebo," Avery countered, "I have been attracted by your personality, by your charm and by your urbanity. I take what you have said to be a threat. A threat is out of character. I, on my part, have not resented your unlawful entry into my room, nor your unwarranted prying into my affairs. So, sir, I shall step out of that affability and, not at all euphemistically, tell you that I don't run. And that if you should try to amuse yourself at my expense you would derive less pleasure from it than from anything else you ever have attempted."

Mr. Nebo lifted a squirming Chihuahua in each huge hand and dropped them in the capacious side pockets of his coat. "Why, Mr. Truslow," he said regretfully, "you quite misunderstood me. Quite." He rose to his feet from the low, comfortable chair. The movement resembled a convulsion of nature. "I'm sure, sir, to the point of absolute certainty, that a deep and abiding friendship will thrive between us. Indeed. I am a useful person, Mr. Truslow." He paused, teetering on his surprisingly small feet. "You are engaged in an erratic and hazardous business, my young friend. With which I am not wholly unacquainted."

"Quite so," Avery said.

"A project," continued Mr. Nebo, "which does not prosper. Which, in truth, may need a helping hand."

"You are well informed."

"Very good. I could—and might—extend that helping hand. In certain circumstances. And not, of course, to my financial detriment. But if your plight becomes crucial, you might apply to me. And not in vain."

"My thanks," answered Avery, "but something tells me you would be rather more than a strange bedfellow."

"There is a time-honored adage which says, 'Any port in a storm.'" He reached into his pockets and withdrew his two little doggies. He held them aloft affectionately. "Say good night to the gentleman, Dan." The tiny dog in the left hand emitted a sharp yap. "And you, Beersheba," directed Mr. Nebo. The lady of the pair was equally shrill. Mr. Nebo purred. "Such good manners," he crooned. "Such well-bred little people. And as for me, Mr. Truslow, I do not say good-by nor good night, but more significantly, *au revoir*."

Avery accompanied him to the door courteously. "I shall look forward to our next meeting," he said. "Meantime, I'll put a more dependable lock on my door."

Mr. Nebo laughed pleasantly. "Ah," he said, "a lightly tripping wit! Be circumspect, Mr. Truslow. One hand for the ship and one for yourself."

So saying, he trod ponderously down the corridor in the direction of the elevators.

Avery closed the door and reflected how useless it was to lock it. But he did so and sat down in the chair so recently vacated by Mr. Nebo. He reviewed the conversation, sentence by sentence. There was food for deep cogitation in it—and information. First, and most important, was the disclosure that the girl he had driven across the country from Long Island to Van Buren had, in all likelihood, been a fugitive from the home of the murdered Hubert Aldrich. Furthermore, that, in addition to the police, Mr. Nebo and his associates, if any, were urgently in pursuit. This was sufficient to fill his mind; but there was another, probably minor, point. Mr. Nebo was informed of the plight of HARP-TV; was interested in the station for some reason of his own. And had tentatively proffered dubious assistance, if worse came to worst.

It was impossible, incredible, but could it be that the complex murder of a gentleman on Long Island could be in any way connected with the success or failure of a television station in Van Buren?

Avery went to bed, but not to sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Without wearing so much as an eyeshade, nudists of both sexes convened on sunny weekends at a secluded nook. Their privacy was shattered when the sheriff and deputies with cameras raided the place and arrested them. Clothed and in court, they were charged with "indecent exposure of their persons."

"They can't deny the charge, for here are photographs of them parading around without a stitch," the sheriff asserted. "Both sexes were present, which constitutes indecent exposure. Such goings on shock all decent people."

"Evil to him who evil thinks," the spokesman for the nudists replied. "We are law-abiding folks who sincerely believe in the beneficial effects of sun bathing. That is all we were doing. Our mixed nude sun bathing was in no way indecent or wrongful."

If you were the judge, would you jail the nudists?

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The nudists went free. The court said their session was essentially a private gathering. It added, "Descending on these unsuspecting souls like storm troopers, the police with their clicking cameras herded them like plucked chickens. There are many a hardy band of sincere and earnest folk among us who insist that all mental, moral and physical health depends absolutely on the regular consumption of vast quantities of bran. Others possess a similar passion for goats' milk. Private fanaticism or even bad taste is not ground for police interference."

Based upon a 1958 Michigan decision.

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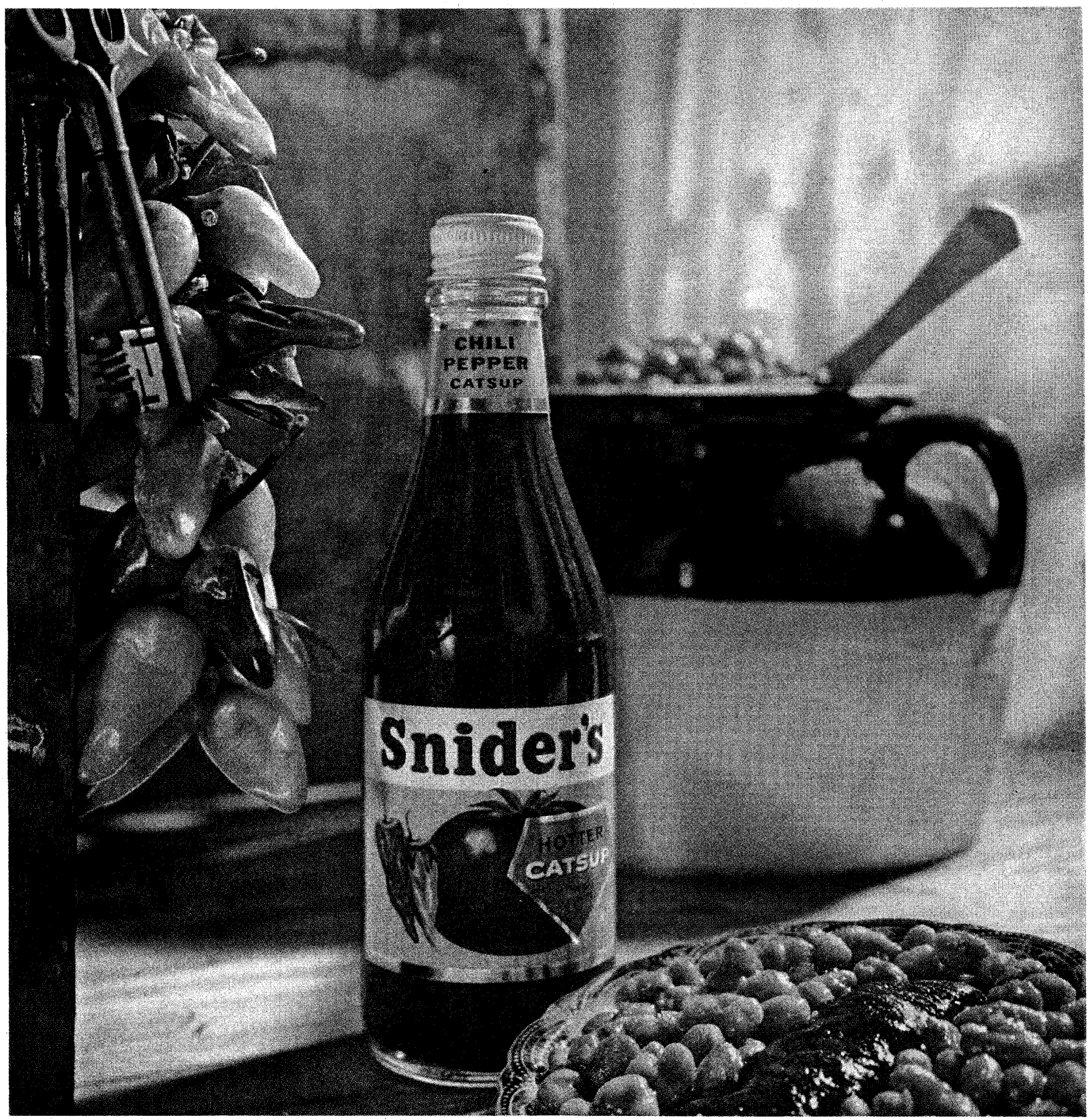

Have you tried the catsup with the one extra spice?

Grandma Snider used to cook up small batches of Snider's catsup in her sunny country kitchen. She'd simmer fat tomatoes in her copper kettle. When the thick red broth had cooled she strained it carefully through fine cheesecloth.

Then she put in precise pinches of onion and garlic, dark cloves, crisp celery bits and pimento berry spice. She laced this work of art lightly with apple cider vinegar and sweet syrup. Now she added one extra spice: A whisper of Capsicum, the red and yellow chili pepper with the bright skin.

We follow Grandma's recipe with a strict conscience today. Sometimes we think we make Snider's too carefully when you tell us your grocer runs out of it too fast. But we won't change the recipe or hurry the cooking. You wouldn't want us to. Neither would Grandma.

Snider's

the chili pepper catsup

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How to Run a Sticky Business

(Continued from Page 37)

chairman of the board has also been unpaid for the last six years. He is William Lester McKnight and his oddity is that he has had only two jobs in his lifetime—one working for 3M, and a prior job hauling water to threshing machines. McKnight once amassed $280 in one harvest season hauling water. He has done better with 3M—a fraction of a billion dollars better. Of course 3M took more of his time, fifty-one years so far.

On the New York Stock Exchange, Minnesota Mining is known as a growth blue chip, usually selling at so high a price it is obvious that investors expect more miracles from it. Inside the company it is called, simply, the "Mining." Aside from its prolific and varied products it has a couple of peculiarities as a corporation. People who work there are afraid of bumping into anyone with gray hair for fear they will jostle a millionaire, which is another term for an employee who bought company stock before 1920. Each pre-1920 share has been split into sixty-four shares, worth about $120 apiece at this writing.

Another odd aspect of the corporation is that it is a ghost. It should be known as the Gray Ghost of the North Shore. It is a walking corpse, stillborn on the hard shore of Lake Superior above Duluth and Two Harbors, at a long-deserted point called Crystal Bay. There is a hill at Crystal Bay. The hill was once locally regarded as a hill of corundum, a hard mineral at times used as the sand in sandpaper, and 3M was formed to mine this corundum for sale to sandpaper makers. Most of its original stock was issued for possession of the corundum hill. Only it wasn't corundum. It was just a hill, worth nothing.

Thus Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing was founded on an illusion, built on a foundation of thin air. It had nothing to mine and had no intention of manufacturing anything. Any competent economic doctor would have ordered it laid away out of sight of the living. But in the years following its 1902 beginning, no one notified the shadow company to lie down, and the founders, in their ignorance, continued ambulatory. It was years before they discovered their project was unborn, and more years before they admitted it. By that time it was too late for interment. While waiting to mine its corundum, the company went into the manufacture of sandpaper with other materials and just kept going. A few outsiders may have been suspicious of its viability, but nothing was ever proved. Its stock never dropped to zero. You could always get a shot of whisky for two shares of it, although it may not have been the best whisky.

In 1958 this sprightly cadaver reported estimated sales of almost $400,000,000 made by six main groupings of products, practically all of them sprung from an intense concentration on research. The groupings include tape and ribbon products (biggest income producer); coated abrasives and adhesives (the cornerstone); electrical products; graphic products; roofing granules, and chemicals and plastics. Each group has its own research facilities in a giant center on McKnight Road, just outside of St. Paul.

Long ago, William McKnight steered 3M toward the path it now follows. The company tries to invent and develop, through research, products that escape competition, either because they are singularly good or different or entirely new. When the company uncovers a winner, which is not every time, it has a tendency to let the product make its own market. Sometimes the public accepts the new thing and runs away with it, as in the case of Scotch Brand tape. Sometimes the public does not, which surprises 3M people, who think entirely in terms of success.

At any rate, this creation of new things satisfies the strong wish for diversification which overcame W. L. McKnight many years ago and has been supported in later years by Herb Buetow, present president of 3M. Buetow is one of the four presidents 3M has had in its modern times and he almost failed to get aboard in 1926. At that time Buetow, an accountant with a good sense of humor, expressed no interest in a job that was offered him by 3M. His wife, however, reminded him that he ought to take this little company seriously because it advertised in The Saturday Evening Post. So he changed his mind.

By that time 3M was well on its way up. Earlier it had not been on its way anywhere except to the edge of oblivion. In the company's first dozen years it was very low in its industry. No one in the company really knew how to make sandpaper, no one knew how to sell it, and there was hardly any sales staff if they had, and on top of everything the sandpaper industry operated amid perpetual price wars.

For years 3M muddled along from crisis to crisis, trying to sell sandpaper of erratic quality in a crowded field. A turning point came in 1914 in the form of a threatened disaster which almost swamped the company. In a shipment of garnet mineral from Spain, a storm at sea broke some casks of olive oil and intermixed the oil with the mineral. By the time the mineral reached St. Paul, no evidence of the oil-drenching was visible. But the oil film was there, and of course the garnet particles were too slippery to be held on the paper or cloth backing by the adhesives then used. Customers returned the stuff by the ton, and for a while it looked as if 3M was nothing but an inventory of unusable raw material and unsalable finished product.

The trouble was cured, partly by fluke, but it left McKnight, then general manager, so disgusted that he determined 3M from then on must continually test and control everything that it used or made, and the methods of manufacture as well. The first step was a laboratory no larger than a hall bedroom. But this was the seed of scientific quizzing and research that ultimately turned up Scotch Brand tape, the country's largest roofing-granule business, magnetic and video tapes, reflective products like Scotchlite which gleam on the nation's highways at night, and such sprouts as Thermo-Fax, a dry duplicating process.

The company makes tapes that stick on land, under water and on the sides of jet planes nosing into the sound barrier. But the best adhesive in company history was undoubtedly the sticking power of a group of men, notably three individuals without whom the company would never have got off the ground, would have failed early or would have remained forever small. Two of these were elder statesmen, Lucius Ordway and Edgar Ober, who have died. The young one is W. L. McKnight, now seventy-one. None was among the company founders, most of whom were glad to get out early.

Edgar Ober was a St. Paul railroad man who had carelessly invested $5000 in 3M a year or so after it was founded. Two years later, during one of the company's interminable financial jams, Ober appealed to a friend to save the company by putting up $25,000. The friend was Lucius Ordway, St. Paul hardware merchant and civic enthusiast. Ordway agreed, and by arrangement with the depressed stockholders, received control of the company for $25,000.

The ensuing display of adhesion was remarkable. Over a period of time Ordway was drained of nine times his original pledge. Ober, having stuck his friend with this dog, devoted nights and weekends to the task of saving Ordway, himself and the company. He served eleven years without compensation, and ruined his health under the burden.

The third man who stuck better than 3M early adhesives was William Lester McKnight, hired as a bookkeeper at the age of nineteen. The year was 1907, the place Duluth. McKnight was called out of his fifth month of a six-month business-college course to try out for a 3M job. The prospect of $11.55 a week so unnerved him that when he was asked to demonstrate his handwriting he produced nothing but squiggles which even he could not read. Help must have been scarce. He was hired anyway.

The role of bookkeeper in a small office is not a lofty goal, but "It was a clean job. A lot more appealing than feeding pigs." It saved him from what he regarded as the terrible fate of farm life. For the McKnights were a farming family who lived near White, a town in eastern South Dakota, and young McKnight had been dogged by the farm. Need for his labor had pulled him out of high school, a mixed loss. He disliked the farm, but he had not been too happy at school. "I never liked it. I was very shy, a farm boy attending a town school, always feeling a little out of place."

He is still a reserved man. He owns race horses and two theaters, one in New York and one in Philadelphia. He may have a racing sheet on his office desk, but he does not remove his coat at work. He makes small bets on horses and plays gin rummy with the ruthlessness of a starving pawnbroker. But no one has ever called him Bill. Mr. Ober called him William. Mrs. Maud McKnight, his wife, calls him Mac. She says, "If there is ever a phone call for Will or Willie, I know by the name it is from relatives in South Dakota."

For one of the country's richest men, McKnight is tremendously unaffected, without show or arrogance. He dresses quietly in clothes which Mrs. McKnight usually helps select. He speaks softly, with an intonation that is almost sweet. He firmly defends hamburger and corn-on-the-cob, two of his favorite dishes. He is forthright and articulate, but never big-stick. Decisions have showered on him for years without changing a sort of mild self-depreciation. "I think it may be wise ——" "Perhaps we should ——" "I am no lawyer, but ——" "I am no scientist, but ——"

As a bookkeeper and a man with a good deal of horse sense, McKnight should have discovered that 3M was a company in miserable shape in 1907. But he did not reach the central accounting area until much later, and by then there seemed to be no alternative to staying and helping the company fight for survival. He tried to leave only once. A boss gave to his own son a job that McKnight thought he had earned and should have. The ex-farm boy was so mad he looked around for another employer. The fact that he couldn't find anything cooled him off and he remained with 3M. But he never forgot. From the moment he acquired a policy influence in the company he ruled out nepotism. Any relative of a 3M official is automatically out of luck with 3M.

When Edgar Ober got to know the young bookkeeper he developed great confidence in him. He was impressed when, on frequent Sunday visits to the

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Chicago office where McKnight had been transferred, he always found the bookkeeper there. Ober decided McKnight was an unusually hard and faithful worker, but McKnight deprecates his rise in the company. "Sure I was in the Chicago office on Sundays," he says now. "I was a kid with very little money in a strange city. I lived in a small room and the office was larger, more comfortable and more interesting. So I spent a lot of time there."

McKnight is no conventional salesman. He has probably never slapped a back in his life. He looks more like a lawyer who prepares briefs but is not allowed to appear in court for lack of ability to wave his arms and soft-soap juries. He has regular features, a stubborn jaw and eyes that are horizontal slits, as if he were continually peering into an oncoming Dakota blizzard.

Yet at the age of twenty-four he was appointed sales manager of 3M, having had no sales experience whatever. It was a critical appointment, because the inexperienced McKnight went straight to the heart of the company's trouble and eventually worked out the necessary cure. As a salesman McKnight bypassed the front offices of the company's customers. He headed straight for the shop areas where sandpaper was used, and he learned to look for doors that said POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE. Behind these doors, under working conditions, he demonstrated 3M sandpaper. He also found out how 3M products stood up to jobs.

The news was not good; 3M abrasives in action were not consistently good enough to attract the men who used them. McKnight complained to the factory about quality, but improvement was little and late. After three years he was convinced that one man, a general manager, must be appointed to split his time between factory and sales. He thought that a man in charge of both manufacturing and selling could see to it that the factory produced quality necessary to make sales. The company agreed with him. He was appointed the man to do it.

Life as an industry underdog had solidified several beliefs for the new general manager. He was tired of products of less than top quality. He was tired of struggling with price wars and a one-product company that was vulnerable to price competition. He wanted to diversify, spread the risks. He wanted products so good they would command their own prices, preferably in uncrowded markets.

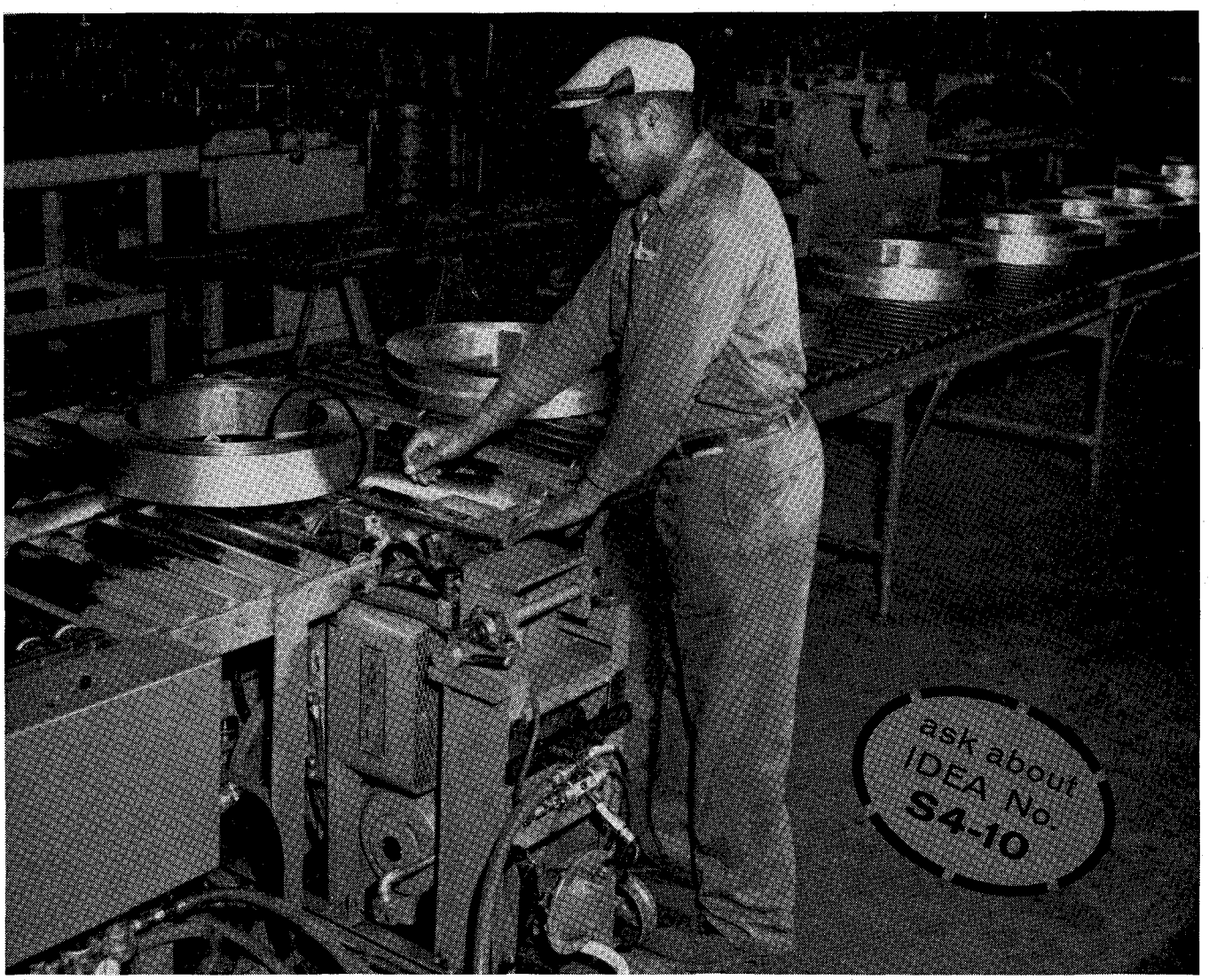
The olive-oil incident in 1914 put the company in pursuit of these goals, and by 1916, with the stimulation of production for war, 3M found itself in the hitherto unknown position of prosperity. The company was free of debt, the stock was worth a couple of dollars a share, instead of pennies, and a tiny six-cent dividend was squeezed out, first of a string that has continued for forty-two years. This epochal event was not an unpleasant turn for McKnight personally. He had had a foolish habit in earlier days of picking up small lots of 3M stock that appeared now and then. "I didn't have much money, but on the other hand the stock cost only a few cents a share and I thought I might as well own some."

Upon the advent of good times the board of directors gave Ober his first salary, richly deserved. To a few people whose compensation had been thin, the board granted permission to buy treasury stock at a dollar, well under the market, and McKnight was given a bonus of 5000 shares. This was a timely gift, since only the year before he had married Maud Gage, of St. Paul. It was not a spectacular present, but it has since shown a bit of strength. That one parcel of 5000 shares is now 320,000 shares' worth; at recent prices, about $38,000,000.

An official of 3M once said, "If there is one thing we know, it is how to coat something." This talent for applying coats came slowly at first, when sandpaper was the only product. But it eventually exploded. The company's first top product in its field was a flexible sandpaper, which was followed by papers, cloths and disks which made possible wet sanding and endeared the company to the automobile industry by eliminating dust.

The first tape product was a masking tape which carried adhesive on both edges, but not in the middle. This lack earned the product the nickname Scotch, later officially applied to the cellophane tape which banjo-player Dick Drew developed. The masking tape fathered quite a family. As time ran on, the company multiplied its tapes, improved its abrasives enormously and jumped into other fields. Another hill was purchased, at Wausau, Wisconsin. This was also a bust, much like the original corundum hill at Crystal Bay. But experiments with its quartz did teach the company how to put granules into roofing compositions, and a very large business resulted. The company goofed a couple of times in the wax-and-polish field, but it produced more and more winners.

Scotch Brand tape, which mended things, helped carry the company through the depression in the early '30's. Then in a rush came the first automobile undercoating, electrical and magnetic recording tapes, and recently a video tape which carries both sound and picture for television. Video tape has made it possible



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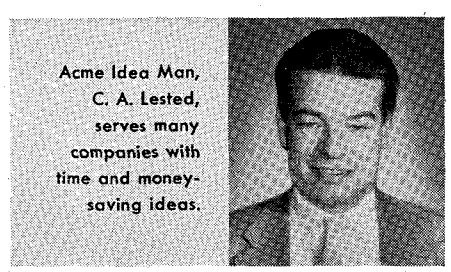

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for the first time to record a live show in New York and, within seconds, have it ready for rebroadcast in the next time zone at the same scheduled hour.

Now 3M spends three to five per cent of gross sales on more research, an annual investment that pays off. It will continue to do so, if one laboratory man is right. Recently he pointed to an innocuous-looking gimmick lying on a lab bench. "There," he said, "is a new hundred-million-dollar business, as soon as we lick it, which we will."

Many of 3M's products are important in technical trades, mechanical and chemical, but there are some, like Scotchlite, which are splashy enough to hit most of us in the eye. Scotchlite is a reflective sheeting, an offshoot of the company's coating specialty. The center line which wiggled and blew free on a St. Paul street was an early Scotchlite tape.

Scotchlite reflective sheeting is a backing of adhesive material coated with billions of tiny glass lenses. The little lenses focus your auto headlight beams on a buried mirrorlike substance and then return them to you with a visibility that runs as much as five hundred times the brightness of ordinary paint. Signs of this material leap out of darkness along most of the country's roads. Near a 3M plant south of St. Paul, where the "Welcome To Alabama" sign stands, the company has lined the back roads with a fairyland of gleaming markers, posts and signs.

Much of the reflective-sheeting effort is directed toward highway safety. Officials of 3M stick strips of the stuff on their car bumpers and try to get automobile manufacturers to stripe the insides of auto doors, at least on the driver's side. The driver's door is the one that opens out toward the highway from a parked car and sometimes constitutes a problem in visibility The company also plugs for reflective sheeting as the surface for license plates, and five states have adopted the idea. The state of Minnesota, one of the five, cheered 3M last October by reporting to the United States Bureau of Public Roads the results of a two-year study of reflective-plate effectiveness. It was stated that highway collisions with parked cars dropped from 24 per cent of total fatalities to 9 per cent in rural areas, and from 28 to 7 per cent in urban areas. There was similar improvement in other kinds of rear-end collisions.

Railroads are interested in decorating the sides of boxcars with reflective materials, but have generally refrained from doing so for a curious reason. Reflective spots or stripes would certainly lower the number of drivers who now plow into strings of freight cars at unlighted rural crossings. But the railroads cannot mark all boxcars everywhere at a single instant. For a long period, trains would consist of some reflectively decorated cars and some undecorated. They therefore fear lawsuits in car-train accidents, with complainants charging that they neglected to decorate the unlighted cars and were guilty of negligence. This is one problem the sprawling 3M research center cannot solve.

The research people, however, are working on matters much more abstruse than lawsuits. One group is shoving around the molecules in solid matter, producing cold and heat and electric current. The solids are semiconductors, and one spectacular product derived from them is the new five-pound satellite generator developed by 3M and Martin Aircraft. In this pint-size engine a pod of nuclear fuel provides heat which the semiconductors turn into electric current, replacing huge numbers of batteries over long periods of time.

In a nearby laboratory there has been developed an experimental coating so extremely inert that it passes nonchalantly from fiery furnace to ice water and back again. Soft graphite covered with this coating and shaped into nuts and bolts can now be used in space missiles. The graphite becomes very hard at temperatures which melt metals. This product may have no other applications, but in still another laboratory is an equally insignificant-looking product whose uses may be widespread. It is a honeycomb of ceramic, mysteriously stuck together without the use of an outside substance, and it is headed first for automobile exhausts. It is hoped that there it will serve as a mantle to burn unburned gas which is now discharged into the air and contributes to smog. "All we need is to find the right catalyst," the lab man says.

Not all the fun is in the labs. At 3M's downtown offices some of the staff wear suits invisibly treated with a fluorochemical product called Scotchgard, which repels oil and water. When an outsider shows up for lunch they startle him by spilling salad dressing on themselves and then casually wiping it off without a trace. Also 3M officials have desk switches to play with. The switches control lights outside their office doors, red meaning "Don't come in" and white meaning "Come in, whoever you are."

Mac McKnight is known as a white-light man, which means he is open to visits a good deal of the time. This does not count the four months each year that the McKnights spend in Florida in the only house they ever built, a showplace. Maud McKnight greatly enjoys Florida, but it is not clear whether her husband likes it quite as well. He goes deep-sea fishing in his boat, but was once heard to say, "What else is there to do in Florida but fish?" His fishing boat is commodious but bouncy, and Mrs. McKnight doesn't take well to bouncing. So he is now building a seventy-seven-footer that will be stable enough for her.

The McKnights also have a summer home on White Bear Lake, with a garden full of sweet corn; and a spring-and-autumn house on Summit Avenue in St. Paul. In St. Paul they live a life of unusual regularity. McKnight still likes to retire with some work for a part of the evening, and it has been suggested that if it wouldn't look ridiculous he probably would like nothing better than to take on some free-lance accounting jobs evenings. He is a prolific man with a pencil, but pretty chary with paper. The McKnights have only one child, a married daughter who learned as a young girl that her father's den wastebasket was no place to look for scratch paper. McKnight customarily covers all corners of every piece before discarding it.

According to Maud McKnight, she and her husband do not play gin rummy together for a simple reason. "He beats me and I get mad. So we just don't play." A good deal of McKnight's gin is played in his personal airplane, which frequently transports him and company colleagues. He spent $150,000 remodeling the plane, and his passengers charge that he did it for one purpose only, to increase the plane's range of speed. They claim he wants to be in a position to land quickly if he is winning, or if he is losing to stay in the air until he can recoup. He merely grins about this, since the limit he imposes on the games is a quarter-cent a point. At this rate he will never get back the airplane's cost. But he keeps trying. After a lifetime of getting granules to stick to paper and asphalt, tapes to stick to everything, iron filings to stick to tape, and men to stick to a company, he is just naturally adhesive. THE END

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The Struggle to Get Hoffa

(Continued from Page 30)

Dave Beck, president of the Teamsters Union. Now it was after Hoffa. For Hoffa was Beck's heir apparent, likely to be elected to succeed him at the forthcoming Teamster convention in October. For months committee investigators had been working on Teamster "paper locals" in New York, in which Hoffa was involved; for two weeks they had investigated Hoffa's affairs in Detroit. Let us see what use they now made of their material. How is a Senate hearing conducted? How did Senator McClellan, Bob Kennedy and Jimmy Hoffa perform under fire?

As the time for hearings approached, Kennedy called his investigators to Washington and went over the evidence with them—canceled checks, hotel bills, photocopies, affidavits. He interviewed friendly witnesses in his office to test their reliability. The pressures on the witnesses are enormous. Eight or ten have had heart attacks. One, arriving at Kennedy's office before testifying, dropped dead on the receptionist's desk.

Hoffa, too, had been preparing. Apparently his associates discussed his invoking the Fifth Amendment. He says he might if he had it to do over—it would be easier. He has said, "I sat down and put down on a piece of paper everything I could think of they'd ask questions about. Jeez"—grinning, his eyes crinkling—"I had several sheets of paper. Then I got with the lawyers and went over each item. We'd rehearse what Kennedy would do. He isn't the brightest fella in the world. And he's got to investigate for weeks and weeks to find out what we already know. It's a terrific strain to go before that committee every day. But when you don't have anything to hide, it don't bother you. I know what I done wrong and what I didn't. I know what they'll uncover and what they won't. And that's two thirds of the worrying. All my life I been under investigation."

> New bathing suits are coming out, and so are the girls.
>
> FRANCIS H. BISHOP

Kennedy and the staff seldom learn anything during a hearing they didn't already know. The purpose of hearings is to inform the members of the committee—the senators—and also to command the attention of Congress and the public. During a hearing Senator McClellan presides. McClellan, a tragic, somewhat rumpled lawyer who smokes cigarettes almost constantly, his face sad and deeply lined, makes a point of treating witnesses courteously. He never wrangles, seems above the fray. But if a witness is inclined to defy Kennedy, he quickly finds himself defying McClellan, and at such times McClellan seems to represent all the might of the Senate itself.

The hearings generated much tension. Kennedy has said, "Hoffa would stare fixedly at me, not blinking, for a long time, maybe as long as ten minutes. And then without warning he would close one eye in a mischievous wink. It was disconcerting." Kennedy's high-pitched voice carried incisively through the caucus room. He sat upright on the edge of his chair, tense, whirling unexpectedly to get a document from an investigator. The senators leaned back relaxed. Hoffa sat forward in the witness chair, his black hair slicked down, alert and vigorous. Two or three lawyers surrounded him. Now and then he would snap his fingers imperiously at them. His gaze darted around the room. He spoke firmly, his voice flat and Midwestern. At the outset he addressed Kennedy as "Bob," but this friendliness soon evaporated. He said "sir" to McClellan. Most of the time he seemed to be chewing on something. (McClellan asked other witnesses to spit out their chewing gum, but he said nothing to Hoffa.)

Hoffa was on the witness stand at those first hearings four days in a row. He started out strong. Kennedy, leading him through his background, asked how many times he had been arrested, and he said, "Well, I don't know, Bob. I haven't counted them up," and they went through the arrests and convictions amicably enough. Kennedy then took up briefly Hoffa's numerous private business interests. Once, when he asked how much Hoffa's wife had made off a company, Hoffa said he would try to find out during the lunch hour. Kennedy said, "We have some figures here," and Hoffa said, "Read them off, brother." Sen. Jack Kennedy of Massachusetts, Bob's brother, interrupted, saying he thought it improper for a union official to be a private employer too. Hoffa said that though he disagreed he was disposing of all his business interests.

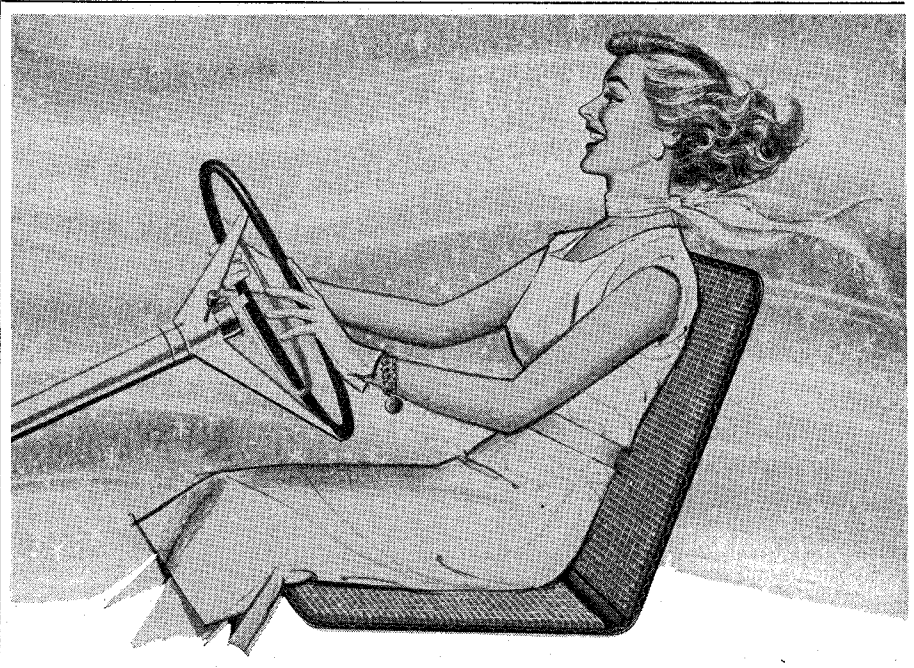
Sen. Irving Ives of New York, a Republican, then veered off to ask whether Hoffa, if elected president of the Teamsters in October, would try to bring about a "merger" of all transportation unions. Hoffa discoursed at length on this. Then Hoffa and Senators Ives, Barry Goldwater of Arizona and Karl Mundt of South Dakota discussed secret balloting on strike votes, labor's economic power, and labor's political power until finally Senator McClellan told Kennedy to resume. And Kennedy said, "I hate to take you back from being a labor leader to a businessman," and Hoffa said, "Don't worry about it." But soon the questioning became sharper, the answers more curt. Once Hoffa said icily, "You are so correct."

In the afternoon Kennedy moved into the loans Hoffa said he had received from his business agents and other people. Hoffa's attorney, George Fitzgerald, objected that the questions were not pertinent to "a proper legislative purpose." McClellan ruled against him. Kennedy went on to Hoffa's more complicated transactions. Through some of this ran the threads of criminal associates and shady finance, and by the end of the day the atmosphere of amiability and labor statesmanship had disappeared. But Hoffa had not been badly shaken.

On the second day Kennedy sought to question Hoffa about some of his friends with police records, but the senators kept interrupting. Kennedy returned to Hoffa's loans and his union's loans, but Senator Goldwater engaged Hoffa in a lengthy colloquy on "the abuse of power by union officials," and Sen. Carl T. Curtis, a Republican from Nebraska, joined in. Senator Mundt inquired into Hoffa's activity in the sit-down strikes in Flint in the 1930's, asked if he ever had been a member of Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers, and asked, "Basically, do you believe in socialism?" Hoffa said, "I positively do not." Sen. Pat McNamara of Michigan, elected with Reuther's support, observed, "I did not think [the socialists] were an important political party, and I do not know why it enters into the affairs of this committee." Senator McClellan said, "Gentlemen, let us get back on the track." Only about forty-five minutes of the day's session remained. Bob Kennedy, who had been silent a long time while the senators talked, then asked the question that marked the turning point of the hearings: "Mr. Hoffa, do you know Johnny Dio?"

Thus he opened up the whole question of the New York paper locals and Hoffa's association with Johnny Dio and other racketeers. Kennedy has recalled, "That night I drove home and I thought I saw the difficulty. We'd been getting into philosophical and general questions with Hoffa. You can't talk to him on a generalized subject—he'll knock your head off. Hoffa has forgotten more about the labor movement than I'll ever know." He determined to spend the next two days on Johnny Dio alone.

Now, Johnny Dio and the paper locals were part of a larger move of Jimmy Hoffa's. In 1953 and 1954 Hoffa was moving in on New York. Hoffa himself says he went into New York to promote the interests of workingmen. Bob Kennedy says he was simply extending his personal power in the Teamsters Union. Hoffa intended to succeed Dave Beck as president.



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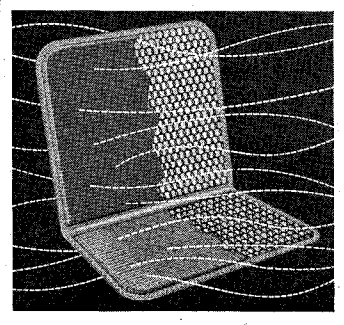

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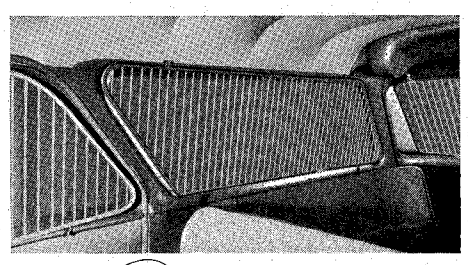

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Already Hoffa had power in the union in the Midwest and South. If he had New York, he was in. The Teamster leader in New York was Thomas L. Hickey. Hickey had joined the union in 1919, not many years after Hoffa was born. Hickey ran New York as a self-contained little barony. Hoffa had been able to win over or take over other such baronies, but Hickey fought him. According to Hoffa, Hickey was a has-been, content with things as they were, who did little to expand the union in New York and refused to co-operate with Teamsters' organizing drives elsewhere. Hoffa's move on New York proceeded along several lines, but it was his association with Johnny Dio that got him in hot water with the McClellan committee.

Now Dio, born John Ignazio Dioguardi in 1914, first got in trouble with the police in his teens, went to Sing Sing in 1937 with a racketeering uncle for extorting money from truck operators in the garment district by strong-arm methods, and achieved nationwide notoriety in 1956 when he was arrested in connection with the acid blinding of Victor Riesel, a columnist. Dio was never prosecuted in the Riesel case, but because of it he has come to seem a big shot in the syndicate. Not so, experts say—he is nowhere near the stature of Tony Accardo or Paul Ricca of Chicago or Frank Costello of New York. Dio fawned on Hoffa, hardly the way a real big shot would behave.

Dio first got into the labor movement in 1950. After some incredibly devious maneuvers he took over a local union of the United Auto Workers-AFL (not to be confused with Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers-CIO). Between 1951 and 1953 the UAW-AFL granted fourteen additional charters to locals in the New York area and appointed Johnny Dio director of its activities there. To aid in operating his labor movement Dio brought in a collection of thugs. Chief among these was Anthony (Tony Ducks) Corallo, often arrested but never imprisoned, called by the committee a key figure in the New York narcotics and labor rackets, more powerful than Dio himself. Once an employer hired Corallo to come into his place of business every now and then merely to "glare at the employees" to keep them in line. The committee reported that Dio and his associates brought forty men into the labor movement who, among them, had been arrested a total of 178 times for such crimes as narcotics, extortion, bootlegging, robbery, burglary and accessory to murder. They became labor organizers.

And they—some of them, at least—shook down employers and sold out the workers. One of them, Max Chester, and "a few men" called one day at a small machine shop. Its owner, Paul Claude, testified at the hearings, "He wanted two thousand dollars to give me a [union] contract that I can live with." Claude said he didn't have $2000. This was too bad, Chester said—with a tougher contract Claude probably would go out of business. Chester came back several times. "He always inquired about my children's health, constantly. Every second sentence was, 'How are your children?'" Often Chester remarked about what terrible things happened to children. He said, "How dangerous it is for children to play in the street . . . they can be run over, and things like that." Often Chester put his arm around Claude's shoulder and said, "You have got to pay us off because you are mine. . . . No matter where you are going to move, you are mine." In the end Claude paid him off, some $1400, and Chester gave him a contract covering his workers. It gave them two five-cent increases during the year, but they had that coming anyway. And they had to pay three dollars a month dues apiece to Chester's union.

The racketeers hurt not only employers but workers too. They made "sweetheart contracts" with employers, allowing them to pay their workers less than the national minimum wage and to maintain sweatshop conditions. Such contracts kept legitimate unions out, so the employers liked them. Sometimes in return the racketeers took payoffs from the employer; sometimes they were content to collect dues. A young Honduran woman testified that one day at her shop the workers, most of whom spoke only Spanish, were told to stay at the shop after work. Two "delegates" from a Johnny Dio local addressed them. Their message was simple: If they joined the local, they would get a raise; if they didn't, they would get fired. The employer was present.

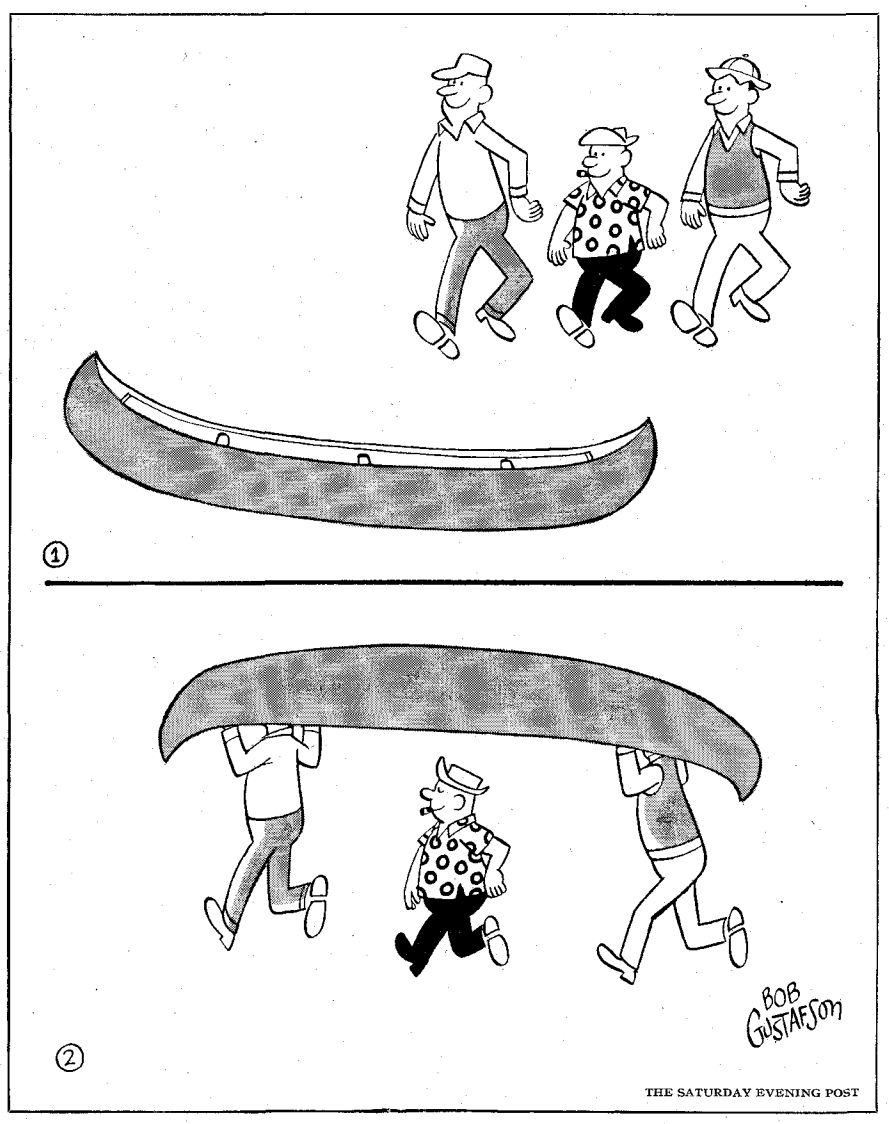
Now it must be remembered that these unions of Johnny Dio's were UAW-AFL locals. Dio himself concentrated on organizing New York's 30,000 taxi drivers—they would pay the union that organized them at least $1,000,000 a year in dues—and it was this which involved Dio with the Teamsters. For at the same time he was trying to organize them in the UAW-AFL, Tom Hickey was trying to organize them for the Teamsters. Hoffa has said, "Till Dio showed some success, Hickey was not interested in the cab drivers." But now, in 1952, Hickey protested to Dave Beck that Dio was invading his jurisdiction. And Jimmy Hoffa entered the picture. He had met Dio in 1952. He says that Dave Beck ordered him to adjust the dispute between Dio and Tom Hickey.

Complicated negotiations ensued—Hickey says that Hoffa wanted to bring Johnny Dio into the Teamsters and give him jurisdiction over the cabbies; Hoffa says he only wanted to bring in "Dio's organization," not Dio himself. Finally Dave Beck ruled: Dio, he said, could not come into the Teamsters; Hickey would organize the cabbies. Hoffa protested, but Beck was adamant, and Hoffa says he acquiesced in Beck's decision. But tapped telephone conversations between Hoffa and Dio months later show that Hoffa still was scheming to help Dio. As Kennedy put it to Hoffa, "You are siding with Mr. Dio against your own Teamsters organization." Hoffa denied it.

Hoffa had other fish to fry in New York. He had launched an organizing drive in the Southeast. Tom Hickey, he says, had refused to help him apply pressure on nonunion southern trucks going to New York. So he had turned for help to the racket-ridden International Longshoremen's Association in New York. The AFL expelled the ILA, chartered a new longshoremen's union to raid and destroy it, and appointed Beck to do the job. Hoffa maneuvered, sometimes secretly, to help the ILA.

Moreover, Tom Hickey was negotiating a contract with New York truck owners. According to Hoffa, negotiations were stalled, and a general trucking strike in New York seemed possible, an almost unthinkable disaster, so Beck sent Hoffa and others in to help Hickey. Hoffa removed Hickey as negotiating chairman and replaced him with John O'Rourke, a New York Teamster close to the leaders of the corrupt ILA. John O'Rourke now became Hoffa's man in New York. The McClellan committee charges in its report that Hoffa was plotting to use O'Rourke to wrest control of the entire New York Joint Council of Teamsters away from Hickey.

The importance of the Joint Council cannot be overemphasized. New York's life depends on trucking. The Joint Council controls all New York truck drivers. It would elect officers in February, 1956. Hoffa plotted to run John O'Rourke for its presidency, the committee charges in its report; it says that in this enterprise he had the aid of Johnny Dio and "Tony Ducks" Corallo. Each Teamster local sends seven delegates to the Joint Council. To capture the Joint Council, the committee charges, Hoffa arranged in November, 1955, for the Teamster International to charter seven new Teamster locals in New York. They had enough votes to elect O'Rourke. They were paper locals—they contained, when chartered, no members, only officers. Many of their officers were the racketeers from the old Dio-Corallo locals in the UAW-AFL. One local had a fictitious address. Two had the same phone number. The man whose name was listed as president of one—he was a former slot-machine operator for Frank Costello—said he never had seen the application until the committee hearing more than a year later. Another had been "on a traveling crap game" at the time the charter was issued.



The Joint Council protested to Dave Beck. The paper locals filed counterprotests. The row became public, and the New York District Attorney said the underworld was trying to capture the Joint Council. The election was held February 14, 1956. One of the paper-local delegates testified he remembered it this way: "I heard them talking about an election and I went up some place and I don't know whether I voted or not. . . . I was drunk at the time." John O'Rourke, Hoffa's man, lost by a few votes on the first tally. The paper-local votes, all cast for O'Rourke, never were counted. But on appeal to Beck, sixteen other challenged votes were, including that of a man close to Johnny Dio, and these reversed the result—gave the election to O'Rourke. A court took it away from him, but before long his opponent withdrew, and early in 1957 O'Rourke was installed as president. The paper locals' votes had had no direct effect on the outcome—but Hoffa had New York. A little later Bob Kennedy commenced work.

Kennedy opened the paper-local hearings July 31, 1957. They lasted three weeks. Tom Hickey said he would run against Jimmy Hoffa for Teamster president; Senator Mundt congratulated him and suggested planks for his platform. One by one Dio's henchmen took the Fifth Amendment. McClellan badgered them. Nothing is more likely to provoke McClellan than what he considers the frivolous use of the Fifth, such as Dave Beck, Jr's, refusal to say whether he knew his father. Most lawyers in the field, however, advise clients that they cannot pick and choose which questions in a series to answer, but must refuse to answer all, including the most innocuous, lest by answering one they waive their privilege of taking the Fifth to any.

Thus a witness, asked whether he is an officer of the Teamsters Union, might refuse to answer for fear that if he did answer he would automatically waive his privilege of refusing to answer the next question, which might inquire whether as a Teamster official he had stolen any union money. Nevertheless, if a witness refused to answer a seemingly innocuous question, McClellan often would "order and direct" him to answer, and if he persisted in refusing, the full Senate might cite him for contempt. The Senate has cited thirteen McClellan-committee witnesses; none as yet has gone to jail. Some people, incensed at what they regard as the "abuse" of the Fifth Amendment, have proposed changing or abandoning it. Bob Kennedy disagrees—its basic purpose is too (*Continued on Page 106*)

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(*Continued from Page 104*) important, and it has not impaired his ability to investigate.

Johnny Dio himself took the Fifth. He was a well-dressed, darkly handsome man of forty-three, well-barbered and well-manicured. He asked that during his testimony television be forbidden; McClellan refused since he was going to take the Fifth. Once Senator Ives put in, "I would like to ask Mr. Dioguardi if there is anything he ever did from the time he was born until the present moment that would not incriminate him." Dio conferred with his attorney, then said suavely, "I respectfully decline. . . ." Dio and men like him possess a certain charm. They live at fashionable addresses, patronize expensive restaurants, are manicured at the best barbershops in New York; they seem remote indeed from their origins in the slums, from the thugs and killers on whom their power rests. The hearings did not ruffle Johnny Dio. But one day of a sudden the mask dropped off: Leaving the Senate caucus room Dio became infuriated by a photographer and hit out at him, and immediately the urbanity, the good grooming dropped away, and in the hatred on his face was suddenly revealed all the evil so carefully concealed.

As we have seen, for two days Hoffa answered questions skillfully, then Kennedy asked, "Mr. Hoffa, do you know Johnny Dio?" He did. Had he ever advocated Dio's coming into the Teamsters Union? Hoffa said, "Not to my recollection." Repeatedly Hoffa emphasized, "It is all by recollection." This protects him from prosecution for perjury. He couldn't "recall" talking to Dio after Beck blackballed Dio. But as Kennedy prepared to play a tape of a tapped telephone call between Dio and Hoffa proving otherwise, Hoffa interjected, "Let the record show that I said it was to the best of my recollection." McClellan asked, "Does this refresh your memory?" and Kennedy again asked if Hoffa had been interested in getting Dio into the Teamsters. Hoffa said, "I could have been, if that was necessary to clear up the cab situation." Kennedy said Hoffa had changed his answer after hearing the tap. Hoffa said this was a false interpretation. The day's hearings ended.

Next morning Kennedy asked if Hoffa had wanted to bring Dio into the Teamsters in order to undermine Tom Hickey. Hoffa replied, "Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Hickey was never a problem for Hoffa in New York and isn't a problem today." Senator McClellan said that didn't answer the question. Kennedy repeated it. Hoffa began, "I was attempting ——" But Kennedy cut him off: "Would you answer the question 'yes' or 'no,' Mr. Hoffa?" Hoffa said, "I cannot answer a question 'yes' or 'no' of that nature" and sparred for long minutes. Kennedy said, "Mr. Hoffa, you are being very evasive, and you are not answering any of the questions." Hoffa said, "Well, in respect to the chair, I will say if you have something that can refresh my memory, I may be better able to recall the incidents that took place." McClellan observed dryly, "Well, we may have. Proceed," and in a moment they were refreshing Hoffa's memory with another wiretap.

At the afternoon session Kennedy played other wiretaps. Asked about a meeting mentioned in one of them, Hoffa seemed badly unstrung—"Well, I cannot recall hardly the meeting, even, except that I was refreshed by Mr. Hickey, and I don't know whether or not Mr. Hickey made any statements concerning anything that was proposed at that meeting. If it was, that might help me refresh my memory, senator." Once when Hoffa repeated that he wanted to bring in not Dio but only Dio's organization, Kennedy, irritated, said, "Don't keep repeating that, Mr. Hoffa. . . . You don't have to ever say that again," and Hoffa, apparently cowed momentarily, said to Kennedy, "Yes, sir." Once Kennedy said, "Do you like these things when they refresh your recollection?" So the third day ended, Kennedy telling Hoffa that his position "doesn't make sense."

On the last day of Hoffa's testimony Senator Ives asked, "What are you going to do after you are elected, if you are elected? You have consorted with all of these bums and these criminals and everything throughout your career practically. Are you going to continue to do that if you are elected president of the international?" Hoffa said, "I intend to conduct myself in keeping with respectability." Ives said, "You have ability, and you have a high I.Q. . . . You can do a lot of good in this world, if you will. Are you going to do it? Are you going to do what I have asked you to do? This is just between you and me." Hoffa promised to "run a good union."

Other senators began to ask Hoffa what he would do about union officers who took the Fifth Amendment. Hoffa maintained that any American had a right to exercise his constitutional privileges. Senator McClellan broke in. He had hoped to finish today. The senators could ask questions as long as they wished, but, if they went on much longer, they would make a Saturday session necessary. "Let us, if we can, get right down to it and ride through to a finish this afternoon. . . . Proceed, Mr. Kennedy."

Kennedy, feeling Hoffa had recovered some of his damaged prestige, cross-examined him about his promise to Ives to clean up the union. Would he investigate one of his friends in New York? Hoffa said he would. Would he take disciplinary action against him? With some hesitation Hoffa said he would. But what had Hoffa done when public clamor arose earlier? Nothing. Kennedy said, "Mr. Hoffa, that is why it is so amazing to hear you come up here and tell this committee that now you are going to look into these people. Now you have suddenly seen the light." When Kennedy read the police records of several business agents, Hoffa said, "I don't turn my back on anybody," and resisted every step of the way, quarreling over which were convictions and which merely arrests. Kennedy said, "I don't see how you can say . . . you are going to start investigating them. Your rise to power was based on these people."

Hoffa said, "That is not correct. I have to make a statement here which I hesitate to make, but I am going to make it with the chair's permission." McClellan approved. Hoffa said he believed any man had a right to rehabilitate himself. He said it was not surprising that unionists, confronted with strikebreakers, were arrested. But he drew a distinction between a man who had been convicted of larceny many years ago and, on the other hand, the New York extortionists. "Those [latter] characters I am going to deal with, if it means I have got to have an argument with some people that I know and maybe get pretty serious. It will have to get serious, and I will have the argument, and we will straighten it out. That is all I can say." It takes courage to promise to quarrel with men as dangerous as the New York racketeers. It was as close to heroism as Hoffa came. It was unappreciated.

At the final afternoon session, Kennedy hammered hard at Hoffa about his relationship with Dio, playing one "refresher" after another. Hoffa seemed thoroughly rattled. Finally he said, "To the best of my recollection I must recall on my memory, I cannot remember."

It was Hoffa's lowest point in all the hearings. Kennedy, incredulous, said, "'To the best of my recollection I must recall on my memory that I cannot remember'—is that your answer?"

The spectators laughed. McClellan said, "Let us have order."

Kennedy asked, "Could I try to refresh his recollection, Mr. Chairman, again? . . . We are almost running out of refreshers, Mr. Hoffa."

Hoffa said, "Well, sir, I am trying to help. This is a serious situation."

Again the spectators laughed. McClellan said, "If these things do not refresh your memory, it would take the power of God to do it. The instrumentalities of mankind obviously are not adequate. . . . Proceed."

Kennedy bored in, demanding explanations. He played a tap in which Dio and Hoffa had agreed that Tom Hickey was a "stupid son of a ——" and "God alone is going to punish him." Kennedy said, "Evil old Tom Hickey, God alone is going to punish him. . . . He is such a bad man—he is trying to organize the taxicab drivers for the Teamsters—that God alone is going to punish him. . . . Can you explain that to us?"

Hoffa appealed to McClellan, "Mr. Chairman, I cannot explain Dio's statement."

Kennedy said, "You did not oppose it. You said, 'Right.' . . . Is that the way you treat your fellow vice presidents in the Teamsters? Jimmy Hoffa, ninth vice president of the Teamsters? Or are you only interested in Jimmy Hoffa, not the Teamsters?"

Hoffa, drawing himself up, said, "I am interested in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and its members, and to the best of my recollection, I do not recall this conversation." A few minutes later the first Hoffa hearings ended.

Why had Hoffa performed so poorly? Hoffa himself has said, "Maybe I did look silly, but there was a reason for it." He will not say what it was. Kennedy has said, "The kind of proof makes a difference. He can say very forcefully someone's a liar—that's easy. But here we had his own voice on the tapes. He couldn't deny it."

Kennedy was ill prepared when he called Hoffa to the witness stand. Except for the paper locals, most of his cases were incomplete. One investigator has said, "It's a shame we didn't have the stuff to hit Hoffa with when he fell apart." It may well have been a flaw fatal to their efforts to get Hoffa. During the next twenty days they worked feverishly on Hoffa in Detroit and elsewhere. It was their last shot at him before the Teamster convention which might elect him president.

Next week Mr. Martin recounts Hoffa's triumphant election as president of the Teamsters despite Kennedy's urgent efforts to discredit him with the union rank and file.
—THE EDITORS

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Keeping Posted

Sandy and Nan Fetter: were they spoiled by parental leniency?

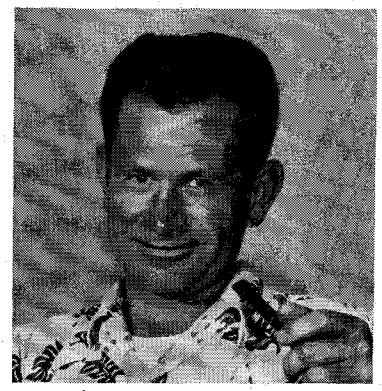
The Uninsulted Children

Hannah Lees, who on page 27 chides parents for being inconsiderate, even insulting, toward children, suspects that some readers may inquire if her own children turned out to be juvenile delinquents. Well, there they are in the picture, which Miss Lees (Mrs. Ferdinand Fetter) consented to have published—after getting their consent. Sandy, her son, was graduated from Williams College last year and is now a Rhodes Scholar at Balliol College of Oxford University, where he is bearing down hard on physics. He has also been bearing down on an oar, learning to row on a crew, a different technique from his long-time hobby of sailing. Meanwhile, daughter Nan has finished her junior year at Radcliffe, majoring so diligently in economics that she has been awarded a "Woody Wilson," which is collegese for a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship for graduate study. She minors in skiing.

Mrs. Fetter recalls that when the children were young, she and her husband permitted them more rights than made sense to most other parents around the neighborhood. "The trouble with being a parent is that by the time you are experienced, you're unemployable." She adds, "We did make a lot of mistakes"—but they couldn't have been very bad ones. Sandy and Nan previously appeared in Keeping Posted in 1941 when their mother sold a murder serial to the Post. In that earlier photo Mrs. F., shown on a beach, had one of the youngsters slung informally under each of her arms, and they looked, well, not insulted, but fairly disconcerted.

Good for Gulick

On June twenty-third the Western Writers of America converged on Oklahoma City for their annual Rawhide Rendezvous, and everybody had a yippee time. A fortnight earlier, author **Bill Gulick** of Walla Walla, Washington, went to the same city (it is his birthplace) as a featured speaker at the University of Oklahoma's professional writers' course. So he waited over for the Rendezvous, being a former president of WWA, but he didn't know that he was about to receive WWA's annual Spur award for the best Western story published in the United States in 1958—the winner is kept secret. Bill's story, Thief in Camp, ran in last year's February eighth Post. A star at Western fiction, his total output (including Post contributions) is eight novels, 150 stories, and many TV and movie scripts. Riding herd on the WWA meeting was president S. Omar Barker, also familiar to Post readers and a Spur winner himself.



Tales of the Authors

David Walker wrote a story in an odd place.

David Walker wrote his page 34 story under pretty unlikely conditions; he was bouncing around the Atlantic last winter on first one, then another, of Canada's older destroyers, vintage of World War II. As the captain's guest on the Huron and later on the Haida, the New Brunswick author spent three months at sea, dividing his time between writing and "such irresistible attractions for boys of all ages as firing the AA guns, watching torpedoes, and refueling in mid-ocean." On the homeward voyage, a boisterous blow felled the topmast of Walker's ship, and she steamed into Halifax truncated in appearance but with everybody proud of her despite her disheveled looks. It's hardly necessary for Walker to remark, "Presently I may write about the sea."

Eddie Wettach, the teen-age author on page 20, declares that his future lies in some outdoors vocation such as forestry, but he seems to have chronic spells of preoccupation with writing, a profession not readily pursued in a forest. When Eddie was eleven he was told he was too young to have a newspaper route, so he borrowed his dad's duplicating machine and founded a weekly neighborhood newspaper, The Rhoda Gazette, which he and his eight reporters published for a considerable time at an admirable profit. Before selling the Post article, Eddie had written for Popular Dogs and Child Life magazines, "and I am now working on other article possibilities."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"The Rockefeller Nobody Knows"

The potential candidate for President is likable, personable, rich—also a ruthless infighter and a master politician.

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